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MRS. FLAVEL B. TIFFANY.

AROUND THE WORLD BY AN OCULIST

FLAVEL B. TIFFANY, A.M., M.D.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Author of "Sojourn Among the Oculists of Europe," "Anomalies and Diseases of the Eye," "Sojourn in the Alps,"
"In the British Isles," "In the Land of the Midnight Sun," "In Spain," "In the Rockies,"
"In the Yellowstone," "In Yosemite,"
"In Cuba," "Vacation Memoirs,"
etc., etc.

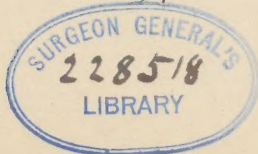
Ex-President and Oculist of the University Medical College
of Kansas City, Mo.; Oculist for the M., K. & T.
and Burlington Railways.



KANSAS CITY, MO.

FRANKLIN HUDSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

1917



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1917

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Dr. FLAVEL B. TIFFANY

And his little son, Flavel III.

DEDICATION.

Dear Son Flavel:

I have often said that I have realized every ambition. The first that I remember was to rival a small Winnebago Indian boy in picking a dime from the end of a split stick by means of a bow and a flinted arrow and sending it whizzing among the tepees. Later I wanted to finish the grammar school and enter the Minnesota State University at St. Anthony. Then I wished to study Medicine, and I received my degree at Ann Arbor, Class of '74. I was not yet satisfied, but must spend a few years in the schools of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

* * *

I visited regularly every year for more than a dozen years the eye, ear, nose, and throat clinics of Europe, taking, among the rest, a six-months course in Bacteriology with Professor Koch at Berlin. I also took courses with Pasteur and Charcot at Paris and Billoth of Berlin. After many years of practice and research, I thought I should be satisfied with a voyage around the world, the account of which I have written here and which I now dedicate to you. But it was not until more than a year after my return from this voyage, on a sultry August day in 1914, that I realized my greatest ambition and found my supreme blessing. You were born that day. You have my name—a name that has been in the family for generations.

I dedicate this work to you in the hope that you may carry the name with credit to your forebears.

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AROUND THE WORLD
BY AN OCULIST

FOREWORD.

As Nature dons her robes of green and mantles of bright colors, I take to the woods, meadows, and orchards; for here it is that I find more recreation and enjoyment than on golf-links or ball-grounds.

It was early in the morning, after spending the previous day on the farm, while I was returning to the city, that I saw standing upon the lower steps of the old Union Depot gangway this person who attracted my attention; not that she was so surpassingly beautiful, but the *tout ensemble* was something unusual. She seemed very much preoccupied, and wore a far-away look, gazing on the ever-surging throng of people who were moving up and down the steps where she stood. She seemed more intent on looking into the vacant court in the distance than upon the people. I say she was not so beautiful, yet she had piercing dark eyes, almost black; the lids were almond-shaped, the lashes were long and curved; her brows were arched, and her dark, thick hair fell in ringlets. Her skin was almost olive—somewhat suggestive of a Creole, but she was not so languid as the daughters of the sunny South. Her hair was very dark brown and curly, such as you often see in Scotch lassies—in fact, she reminded me of the Celtic girls I had seen in Scotland on my first visit to the Trossachs some years ago. She was not so stately and erect as most of the daughters of Scotia, but had more of the student stoop, as though she looked more to the classical appearance than to grace of form. However, with her well-turned limbs, classic features, and athletic movements, “she was marked,” and in fact she was so attractive and unusual that one could not help

gazing at her as she stood looking at the crowds, wholly unconscious that she was more than the most ordinary of the mass that was crowding by. It was when short sleeves and bare arms and hands were fashionable, but she wore long lace gloves. When the gloves were removed, I noticed that she was unadorned by jewelry.

I could not put her out of my mind; and as soon as I reached my office I related to my assistants, Drs. H—— and B——, and office force, what a remarkable-looking person I had seen at the depot as I was coming in from the farm that morning.

As usual, my office was full of patients waiting to have my personal attention; so I forgot for more than three hours my pleasant experience, and it was nearly 11 o'clock when one of my office-girls announced the fact that a Miss C——, of O——, had been waiting and wanted to see me. You may imagine my surprise when I found myself before the young lady who so impressed me at the station, and I was more surprised when she gave her name, and said that she was first a patient of mine more than a year previous, and had come back for more treatment; remarking that she did not know whether she needed most to consult a neurologist or an oculist.

She said she wanted to return to O—— that night. It was decided that she had better remain with her oculist, and that he would take care of her nervous system as well as any error of refraction or overwork of the optics. Suffice it to say that she did not return to O—— that night—not until I left for my vacation in Spain.

We read together all the literature we could find relative to the country I was to visit. It was one day when we were reading Stoddard's lectures on Andalusia and the Alhambra that she remarked that she did not think it at all necessary

for me to quote from Stoddard—or anyone else, for that matter—to make my writings more interesting. I asked her when she had read any of my works, and she said that she had read my little book on “The Land of the Midnight Sun,” which the author had sent her—but she did not say why she had not acknowledged receiving it.

She kept me informed how her eyes were all the time I was abroad and many months, even years, after my return.

It was in the year 1912 that she consented to go with me around the world, and it is on the 12th of September that we start on our journey. I say *we*, for there are two of us, and yet we are one. Bishop Partridge read the service making us man and wife; and, in addition to the Episcopal ceremony, “Zoe” repeats:

“Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

In feeling, I endorse the words of Burroughs:

“Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

“I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

“Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

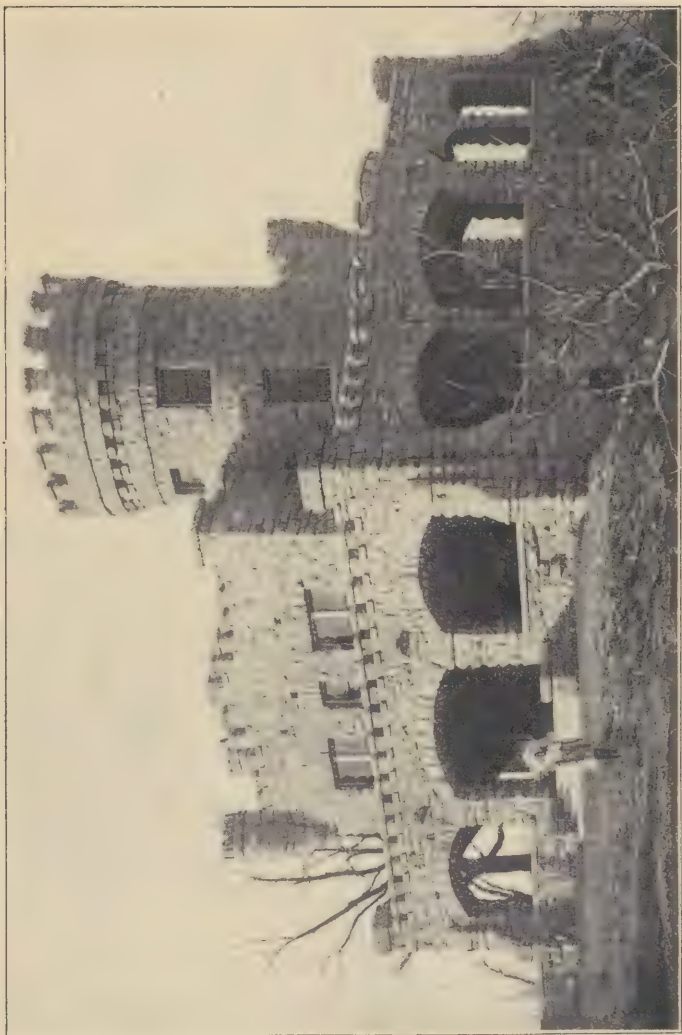
“What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown.
And garner up its fruits of tears.

“The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs from yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

“The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
And time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.”

The members of my family and office assistants, with the servants, are present to witness the service and send us on our way. My nephew and niece, Ed and Eva, drive us to the station, but James (colored) follows in another car, and after placing our luggage in our state-room, he brings a smile to our faces when he says at parting:

“I am glad, Mrs. Tiffany, that you are going. I feel now that the Doctor will be as well taken care of as though I were with him myself.”



"THE CASTLE," RESIDENCE OF DR. FLAVEL B. TIFFANY, KANSAS CITY, MO.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNITED STATES.

Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York.

The following morning we are nearing Chicago when we go into the diner for breakfast. We find the tables decorated with flowers; and one of the colored waiters, with whom I have made the trip many times, hands Zoe a cluster of red roses, remarking:

"Doctor, you are a little late in coming to breakfast this morning."

On reaching Chicago, we go to the Art Gallery and out to Lincoln Park. I have visited both places many times, but Zoe has not as yet seen anything east of Kansas City and scarcely anything west of the University of Kansas. Her travels north and south have been hardly more extensive; she has been only as far as Leavenworth on the north and Oklahoma on the south. Feeling that she should extend her horizon of observation beyond Kansas City, I proposed that we take a journey eastward, stopping here and there as we liked, but continuing until we should have again reached Kansas City. Some of the countries, with their varied features, interests, peoples, arts, and industries, I have already seen many times, but she never. So, with new eyes and new heart, new vigor and enthusiasm, I shall enjoy old things as well as new.

Battle Creek.

We return to the station a little too late for the 10:30 train to Ann Arbor. Nothing daunted, we get our money refunded,

and take the Grand Trunk to Battle Creek, where we shall arrive in time to go by interurban to Ann Arbor.

We reach Battle Creek a little before sundown, and have two hours in which to visit the Kellogg Sanitarium, one of the largest hydropathic institutions in the world. Here we meet the man who has perhaps been most instrumental in bringing about a reform in dietetics—a reform which has been a great boon, especially to those of rheumatic or alcoholic diathesis. To Dr. Kellogg we owe most of the prepared cereals which appear on nearly every breakfast table throughout the country.

Our ride from Battle Creek on the interurban to Ann Arbor is through a beautiful country, which at this time of the year reminds me of my first weeks at Ann Arbor when I became a student there. The town itself I find to be the same lovely place of earlier days. The University has made wonderful strides since my school days. Nearly all the old buildings have been replaced by larger and better ones, and students from all parts of the United States, and even from foreign lands, crowd the campus and the class-rooms. The enrollment has reached 7,500, and the graduates are occupying important positions in all the avenues of life.

Our few hours' stay at my *alma mater* is made doubly pleasant by the hospitality shown us by my life-long friend and former colleague, Professor T. C. Trueblood.

From Ann Arbor we go on to Delaware, Ohio, where we visit another colleague and friend, Professor R. I. Fulton. Both Professor and Mrs. Fulton welcome us heartily, and we spend a pleasant day with them in their college town. At parting, they give us letters of introduction to some of their friends in the Orient, whom they met last year on their trip around the world.

A night's ride brings us to Niagara, where again I am

thrilled by the grandeur of this wonderful phase of Nature. Zoe's enthusiasm reminds me of the pleasure of my first visit to the falls, more than a quarter of a century ago, and I am stirred again by the spectacle of magnificence and power. We visit Goat Island and linger, fascinated by the dashing waters and their ceaseless roaring. As we cross the bridge from the American shore into Canada the little *Maid of the Mist* is just passing through the spray of the falls where in former days the Indian maid leaped to her death as a sacrifice to the Indian god.

We now walk back to the Clifton House for a real English dinner, and afterwards go on the Canadian tram for a view of the whirlpool. Late in the evening we begin the last part of our journey to New York, and dawn finds us skirting the Hudson above Gotham. We spend the greater part of the day in the shops, making our final purchases for our trip around the world.

To Plymouth.

We embark on the *President Grant* at the Hoboken pier and steam slowly out of port. I am always glad to enter or leave the New York harbor, for to me it is the most magnificent harbor I have ever seen. It is not alone the commodiousness—the great expanse of water, with so many crafts of all sorts and of all nations—that appeals to one, but the skyline of the city itself, towering jagged, mighty—expressing the genius and enterprise of a people. In our journey around the world we do not expect to see any city whose approach is more magnificent.

The second morning finds us in our steamer chairs listening to the German band. A little later we go to the gymnasium and exercise with the electrical and mechanical apparatus. After luncheon we have a game of shuffleboard on the sun-deck.

The *President Grant* is a slow steamer, making only about fourteen knots an hour and allowing all other boats to pass her, but she does not pitch or roll and has but little vibration; and it is rest and quiet that we want, rather than speed, when we take leave of the hustle and bustle of Kansas City.

Our ten days of passing are without incident. We spend most of the time on deck, walking to and fro, pitching quoits, lounging in our steamer chairs, reading, and dreaming of the past, present, and future. We are launched upon new seas and we know not whether our voyage will be peaceful or tempestuous, our experience eventful or uneventful. Zoe insists that our relationship will be ideal. She says that her happiness is unbounded; for, like Cinderella, she has married the king's son. When we walk fifteen rounds (a mile) about the deck she takes many a whirl, while the prince's step is more deliberate.

We have the usual concert and farewell dinner the evening before we land; and at early dawn on the morning of September 28th we take leave of many of our companions of the voyage as we anchor in the harbor of Plymouth.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND.

Most of those who land hurry on to London by the first train, but we want to spend at least a few hours in the quiet old place from which the Pilgrims sailed three hundred years ago. At the wharf we notice a stone marking the spot where the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell* weighed anchor. Plymouth is no great port, but its harbor shelters all sorts of unpretentious-looking fishing-boats; and at the market we find fish of many varieties in great quantities. Their odor greets our nostrils many squares before we come within sight of the stalls. Zoe finds a vast deal of interest in watching the crowd at the market: the stolid men smoking short ill-smelling pipes and the weather-beaten, haggling fishwives in their clumping shoes and short, stuffy, full petticoats. The day is raw and chill, and we smile at the red-cheeked little girls, who are clattering about trying to warm their cold hands by holding them under their funny little square aprons.

We walk for an hour or more about the narrow streets with their rough cobble-stone paving, and then find our way up to the well-kept grounds of the fort. The green turf, the smooth walks, and the trim military quarters have little in common with the fishing village we have left behind. We come out again at last on the Hoe, the long esplanade facing the open sea. The day is raw and the sky too lowering for us to appreciate fully the clean regular beauty of the velvety turf, the closely trimmed hedges, and the well-ordered trees; so we go back to the hotel to get warm and to order a fish dinner and a tankard of ale. The dinner is forthcoming, and a good one it is. But

one tries in vain to get warm in the ordinary English hotel, especially if it be in the small wayside town; for the English idea of heat is a grate fire at one end of a long, chilly room, and close about the fire sit several women with knitted shawls pulled closely about their shoulders as they work away at more of the endless knitting they seem to have always in their hands.

The journey from Plymouth to London affords us the keenest pleasure; for Devonshire is the garden-spot of all England. Sometimes we skirt the open sea, but for the greater part of the way are hemmed in on either hand by green meadows watered by clear streams. Fat white sheep are feeding on the rich grass, and waterfowls are skimming over the brooks. No American meadow is green as an English meadow is green. Drought never parches the thick English sod, and the streams are unfailingly cooled and replenished every little while by abundant showers. An air of quiet and well-being pervades all Devonshire. The houses of the country folk suggest homely comfort, and the owners look rugged and content.

In the gloom of a rainy evening we draw into Paddington Station, and drive through the wet streets to the Imperial Hotel in Russell Square. This hotel has been recommended to us by some English companions of the voyage. We find that Americans are not greatly in favor there, and the red-faced women who manage or rather "bully" the guests are unpleasant even to insolence. The rain falls almost uninterruptedly, and the place is cold and dreary. The employees seem all alike, as though cast from one mold. They try to beat you on every hand, and the errors in the reckonings are always in their favor. When receiving your silver coins they would have you believe that a two-shilling piece is of the same value as a half-crown. This is a second-rate hotel, however; for the English, as a rule, are courteous and reliable.

It is not London, nor in fact the British Isles, that we have come to see on this trip—the Orient is our objective point; but, as it is Zoe's first visit abroad, we must not hurry away without her having seen some of the places of most interest. We enjoy very much the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, particularly the works of many of the English and Dutch landscape artists. Hobbema's "Avenue in Middelharnis" we find here. This famous old picture was painted in Middelharnis about 1690, and hung in the town hall of the village. An itinerant artist going there, and realizing the value of the picture, offered to make a copy of it for the Dutch folk and give a painting of his own in exchange for it. As he was enjoying some vogue at the time, his offer was accepted, and the picture was lost to the public. Many years after—in fact, comparatively recently—it was discovered in an old shop in London and placed in the National Gallery. Amsterdam is said to have offered a great price for it, but the offer was refused. In one room of the gallery hangs the wonderful collection of Turner water-colors, with their glorious tints and wealth of poetry.

We spend considerable time in the British and South Kensington Museums, the Tower, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey. I think Zoe feels little interest in the Tower, for it has to-day the character of a museum, or perhaps an armory, rather than that of a place associated with so much that is tragic in English history. Westminster Abbey we see again and again, including the gray cloisters through which Irving passed on his first visit to the Abbey. To us this fitting resting-place of the great English dead is scarcely more impressive than the magnificent Houses of Parliament a little distance away, with their suggestion of the power and solidity and dominion of the English living. We do not tire of going down in the wet twilights to walk slowly across the Westminster Bridge and

watch the heavy boats plying up and down the Thames, passing and repassing through the black shadows cast by the mighty bulks of the Parliament buildings. Opposite Parliament is the great St. Thomas's Hospital, where at this time we find considerable interest in the investigation of the X-ray and of radium in the treatment of cancer.

Before leaving London, I naturally go to visit Moorfield's, or the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, where I received my first instruction in ophthalmology, serving as assistant to Dr. George Lawson. The work there to-day does not seem to me of the same high order as that done in former years. I see no operative work of any special excellence; indeed, it seems to me that the surgeons are adhering to the methods of a quarter of a century or more ago. The great masters in ophthalmology, such as Wells, Bowman, Lawson, Critchett, Jonathan Hutchinson, and Nettleship, have laid down their work, and they have as yet no worthy successors. There are now comparatively few graduate students who go to Moorfields for advanced study of the eye, notwithstanding it is the largest eye hospital in the world, treating more than six hundred patients a day. Vienna, instead, draws men who come from abroad.

CHAPTER III.

SCOTLAND.

After the short sojourn in London, we turn northward for a glimpse of Scotland. We book for Edinburgh, but break our journey at Melrose, where we alight in the raw chill of an October evening. We are glad to end our day's travel; for, although we have enjoyed the trip through the rough country of the north of England, we have suffered considerable discomfort from the cold. The heat is not turned on in the trains before the first of November, regardless of any weather conditions. It is quite dark when we reach the Abbey Hotel. Our room looks out upon the ruins of the famous Abbey, and the moon, now in its full, shines above the crumbling walls; so, according to Walter Scott, we see the Abbey under the most favorable circumstances:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

In the morning we walk in the crisp autumn air two and a half miles to Abbotsford. Our road is in full view of the swiftly flowing Tweed. There has been no frost as yet, and the roses and sweet peas are still luxuriant.

Abbotsford is full of interest, both from its associations and from its natural setting. The garden is closed to visitors, and our only view of it is obtained from the windows of Scott's library. In this room is a wonderful array of books, which have never been disturbed since Sir Walter's death. The same room contains his rare collection of curios: the crucifix which

Mary Stuart carried to her execution; swords which belonged to Bonnie Prince Charlie and to Rob Roy; the pistols which Napoleon carried at Waterloo and a blotting-book belonging to him; a gay purse once owned by Flora Campbell, and the pipe of old Tom Purdy, the poacher, whom Scott made his game warden. The collection is perhaps as varied and interesting as any private collection in the world, and it thoroughly exemplifies Scott's romantic interest in all phases of life. Just outside the stone window is the stone image of the novelist's faithful dog Maida, which was buried there in the garden.

We return to Melrose in time for a late luncheon, with good appetites and fine spirits from our several miles' tramp.

In the afternoon we resume our journey to Edinburgh. The landscape is a gracious autumn landscape, flooded to-day with mellow sunlight. The land is cut into small irregular fields of grain, or into pastures in which Merino sheep and black Galloway cattle browse quietly. The trees are yet green, but the wayside bushes show the glowing reds and goldens of October. Here and there stand the gray ruins of castles and churches dating back to the feudal period. The country grows always bolder, the hedges near Edinburgh giving place to stone walls. The roads are smooth, hard, and white. There are few automobiles to be seen, but horses with docked tails trot by, drawing smart carts or pretentious carriages with footmen and outriders. Now and then we see the sun glint on the bright colors of some sturdy, tartan-clad old Scot.

On reaching Edinburgh, we put up at the North British Station or Waverley Hotel. The station hotels are among the best in the British Isles. The Waverley faces Prince's Street, the chief thoroughfare of Edinburgh, and borders on the long park which forms one side of the street. Close by the entrance is the fine lifelike statue of the author of "Waverley" himself;

and one receives immediately the impression, which deepens with each day of his stay in Edinburgh, that it is a city first of Mary Stuart and then of Walter Scott. Every street, it would seem, holds some memory of the latter, whom people high and low always refer to with loving familiarity as "Sir Walter," as though he were still a living presence in their midst; yet he has been gone from them more than eighty years.

One of the most extensive views of Edinburgh is to be obtained from the Nelson Monument on Calton Hill. Looking south to the old town, Holyrood is at one extremity of High Street, and the Castle, the ancient seat of the Scottish kings, at the other.

Between the East and the West Prince's Street Gardens we cross the Mound into the old town and wend our way through the narrow streets to the Castle. We enter by a draw-bridge, crossing the moat and passing under the portcullis. To us one of the most interesting rooms in the Castle is the bed-room of Queen Mary, in which James I. of England was born, and from the high window of which he was lowered in a basket when but a few days old and carried to Stirling Castle to be baptized.

We follow a series of quaint old streets—Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate—to Holyrood, the scene of much of Mary's imprisonment. Her rooms are still preserved, and a stain on the floor of the vestibule of the audience chamber is pointed out as the blood of Rizzio.

In walking from the Castle to Holyrood we pass some of the most interesting places in old Edinburgh—notably, St. Giles's Church and the site of the old Tolbooth. On a side street a little way from High Street stands John Knox's house, with its quaint gables projecting over the street. We climb to the second floor and look out of the window from which he de-

livered his sermons to the people on the street below. This quarter of the city needs his ministrations now, for we see here as much squalor, filth, and drunkenness as in any part of the East End of London. It is not uncommon to see drunken women staggering along with babies in their arms and toddlers clinging to their skirts. The streets are thronged with bow-legged, pot-bellied, rickety children, the offspring of syphilitic, alcoholic parents.

We spend a morning at the University of Edinburgh, where we inquire for our old friend and teacher, Professor E. O. Shafer. He is not in; but Dr. John Tait, his assistant, courteously shows us about, explaining the apparatus and equipment and conducting us through the laboratories, in which original research is being made. The University is certainly well equipped and endowed. From the department of physiology Dr. Tait escorts me to the ophthalmological department, where I meet Dr. Sym. He is a typical Scot. He makes several skillful operations during my morning's stay with him. Much to my surprise, he does not bandage the eye after operating for cataract; instead he places over it a shield of wire gauze, allowing the eye to be exposed to light and air immediately after the operation.

From Dr. Sym's clinic I start back to Professor Shafer's department. On the way I meet Shafer himself. He has not changed much in the last twenty-five years. He greets me with: "I am glad to see you, 'Tiffany. I have already fixed it up with your wife to go down to our country home." We accordingly go out a little later by train to North Berwick, a suburb of Edinburgh, on the shores of the North Sea. Here Professor Shafer has a beautiful home, set in the midst of spacious grounds, overlooking the sea. We are warmly welcomed by Mrs. Shafer and their son. Professor Shafer is, at the time of our visit, president of the British Scientific Asso-

ciation, and has recently been knighted for his scientific achievements. He read before the association this year, as his presidential address, a paper on the origin of life which aroused widespread interest and comment both from the scientists and the clergy; for he prefaces his article with the statement that life has to do only with matter, and that the soul is separate and apart from life. Then follows at length his reasons for believing that the phenomena which are generally recognized as characteristic of living matter—namely, motion, assimilation, and dissimilation, growth and reproduction—are characteristic also of matter which we regard as non-living; and that such phenomena in either case are the results of chemical and physical action. He gives a brief epitome of his ideas in the following statement:

“The researches of J. Loeb and others upon the ova of the sea-urchin have proved that we can no longer consider such an apparently vital phenomenon as the fertilization of the egg as being the result of living material brought to it by the spermatozoon, since it is possible to start the process of division of the ovum and the resulting formation of cells, and ultimately of all the tissues and organs—in short, to bring about the development of the whole body, if a simple chemical reagent is substituted for the male element in the process of fertilization. Indeed, even a mechanical or electrical stimulus may suffice to start development.”

With all due respect to Shafer's theory, the majority of us will doubtless be satisfied to adhere to the old methods of reproduction.

Before returning to London on our way to the Continent, we spend a few days in the Highlands of Scotland. We leave Edinburgh in the afternoon, cross the Firth of Forth, and a little later pass Stirling Castle, another of the prisons in which

Mary Stuart was confined. From the hill the view of the old ruin and the extensive valley is enchanting. From this point we see fields of wheat, oats, and cowpeas. The numerous ricks of hay, the large stacks of wheat, and the little stream winding through the yellowed fields are shut in by shadowy, heather-covered hills. The stacks in the fields are arranged in groups of from twenty to two hundred, and from the number of groups we conclude that the yield this year is prolific.

We come toward nightfall into the border village of Aberfoyle, at the head of Loch Ard, and are glad that we are to spend a little time here. Our walk of three and a half miles and back along the shores of the lake, with old Ben Venue looking from the distance, and the clear waters gurgling at our feet, will always be a delight to look back upon. By the time we have reached the hotel the lowering mists have settled into a mountain rain, and we find the warmth of the open fire at the inn most grateful.

Sunday morning, when the bell in the steeple calls the village folk to worship, we gather with them in the meeting-house on the hill, where the services of the Established Kirk are held. We are struck by the solemn demeanor of the congregation as well as by the reverent wisdom and proud dignity of the gaunt old Highland preacher, who says in the course of his long prayer:

“Gie us as much prosperity, Lord, as we can bear.”

After luncheon we drive in a trap over the smooth, hard hill roads to the Trossachs, as far as Loch Katrine, Ellen’s Isle, and the Silver Strand. The Strand is nearly covered with water, now that Glasgow has put in a dam and gets its water supply from the lake. I have seen the Scott country twice before, but never when I thought it so beautiful. The rough hills

seem shadowy, clothed in the faint purple of the dying heather, and the long, still lochs are fringed with the gold of the birches and the red of the mountain ash, mingled with the glossy green of the holly. Over the whole scene broods the mysterious peace of autumn.

The afternoon is far spent when we turn back to the Trosachs Hotel for a cup of tea. And we sit in silence by the great windows and watch the shadows lengthen over Loch Achray, in whose narrow green valley shaggy little Highland cattle are feeding.

The sun has quite disappeared when we begin our journey back to Aberfoyle, but we shall have twilight for at least an hour and a half. The sky is aflame with color. We drive slowly along the smooth roads built by the Duke of Montrose, who owns all this country. We see game of all sorts. Hares and grouse scurry across our path, and now and then we see a deer standing some distance away, watching us intently. The supply of game, we are told, is increasing yearly, as only the Duke and his friends ever shoot in the preserves. We reach Aberfoyle at 7 o'clock, and have an hour to rest and make ready for dinner.

The following morning we are again on our way, for we are to visit to-day the country of Burns in the moorlands by the sea. On reaching Glasgow we are persuaded to run up to the University and make our friend, Dr. Ramsay, a call. When I telephone him, he says:

"Dr. Tiffany, I am delighted to hear your voice again. Mrs. Ramsay will want to see you, so come right up and take luncheon with us. Is Mrs. Tiffany with you?"

"Yes."

"Well, we lunch at one; so come as soon as you can."

The Doctor is a most delightful fellow, and Mrs. Ramsay very cordial, so we are heartily welcomed.

At his clinic Dr. Ramsay shows me many interesting cases. He speaks of the bad results from needling for a high degree of myopia. He says that the results may be for a time gratifying, but that after a year or so detachment of the retina and blindness not infrequently occur. He speaks with enthusiasm of Bonne's operation of grafting on the cornea for dense leucoma, and thinks I should see both Bonnet and La Grange at Bordeaux. Dr. Ramsay does not endorse the practice of leaving the eye open after a cataract operation. He says that if he should do this and lose the eye, he would feel criminally responsible. He never uses the same cataract knife more than twice before having it repaired.

The evening of October 7th we are reclining in arm-chairs before the fire in the hotel at Ayr, listening to the broad Scotch of those about us. The ale, mutton-chops, and cauliflower we have found palatable and satisfying after our twilight ramble about the town.

The following morning bright and early my bonnie wife and I are sitting on the banks of the Doon. I shall never forget the charm of the landscape. The sky is bright, the meadows are green, and the clear stream goes hurrying by. About us are the groves and meadows and beyond the moorland and the open sea. As we sit listening to the gurgling waters, we do not wonder that Burns found inspiration here. The birds sing as gleefully as they sang to him, and we recall a stanza of his poem:

“Aft hae I rov’d by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o’ its luve,
And fondly sae did I o’ mine.”

Burns lies beneath a marble slab at Dumfries, but his

spirit is here; the Doon, the blackbirds, and yonder fields with their ploughed furrows proclaim, and we ourselves feel, the magic of his presence.

We cross the auld brig, which can now be used only by pedestrians, and then wander past the Burns cottage and Alloway Kirk, and back to the poet's haunts about the town. We go down to see the Twa Brigs, and afterwards we are to book for Dumfries. The girl in the hotel office is slow in making out our bill, and when we reach the station "Buttons" sends us over the bridge to a booking-office which is closed. He then runs after us to exclaim:

"It's my mistake, and you must buy your ticket at the other end of the station."

I rush down to the ticket-office, secure the tickets, and hurry back, but just as I reach the gate the train is pulling out. All I can do is to damn "Buttons"; but it has always been my experience, after having met with a disappointment, to find a recompense. Now we shall have some time to spend at the Tam O'Shanter and at Whip Inn. At the latter tavern I buy a pipe as a souvenir, and at the Tam O'Shanter we climb the dingy stairs to the low brown rooms above, where before the wide fireplace I take a little ale in memory of Tam and Souther Johnny. The rooms are very quiet to-day, with little to suggest the hilarity of the old days.

"When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

“This truth fand honest Tam O’Shanter
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne’er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)
O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise,
As ta’en thy ain wife Kate’s advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi’ the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev’ry nag was ca’d a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord’s house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi’ Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown’d in Doon;
Or catch’d wi’ warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway’s auld haunted kirk.

“But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi’ reaming swats, that drank divinely;

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
'Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither
'They had been fou for weeks thegither."

From Ayr we go on to Dumfries, where Burns spent the last years of his life and where he died in 1796. The whole town is full of traditions of the poet. We visit the quaint house in which he lived, with its box-like little study, where he wrote. Here, scratched in the glass of the window, we find his name, which he wrote there more than a century ago. In one of the old public-houses, the Globe, he scratched two stanzas of poetry on one of the windows, and the present owner of the inn has refused an offer of seventeen hundred pounds for the pane. In the little old cemetery of Dumfries we find a small Greek mausoleum, which, incongruously enough, contains the body of the Scotch poet. Here is the sculptured figure of a rustic ploughman grasping the handles of his plow, the share of which has turned over a daisy in the rough soil. The face of the ploughman is upturned in reverent wonder; for above is poised an exquisite figure, with a lovely, dreaming face—the symbol of his inspiration. The rough work was the work of his hands; in his soul was the dream.

Leaving Dumfries, we turn our faces again toward London, but stop *en route* for a little glimpse of Chester, in northern Wales. It was just outside this old town that Charles I. saw his forces defeated by Cromwell. Fragments of the town wall still stand, and the tower as well, from the windows of which the king watched the progress of the battle. We spend some time in the Chester Cathedral, which is one of the finest of its kind. It is near Hawarden, and it is said that Gladstone used to go there and conduct the services. We have but a little

time for a glimpse of the interesting place and of the Welsh people before continuing our journey back to London. Here we spend some time in the South Kensington Museum, but, aside from its natural history collection, it possesses little interest for us. We prefer to wander about the gray streets, with their throngs of substantial people and their stores of traditions.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.

We go to Paris by way of Folkestone and Boulogne—a journey which requires only about thirty minutes more than that by way of Dover and Calais. It seems a long distance between the two capitals, English and French—almost as far as from Washington to Havana; but the trip requires, all told, only some seven or eight hours. We reach Paris about 6 o'clock in the evening, and find ourselves in the midst of the din of tooting automobiles and shouting, gesticulating people. They drive their machines at the rate of about forty miles an hour and the horses at full gallop; so the pedestrian takes his life in his hands when he tries to cross the street. We finally reach the Hotel Continental in safety.

Having at different times spent several months in Paris and being more or less familiar with its places of interest, I feel like giving a considerable part of the time we have at our disposal to a study of the eye clinics. Since my last visit, the old authorities, Panas, Stellwag, and Galezowski, are gone. At the Hotel-Dieu I see some good work by De Lapersonne, the successor of Panas. For glaucoma he makes the La Grange operation. He impresses me as being in every sense careful, painstaking, and aseptic. He exhibits some lantern slides, showing the diseases of the cornea and lids. The slides were made by a new process that reproduces the color of the living subjects. I visit Emile Berger in his home, and find him still pursuing his scientific dreams. We go together to see the revered master, Liebreich, upon whose eye Helmholtz first used his ophthalmoscope. Liebreich is still doing consultation work



MADAME LE BRUN, LOUVRE.

and enjoying good health. He lives alone in his villa in Paris, and works much with chisel and brush; for he is not only an oculist of renown, but a sculptor and painter of no mean merit. On his walls are portraits he has made of many celebrated scientists, among them an excellent likeness of Von Graefe, the master of modern ophthalmology, which he painted from memory. There is also a portrait of Helmholtz, as well as several of prominent artists and musicians. When we speak of Helmholtz, Dr. Liebreich says:

"You don't see anything wrong with my eyes, do you, Dr. Tiffany? They are the first eyes ever examined with the ophthalmoscope. The examination Helmholtz himself made before giving the instrument to the world."

Landolt is still working in his clinic, but he seems to have lost his scientific enthusiasm and, with his sons, to have become more commercial.

I spend a little time in the clinic of Dr. John Galezowski, an earnest, scientific worker and a worthy son of his father. While with him I meet Dr. Poullain, who has recently invented a spectacle known as the "omnifocal." He claims that the lens corrects all errors of refraction, even aphakia, giving an omnifocus, by which one can see at any distance. Poullain himself, who is wearing the glass, is not only presbyopic, but has about five dipters of hypermetropia.

The Hotel Continental is well located on the Rue de Rivoli, not far from the Champs Elysées, the Opéra, and the Louvre. It is within walking distance of the Hotel-Dieu, Notre Dame, the Pont-Neuf, the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg, and the Ecole de Médecine, where I attended lectures years ago.

After a morning at the clinic, I am joined by Zoe, and we go to some of the little restaurants near the Odéon, where for



"THE BROKEN PITCHER," LOUVRE.

a few sous we have a real French *table d'hôte* luncheon, including *fromage Suisse*, such as I used to enjoy when a student at the École de Médecine. After luncheon we have the remainder of the day for sight-seeing.

Several afternoons are spent at the Louvre. "Mona Lisa" at the time of our visit is not here; but around the wonderful portrait of Mme. Le Brun and her daughter are gathered many students, studying and copying the painting. "The Broken Pitcher" also seems to be a favorite subject for the copyists.

After walking for several hours through the different rooms, I am tired enough to return to the hotel. I feel somewhat as Mark Twain expressed himself when a friend caught sight of him darting from room to room, glancing hurriedly at the pictures on the four walls of each, and asked:

"What are you doing, Mark?"

"Doing?" answered Twain; "I 'm doing this damned picture gallery."

But, in spite of fatigue, Zoe is never satisfied to leave without a last look at the "Winged Victory" and the Venus de Milo; so I go with her, and, though I appreciate quite fully the beauty of the two figures, I cannot lose sight of the fact that the one has lost her head and the other her arms. And yet, when we enter the velvet-hung room and see the Venus standing there alone in her sublimity and loveliness, we more fully appreciate the tribute Thackeray pays to her in the letter Clive Newcome writes to Pendennis:

"The next morning the governor had letters to deliver after breakfast, and left me at the Louvre door. I shall come and live here, I think. I feel as if I never wanted to go away. I had not been ten minutes in the place before I fell in love with the most beautiful creature the world has ever seen. She was standing silent and majestic in the center of one of the rooms



VENUS DE MILO, LOUVRE.

of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck me breathless with a sense of her beauty. I could not see the color of her eyes and hair exactly, but the latter is light, and the eyes, I should think, are gray. Her complexion is of a beautiful warm marble tinge. She is not a clever woman, evidently; I don't think she laughs or talks much—she seems too lazy to do more than smile. She is only beautiful. This divine creature has lost her arms, which have been cut off at the shoulders, but she looks none the less lovely for the accident. She may be two and thirty years old, and she was born about two thousand years ago. Her name is Venus of Milo. O Victrix! O lucky Paris! (I don't mean this present Lutetia, but Priam's son.) How could he give the apple to anyone else but this enslaver, this joy of gods and men? at whose benign presence the flowers spring up, and the smiling ocean sparkles, and the soft skies beam with serene light!"

We spend several hours in the Musée de Luxembourg and in the fine gardens, through which I used to ramble more than a quarter of a century ago. In the gallery I find my favorite picture, "*Verité*," by Le Fébvre. The unconsciousness and purity of the face are certainly very pleasing. In the last twenty-five years have come other pictures which claim our attention and admiration—notably, one called "*La Leçon de Clavecin*." It portrays an old musician with kindly, tolerant face giving a music lesson to a sweet, irresponsible, capricious child. Perhaps the most famous picture in the Luxembourg to-day is Whistler's portrait of his mother. There is a wonderful charm about the gentle, black-gowned old lady, with her soft face, folded hands, and quiet feet.

We spend a day at Versailles and another in an excursion to St. Cloud, returning by way of the famous Sèvres factories. The palace of Versailles is a wonder of gilded, ornate splendor.



LA VERITE, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The ball-room, with its frescoed walls and ceiling, its inlaid oak floor, its dazzling mirror and plate-glass windows, represents extravagance in both art and money. Large oil paintings illustrative of Napoleon's campaigns are a special feature in many rooms. The grounds are magnificent, and the trees and shrubs, the shady avenues, and the fine approach to the gray pile of buildings appeal to Zoe far more than the gorgeous interior of the palace.

The day we go out to Saint Cloud we first walk from the hotel up to the Champs Élysées as far as the Arc de Triomphe. After climbing to the top of the Arc, from which we gain a fine view of the city, we wend our way through the puzzling streets to the banks of the Seine, and, after some little difficulty, find the pier, from which we take one of the small boats which are constantly plying up and down the river. On our way we see from a distance several places of interest, such as the Ferris Wheel, the Hotel des Invalides, etc.

We find on reaching St. Cloud that the fountains are not playing, but the woods are attractive in their autumn dress. The avenues are already thickly carpeted with the yellow leaves; aside from their rustling under our feet, the stillness is unbroken. A walk of some two miles through the noble woods brings us to Sèvres, and we go in for a glimpse of the famous Sèvres pottery in the process of making. We watch with interest the skillful potters moulding the clay, and we find it a delight to wander through the rooms filled with the finished product.

At the old Church of the Invalides is one of the finest mausoleums in Europe, erected by the French people for the resting-place of one who, from his desire for power and self-aggrandizement, plunged all Europe into warfare and proved the scourge of his country. It is a hundred years now since



"LA LEÇON DE CLAVECIN," LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

Wellington put an end to Napoleon's career, yet the French are still staggering under the load that Napoleon imposed on them. The price they paid in blood and money to satisfy his ambition seems never to cross the mind of a single Frenchman out of all who throng here to do him honor. It is a magnificent tomb, crowned by a great dome, beautiful in design and finish, and the splendor of the resting-place mocks the futile tragedy of the conqueror's life.

A very different place is Père la Chaise, the old crowded cemetery, in which sleep many of the great of France. It extends over some two hundred acres and contains more than fifty thousand tombs, among them those of Molière, La Fontaine, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Chopin, and others. Perhaps the most interesting tomb in the cemetery is that of the world-renowned lovers, Abélard and Héloïse. It was formed from the ruins of the Abbey of the Paraclete, founded by Abélard, of which Héloïse was the first abbess. On the tomb are the recumbent figures of the lovers.

It takes a long time to see Paris in detail. The casual visitor knows little of its rich stores of interest. For ourselves, we are hardly as well satisfied as the old lady who said she had seen every place of interest in Paris except one; that place, she thought, must be unusually attractive, for she saw it advertised on so many of the omnibuses and trams, "*Au Complet.*" But whenever she attempted to go, the seats were all taken and she wasn't allowed to get in.

During the last week of our visit in Paris, Massenet's new opera, "Roma," is being sung at the Grand Opéra. We see one of the first performances, and find it pleasing enough, though not particularly impressive. It is worth while to go to see the building alone, which is conceded to be one of the finest in the world; and one finds an unfailing source of interest in observing the gorgeously attired women who, during the intermissions, promenade the corridors or loiter over their refreshments in the café. According to Hamlet's estimate, "the play 's the thing"; but here it yields in interest to the intermission.

CHAPTER V.

GERMANY.

One bright, cold October day we take leave of Paris and turn eastward, passing through a level country all aglow with the autumn tints. We follow for some time the course of a beautiful stream. The country seems rich, and reminds us somewhat of England, with its pastures and herds. Many of the hills are crowned with old castles, probably dating from feudal times. Their locations on the summits of hills made them more difficult of assault; and every owner was lord of his own domain. We reach Cologne about nightfall, and drive through the quiet streets, with their orderly Sunday afternoon crowds, to the Hotel Metropole.

We noticed in the *Speisewagen* to-day, as well as in the hotel this evening, the sign, "*Rauchen Verboten.*" We are glad to see this, for as a rule the German takes it for granted that he is privileged to smoke wherever he is. He does not even ask ladies if the smoke is offensive. Perhaps this is the fault of the European women themselves, many of whom are inveterate smokers and wine-bibbers. Even American girls who have traveled abroad think it quite *comme il faut* to look upon dissipation with tolerance or even approval. The excess of leisure and means at the disposal of women belonging to our "codfish aristocracy"—at the disposal, indeed, of a large number of women of the great middle class, to which most of us belong—is one of the menaces of our modern life. The pendulum has swung far toward the condonement or even encouragement of evil. The time is at hand for us to consider the dangers of our present way of living. To Americans, with all

their advantages, the world looks for an example; for to whom much is given, of him much will be demanded.

This Sunday evening in Cologne we join the throngs that are promenading up and down the streets with no special destination in view. It seems not to occur to them that they must stop at some café or restaurant for refreshments. They are apparently satisfied to converse with their friends and to walk up and down enjoying the displays in the shop windows. Yet it is a chilly autumn evening—hardly the sort that an American crowd, at least, would choose for a promenade. One begins to realize the tremendous power of Germany when he sees what resources these people have within themselves. A little later we visit a beer-garden. Here again we are struck by the orderliness of the crowds and by their appreciation of simple pleasures.

The chief object of interest in Cologne is the Cathedral, which is perhaps the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. The towers rise to a height of 511 feet.

When I first saw the Cathedral in 1877 it was not yet finished, though it had been in process of construction since 1248. The overpowering beauty of the building lies in its vastness of proportion and this feature overshadows even the richness of the stained glass windows and interior decorations, which alone would make it famous. To see it by night is most awe-inspiring. The towers command a sweeping view of Cologne, the Rhine, and the adjacent country.

Other notable churches of Cologne are St. Gereon's, St. Peter's, and St. Ursula's. The last, according to tradition, contains the bones of the eleven thousand virgins who were massacred here when returning with the saint from their pilgrimage to Rome.

From Cologne we begin our journey up the Rhine, whose



THE CATHEDRAL, COLOGNE.

banks just now are aglow with autumn color and fruited deep with purple grapes. The peasants are out gathering their vegetables, and we see cartloads of big, round, reddish-purple cabbages destined for the kraut-barrel. Here and there we see a farmer doing his autumn plowing, with one mouse-colored ox—fat, sleek, and lazy—drawing the plow. Neither the ox nor the driver is in a hurry, but moves leisurely across the little field. The women are bending over their hoes, digging potatoes. All are intent upon their work; they pay no attention to passing traffic, but plod methodically on.

Back of the narrow fields or jutting abruptly into the water rise castle-crowned hills. Many of the ruins date back to feudal times. One never sees an isolated farm-house here in this country. The people cluster instead in hamlets and towns, which along the Rhine are almost continuous. The custom evidently has come down from the feudal period, when the people gathered in settlements for protection. The straw-thatched cottage, we notice, is gradually giving place to the little brick house with tiled roof. Our attention is especially attracted to the innumerable brick-kilns and the acres of gray and yellow brick along the bank of the river.

The roads that wind from town to town past the fields and hills are hard, smooth, and white. The peasants are hauling their fruits and vegetables to market. The little donkey staggers along under his load, and the ox leisurely drags a rattling, two-wheeled cart. Now and then an automobile flashes into view and is gone again. The river is full of boats, both passenger and freight, which add interest to the scene.

Our first stop is at Bingen, where I spent several pleasant weeks as a student on my first visit to Germany in 1876. Bingen is one of the most interesting places on the Rhine. We visit some of my old haunts of former days: Bingerbrück, the



VIEW OF THE RHINE.

Mausthurm, Rheinstein Castle, and the mountain and village of Rudesheim on the opposite shore of the river. At Rudesheim we are followed about by a troop of little girls, who are eager to converse with us and show their meager knowledge of English. As we wander among the vineyards that cover the hills, or stop to gather wild blackberries in some thicket, I am reminded of my experiences during my month's stay in a German family here thirty-five years ago. It was just at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, and while I was here the Emperor laid the corner-stone of the fine monument representing victorious Germany that now rises from the Niederwald opposite Bingen.

After leaving Bingen, we go to Wiesbaden by way of Mayence. Wiesbaden is famous for its hot springs, to which thousands resort every year in search of a cure for various ills. The town itself is somewhat attractive, though it is cosmopolitan rather than German. The principal object of my visit here is to call on my old acquaintances, the Pagenstecher brothers. They are celebrated oculists, well known as the originators of the ointment or yellow salve now used in the treatment of eye troubles the world over. Since my last visit one of the brothers has passed away; the other is just now spending a short time in Paris, while his son takes care of the practice. The latter is a wide-awake young fellow of thirty, thoroughly interested in the science of ophthalmology.

He tells me that for cataract they ordinarily make either the so-called "simple operation" or that with iridectomy; but instead of taking out a large section of the iris, they frequently make the peripheral operation of button-holing the iris. He explains a new operation for cataract, by which they remove the lens within the capsule, but not by the Smith or Indian method. They make a somewhat larger incision than the usual operation,

and always make an iridectomy. They then pierce the cataract with the needle about half way between the periphery and the center, and with a lateral motion of two or three movements—just enough to loosen the lens from the suspensory ligament—remove the cataract within the capsule. Dr. Pagenstecher mentions the fact that there is danger of rupturing the hyaloid membrane and losing vitreous. He says that they have practiced Smith's operation, but because of the frequent loss of vitreous and subsequent complications they have wholly abandoned it. He does not think well of the practice of leaving the eye unbandaged after extraction of a cataract. He dwells on the importance not only of applying a bandage, but of administering careful aseptic treatment. He says that in the last twenty years, out of the many thousand patients treated in their hospital only five or six cases have been lost from infection, and he attributes their good results to their careful antiseptic treatment before and after operating. They always syringe the lachrymal sac with a mercury solution, whether there is any dacryocystitis existing or not, and they flush the conjunctival sac very thoroughly before the operation, especially the superior *cul-de-sac*. Dr. Pagenstecher says that La Grange has been there and made his operation for glaucoma in their hospital. They themselves have made the La Grange operation, but always fear a subsequent staphyloma of the iris.

On our way from Wiesbaden to Nuremberg we pass through some of the most picturesque country we have yet seen. We follow for a time the course of a placid little river, the banks of which are covered with forest trees. The firs predominate, but the somber green of their bushy tops is relieved by the red and bronze of frost-touched oaks and the bright yellow foliage of white birches. In the open fields the peasants are out with baskets and carts gathering in their harvest and preparing the

ground for another crop. Long, flat boats laden with the garden-truck move slowly along the stream to the village markets. The villages are picturesque little settlements, with high-gabled, red-roofed houses. The fields seem to be planted in patches. Here and there a field of truck is ripe for harvest, while the adjoining patch shows only the brown of the freshly turned earth. The peasants' method of taking off a crop here and planting another there is probably purely practical, as it secures vegetables of some sort throughout the different seasons. To the passerby the fields in the various stages of cultivation are most attractive. The peasant women do most of the labor. We see them carrying bundles of hay or baskets of vegetables on their heads, or guiding the slow-moving oxen hitched to the carts. Few horses are seen outside the cities. The ploughing and hauling are done with oxen with yokes fastened to their horns. The people of these south-German villages remind us of the Swiss or Scandinavians. They are quiet and soft-spoken, industrious and frugal.

Toward evening we come into the quaint mediæval city of Nuremberg, with its narrow, crooked streets and high-gabled houses. The streets and houses alike seem somewhat dark and somber.

In the morning we start out inquiring the way to the old Rathaus, where we are to find some of Dürer's paintings. A peasant girl whom we ask for directions makes a gentle courtesy and says, "*Gerade aus*," pointing vaguely up the street. We feel almost as much enlightened as we did when we asked the cockney for directions in the maze of London. Invariably he answered: "Two turnings to your right, and then go as straight as ever you can go to the top of the road."

In Paris we were told: "*A droit, toujours à droit.*"

We go as best we can through the winding streets, "*Ge-*

rade aus," until we reach the Rathaus. Here we find a number of Dürer's paintings. We descend to the dungeon, and traverse a few passages and some half-dozen of its hundred cells, all of them shut from the light of day. The dungeon dates from the thirteenth century. It was Napoleon, in 1800, who abolished the tortures there.

From the Rathaus we walk to the Burg or Castle. We cross the moat, which is now dry and used as a vegetable and fruit garden. We climb the winding stairs of the round tower, from which we gain a magnificent view of the city with the river Pegnitz winding through it. Near the Castle is the Albrecht Dürer house, which contains a number of his wood engravings.

Nuremberg is full of this celebrated artist's work—the sculptures in the beautiful church of St. Laurence and a painting in St. Sebald's, besides the collections at the Rathaus and in the Dürer house. The town owes its fame, in large measure, to this mediæval artist and to the cobbler poet, Hans Sachs. Longfellow, in his poem "Nuremberg," has really mentioned all the noteworthy features of the town:

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song,

Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rocks that round
them throng;

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and
bold,

Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every
clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the
common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in
stone,

By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their
trust;

In the church of sainted Laurence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted
air,

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart.
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;
Hence, in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and
dismal lanes,

Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly
guild,

Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;
'Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of
poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the 'Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and
laughed;

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man, gray and dove-like, with his great beard white
and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and
care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards in the master's antique
chair.

Vanish'd is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
Not thy councils nor thy kaisers win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-
bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his
careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the
soil,

'The nobility of labor—the long pedigree of toil.'

From Nuremberg to Munich we journey through a more rugged country, pine-forested and with little agriculture. Munich is one of Germany's thriftiest and most artistic cities. It is well known as a music center; it has fine collections of paintings—specimens of Rubens, Murillo, and many others; and its university is second to none in Germany. The Müncheners seem to be well dressed, well bred, quiet, and self-respecting. We can hardly single out the country-folk longer by their peasant attire. As we go here and there, we see a striking similarity—which may be only on the surface—of dress and customs everywhere. There are, without doubt, many differences between the upper and lower strata of society, but the people one meets when traveling the beaten paths are very cosmopolitan. We can easily single out German students by their scarred faces. Duelling is still practiced among them; and the deeper and more numerous the scars the greater the hero. The scarred features are never among the common people, however. The student class is recruited from the best of German blood. Germans of every class are great lovers of music, and one hears it everywhere. It is not necessary to go to the concert to hear really good music. We find creditable orchestras in the restaurants, cafés, beer-gardens—everywhere.

It is the morning of October 27th that I first visit Professor Hess in his clinic. He has recently been elected *Vorstand* of the University Augenlinik. He has been in Munich only a few days, and knows little of the city. Among his cataract cases this morning there have been preliminary iridectomies made by his predecessor. Hess himself does not favor this method. He thinks it is not necessary to inflict on the patient two operations when one will suffice.

He is a bold and rapid operator, and keeps his incision well at the limbus. Of course, in the cases this morning in

which an iridectomy has already been made there is no danger of entanglement of the iris. Instead of using a cystotome, Hess uses the drop-tooth forcep and snips off a piece of the anterior capsule. He then presses the cataract out with a strabismus hook instead of a curette. He does not use a speculum, or even steady the eye with a forcep, but trusts to the obedience of the patient. He does not apply any bandage to the operated eye, but fastens over it a perforated metallic shield as a protection against any accident. He says that he hasn't bandaged an eye now for the last twelve years after the extraction of a cataract, and he feels surer that he has fewer cases of post-operative infection than in former days. He tells me that he has never made the Smith operation and never expects to make it. He adds tersely:

"You wouldn't have that operation made on your eye, would you, Dr. Tiffany, if you had cataract?"

He has made neither the La Grange nor the Elliott operation for glaucoma, but he says that he has in his clinic few cases of acute glaucoma.

On my last visit to Hess' clinic, he greets me cordially, and says:

"As this is your last morning with me, I must make a little haste, and present the eight or ten cases that I have for operation."

In all of the cataract cases except two there has been an iridectomy made by his predecessor. The patients have all been washed and rendered aseptic, and are ready for the operating-table. Hess makes seven extractions in an hour. He is ambidextrous, but takes his position in front of the patient, operating on the right eye with the left hand and on the left eye with the right hand. He is somewhat of an exception among German oculists, for he is not only thoroughly scien-



THE MONEY-COUNTERS, MUNICH.

tific, but practical as well. I am glad for the opportunity of spending a few days with him, for among the oculists throughout Europe he enjoys an enviable reputation. I have to smile when, on taking leave of him, he hands me letters of introduction to oculists of the Levant, and says:

"Here are letters to some friends of mine, Dr. Tiffany, but I have forgotten their names. You can learn who they are after you reach there."

Munich is a very clean, orderly, quiet city. It has no special claim to distinction, but its very cleanliness and shining order make it a very pleasant place to be in. It seems always to have on its Sunday clothes; and everywhere we receive from its people the genteel courtesy that the appearance of the city leads us to expect.

We hear in Munich as good music as anywhere in Germany, and that is saying much. We find at the Pinacothek a fine collection of pictures, among which those of Murillo are to us most attractive. We enjoy especially one called "The Money-Counters," which portrays two youthful fruit-sellers reckoning the profits of their day's business. We do not care especially for the German artists' conception of the Virgin and Child. Their work lacks the calm, benign dignity of the Italian masters. The Madonna seems to be coquettish, and the Child is a typical little self-conscious Jew. Joseph is meek and characterless. In the Glyptothek we see some fine examples of modern sculpture, notably the "Adonis" of Thorwaldsen, and the "Paris" of Canova.

CHAPTER VI.

AUSTRIA.

And now, this bright October morning, we are speeding along, still on our way eastward, through an interesting country of fields and meadows. The peasants gather their hay into small round cocks of about an oxload each. These small stacks cover the meadows, standing only a rod or two apart. We notice many pear trees, their trunks whitewashed to a snowy whiteness. Green firs and bright yellow birches crown the hillsides. In every hamlet is a church with a high steeple, and by the roadside are occasional shrines. We see again the mouse-colored ox or cow turning the stubble with the plow-share and exposing the richest of black loam. At some distance on our right rise isolated peaks, several of them already crowned with snow. Every little way we see halted by the roadside the white-covered wagons of bands of gypsies. Ponies feed quietly, and children in red dresses play about, while groups of women watch the contents of an iron pot that boils over a smoky open fire. The camps remind me of the Sioux or Winnebago camps that I saw in the early days in Minnesota. As we go farther from Munich we skirt the shores of numerous lakes, whose still depths reflect the distant hills and the trees that grow at the water's edge.

At Salzburg we cross the line into Austria, and when we go into the *Speisewagen* we find that we again make a change of money. We are now dealing in kronen and hehlers.

The railroads here are under the control of the Government. At every station the uniformed guards salute the approach and departure of our train. The conductor salutes when he

comes to ask for our tickets. The civility of the officials is part of their earliest training. The rank and file of the people aren't yet imbued with the deplorably aggressive democracy of our own country—with the feeling "I'm as good as you" that too often has no valid foundation of birth, education, or personal achievement. There is no such thing as equality; all the laws of life give the lie to our glib assertions of its existence. And the insolent refusal of our people to recognize any gradations of rank, intelligence, or personal worth is one of the curses of our country.

Vienna contains much of interest to the traveler. It is one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe; but to the student of medicine its chief interest lies in its unparalleled facilities for the study of medicine, for the Allgemeine Krankenhaus embraces under one roof the largest and most varied clinics in the world. Students, graduate and under-graduate, from all quarters of the globe, congregate here, and one hears the whir of many tongues, although, for all practical purposes, German and English are the languages most used. The Viennese scientists make a specialty of teaching. For a few gulden one can join a class or have a private tutor in any of the different departments of medicine. The facilities for special research work are unsurpassed. In the work of ophthalmology one has opportunities not only to study the fundus of the living human eye, but to view the deeper structure of the eyes of the lower animals, from the hissing serpent to the chattering chimpanzee.

On my first visit to the Allgemeine Krankenhaus I find that Professor Fuchs has been lecturing since 8:30 o'clock, though I arrive at 9 o'clock. His lecture is on the subject of "Optic Neuritis." The students, numbering about a hundred and fifty, among whom are several women, give the closest at-

tention. As soon as the lecture is finished they disperse to the different departments, some going to Fuchs' operating-room adjoining. When I enter the room, Professor Fuchs, recognizing me, says:

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Tiffany. I received your letter from Bingen, and have been looking for you ever since. Please take this place at the head. I always stand in front of the patient when operating. We shall have several operations this morning, among them Elliott's trephining for glaucoma, which I want you to see."

"Do you ever make the La Grange operation?" I ask.

"Sometimes; but there is not so much danger of subsequent staphyloma in the Elliott operation."

"I notice, Dr. Fuchs, that in your cataract extractions you still adhere to your method of removing a portion of the capsule by the drop-tooth forcep."

"Yes. I think we get uniformly better results than by the ordinary cystotomy."

Fuchs is strictly aseptic. His patients are all thoroughly prepared before they come into the operating room, but before beginning the operation he flushes the conjunctival sac with an antiseptic fluid taken from an elevated porcelain tank. The syringe is a flat, hard rubber, which he shoves under the superior lid, thoroughly sweeping away any mucus or débris from the *cul-de-sac*. He has at his side a pan of sterilized water, into which he dips his fingers immediately before and after he touches the face of the patient. He has at hand also a sterilizer, into which he dips all instruments that will admit of boiling, even the cutting instruments. He does not use a speculum, but trusts to his trained assistant, Dr. Müller to hold the lids apart. After extracting the cataract, he places between the lids a little white vaseline, slightly carbolized, and

applies a light bandage, over which he fastens a perforated metal shield to protect the eye from injury by the hands.

Fuchs has grown gray in the service, but he carries a steady hand, and has no occasion to wear glasses. At my first visit, thirty-five years ago, he was Professor Alt's assistant. Alt has been sleeping these many years, and Fuchs is now the master.

The same sore-eyed boys and girls, as it were, still sit on the benches, waiting their turn for treatment. Fuchs does not now, as formerly, deal out to them handfuls of hehlers as an inducement for them to be there promptly the next day for his class to examine. He does not give private instruction now; this work is turned over to his assistants, and he does not need to make sure of abundant material for his students to examine. He is extremely gentle; you rarely hear him rebuke an intractable patient. He is beyond question the most scientific and skillful as well as the most experienced oculist in the world, and his text-book is the last word in ophthalmology.

I am invited one morning to be present at Dr. Arthur Schuller's private lecture on the *x*-ray. Schuller exhibits many slides of the cranium and brain, showing the condition of the sinuses, brain, and meninges in traumatic cases as well as in cases of epilepsy resulting from various lesions. He is said to be the greatest authority on *x*-ray here in Vienna, and the profession has come to depend upon him largely in making diagnoses of brain and nerve lesions.

I spend one morning with Professor Fuchs while he is lecturing to the under-graduates. His subject is the cornea and its affections. His assistants conduct the patients about the amphitheater, and with a portable lamp point out to the individual students of the large class the various affections of the cornea. The examinations are made quietly while Pro-

fessor Fuchs continues his lecture. After the lecture, I again go with Fuchs to his operating-room, where he makes several peripheral iridotomies for glaucoma. He takes a button at the limbus embracing a portion of both the cornea and the sclera. As soon as the knuckle of the iris presents itself he withdraws it slightly and clips it off with the scissors. I see Dr. Müller, Fuchs' first assistant, make the same operation after the extraction of the cataract. The incision is very small and under the ledge of the limbus. The object is to establish a drainage from the posterior chamber so as to prevent hernia or incarceration of the iris. Dr. Müller is a skillful operator. The students predict that he will be the successor of Fuchs.

During my visit in Vienna I spend one day in Professor Dimmer's ophthalmic clinic. Dimmer is the brother-in-law of Fuchs, and has almost as large and popular a clinic as the latter. He is the inventor of a most excellent apparatus for photographing the fundus of the eye. After his clinic, he takes me into his laboratory and explains the different parts of his instrument, showing how the light, by means of prisms and mirrors, is thrown into the eye and then projected onto the screen of the sensitive plate of the camera. I examine a number of his photographs of the various affections of the retina and optic nerve.

As I am leaving the Allgemeine Krankenhaus, Dr. Fuchs hands me a letter of introduction to Professor Emil von Grosz, of Buda-Pest, saying:

"Tiffany, you will find Grosz not only a scientific man, but a very companionable fellow. He is the head of one of the largest and best equipped ophthalmological clinics in the world."

On our way from Vienna to Buda-Pest we follow the course of the Danube for much of the distance. The wintry landscape

engages our attention during the short afternoon; but as the quick darkness comes on we are content to settle down and converse in signs and broken German with the Hungarian passengers; but, as we haven't a word of Hungarian and they know little German, the conversation is not very animated.

Dr. Fuchs told us that we should find Buda-Pest beautiful, and it meets our expectations. The Castle and the Houses of Parliament rising from the banks of the Danube are very imposing. The city is clean and has a modern air. It boasts of its fine public buildings, university, hospitals, etc. The most striking difference that we observe between Buda-Pest and other European cities is the former's dearth of automobiles. It seems that this modern conveyance has not yet come so far east. We must content ourselves with the *droshky*. Buda-Pest is known the world over for its hot mineral springs. They are more strongly impregnated with minerals than our hot springs in Arkansas or those in Aguas Calientes.

At the University Hospital I find Dr. von Grosz. He is thoroughly scientific and practical, and an indefatigable worker. To witness his operations one must be on hand as 8 o'clock in the morning. Von Grosz himself is at the University even before that hour, for he sees all the new patients, examines, diagnoses, and assorts the cases before going to the operating-room. After his morning's surgical work, he administers local treatment to such cases as trachoma, etc., dresses the surgical cases, and then goes to the lecture-room. I do not follow him there, as he uses the Hungarian tongue, with which I am not familiar. The afternoon he devotes largely to original scientific research, putting in most of the day in his professional work. He is just beginning to use the La Grange operation for glaucoma, and has six times made the Elliott operation. I notice that, like other oculists here abroad, he is not so

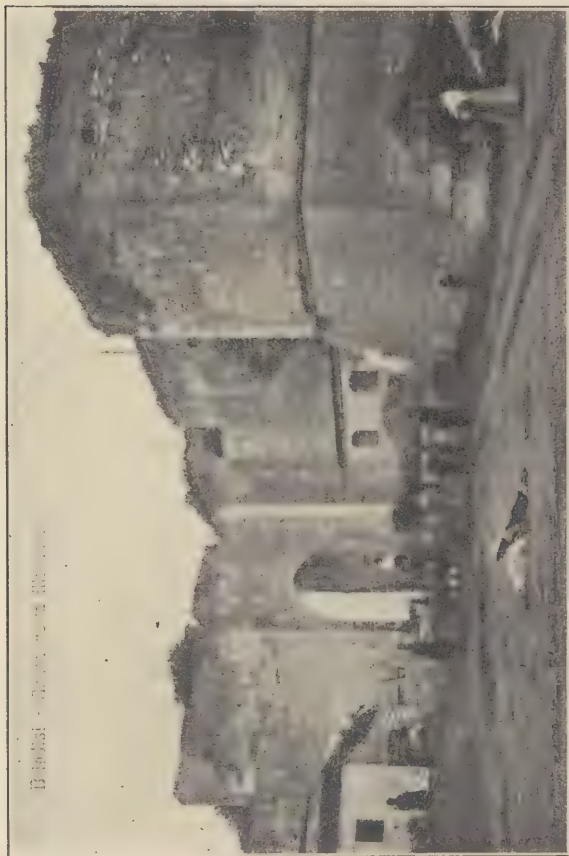
careful in his post-operative treatment of cataract. He applies only a light bandage for a day or so, and then allows the eye to go free. He even permits the patient to rise from the operating-table immediately after the operation and walk to the ward. He makes a complete iridectomy before extracting the cataract, while Fuchs makes his iridectomy or iridotomy after extracting the cataract.

Dr. von Grosz is very eager to acquire a thorough knowledge of English. His wife and son speak English fluently, but he says that when he comes to America he wants to come equipped with something more than women and children's English.

As we leave Buda-Pest our train skirts the borders of a beautiful long, narrow lake, but most of the ride to Trieste is through a flat, level agricultural country, not especially fertile and little varied as to products. The district is sparsely settled. The people live in hamlets, in the midst of which is the inevitable white church with a very high steeple. Beyond the flat country are low ranges of hills. As we draw near Trieste the temperature also changes, and after our chilly experience in Buda-Pest we welcome the warmth of the southern Austrian shores. The white churches now appear on the summits of the hills, and, much to our surprise, there are no crosses on the steeples. By the wayside are numerous shrines, that, with the castles, *chalets*, and granaries, add to the picturesque-ness of the scene. The outside of every granary is hung with corn arranged according to color—alternate red and yellow. Ox teams and quaintly dressed peasants journey along the smooth roads. It is a relief to see the ox pulling its load with a yoke and bow instead of the cross-bar lashed to its horns. The horses we see are large, sleek, and well fed. No automobiles or motorcycles disturb the quiet of these roads. We pass

numerous swift, clear streams with silvery cascades. The falls are utilized to turn large old water-wheels, which pump the water over the little fields. At 4 o'clock the sun is playing hide-and-seek among the hilltops, but there will be daylight for more than two hours yet. Children are going by carrying their school-books, and peasant women in full homespun skirts and heavy shoes trudge homeward carrying bundles of fire-wood on their backs or baskets of vegetables on their heads. Night overtakes us before we reach Trieste, and we must wait until morning to see the white villa of Maximilian, which overlooks the Adriatic.

We spend a comfortable night at the Hotel de la Ville. As I stroll about the docks the following morning the first thing I notice is the oxen harnessed with padded collars, hames, and tugs. The collars are worn upside down. The morning is beautiful—clear and warm. The little city of Trieste is shut in by the hills, now ablaze with autumn color. We sail at noon on the *Wien*, one of the best of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, and throughout the afternoon skirt the Italian coast



OLD GATE AT BRINDISI.

CHAPTER VII.

GREECE.

We were told in Vienna that, owing to the war conditions, it would not be advisable to visit either Constantinople or Athens; so, much disappointed, we book to go directly from Trieste to Alexandria. But on reaching Brindisi we find that Greek boats are running regularly to Athens; so we break our journey at the Italian port, and late in the evening go on board the little steamer *Ismene*, bound for Piræus *via* Corfu and Patras. The appearance of the boat is far from prepossessing; for the small cabins open on either side of the long narrow dining-room, and all are below the single deck of the ship. Whatever may be our misgivings, we realize that the *Ismene* is our only resource; for the better Greek boats have been taken by the Government to transport men and supplies to the scene of war. We pass the night as best we may. The vessel rolls about in a most disquieting manner. In the morning we are scarcely reassured on finding that the *Ismene* is practically without convenience of any sort, and we go into the close dining-room with little appetite for the unsavory breakfast. However, we lose sight of our discomforts in the interest which our fellow-passengers afford us. There are several Greeks coming from America to take part in the war; one or two English surgeons going to the front to see something of practical surgery; a German whom business interests are taking into Athens; and a group of Italian officers, including young Garibaldi, grandson of the famous liberator, going to volunteer in the service of Greece. We feel that there is little of the spirit of the old Garibaldi in the young man. The

latter seems rather a soldier of fortune, who is trading largely on his name for recognition.

About 11 o'clock we reach Corfu, and as we have four or five hours at our disposal, we go on shore, and, with three of the Greeks from America, take an automobile drive about the town and its environs. Corfu is one of the most populous of the Ionian Islands, and the town is beautifully located, looking out on the southern Adriatic. The harbor is commodious, and the town occupies a commanding position. It is flanked by steep hills, on one of which, overlooking the east, is the chief fortification of the island. The rough country is picturesque. Every space available for tilling is planted with groves of orange and olive trees. We thread our way some distance along the steep hill road until we come to the villa of the German Emperor, which overlooks the Adriatic.

On our return to the town, we drive to the fort, where nearly two thousand Turks are now imprisoned. The prisoners are well treated, receiving the same rations as the Greek soldiers. After leaving the fort, we walk through the streets of the town, and are especially interested in the market, where we see many varieties of fruits and vegetables not familiar to us. Our enthusiastic guides are eager to show us everything of interest. They are in great spirits at being again in their own land and at hearing that the Bulgarians have taken Adrianople. Toward evening we go again on board the little ship, feeling somewhat more reconciled to conditions; for our interest in the country we are entering has been sharpened by what we have already seen.

Early on Monday morning we reach Patras, where we remain until about 9 o'clock. While we are here a large French ship, carrying some sixteen hundred Greeks eager to go to the front, arrives from New York. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon

we are passing through the Corinthian Canal, a waterway which materially shortens the distance between the Ionian Islands and Athens, but which, unfortunately, is available only for small coasting vessels. The canal, which cost in the neighborhood of some six hundred thousand francs, was begun by the French in 1888 and finished by the Greeks in 1893. It is said that in Nero's time the Romans appreciated the need of a canal across the isthmus of Corinth, and that the emperor actually started the work, but for some reason abandoned it.

Throughout the afternoon of the last day on board a steady drizzle of rain is falling, and the dirty little boat becomes constantly more offensive. Toward evening we enter the harbor of Piræus, the gateway of Athens. The day before there has been a tremendous storm, the like of which they have not seen for years, and the sea is red with rivers of clay from the hills and *campagna*. There are no docks, and we must go ashore in a small skiff. We finally land in the midst of a Bedlam of shouting, scrambling porters, who are roughly pushing their way to get possession of our luggage and carry it up to the customs-house. Notwithstanding our annoyance at the din, we are pleased with the attitude of the customs officials, who are especially courteous to us. They examine the luggage of their countrymen, but they do not open ours.

The bridges are washed out, and the train and tram service is suspended; so we are compelled to drive to Athens, which is some miles away. The three young Greeks from America go with us. The road is very bad, but they constantly try to excuse existing conditions and to put things in as favorable a light as possible. Having been to America, they seem to realize more fully the poverty and lack of comfort among their people. I notice several times their extreme gentleness and kindness to their countrymen, especially the chil-

dren and the old people. They are eager to get to Athens and to the front before the war closes. Like all the Greek people, they are very loyal. They have sold out their business in America, sacrificing, perhaps, some three thousand dollars each, to come at their own expense to join the Greek forces. On my asking them if they will receive any salary, they say:

"No. We will get our clothes and rations and a few drachmas for tobacco, and what more would we want?"

They feel that if they can liberate Macedonia and limit Turkish sovereignty in Europe, they will be satisfied. They say that all Europe has stood by and allowed the Turks a free hand, but that the Balkan allies are now to obtain their full rights.

On reaching Athens we stop at the Grand Bretagne Hotel, which is a comfortable, clean place, with most of the modern conveniences. We are now settled for a few days in the famous city which for the greater part of my life I have looked forward to seeing.

Early next morning we climb to the Acropolis, and tread the same paths over which Phidias and Pericles, Socrates and Plato passed centuries ago. The work of Phidias stands before us in the unrivaled Parthenon. Time, the elements, war, and vandalism have done much to mar its beauty, but enough remains to show how great was the skill of those who planned and built this temple. In our walk we pass from the massive Propylæa to the Parthenon and then to the Erechtheion and the Nike. From here we descend to the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, from which Paul delivered his address to the Athenians nineteen and more centuries ago. We descend the west slope of the hill, and follow the road leading to the Temple of Theseus, from which the Madeleine of Paris is copied. From here we wander through the old cemetery, beneath whose broken

monuments lies the dust of many a famous Greek. Only here and there we find a still legible word of inscription. It is said that the tomb of Pericles lies within this enclosure, but the excavations have not as yet revealed it. Socrates, of course, since he died as a criminal, was not buried here, and the place of his grave is unknown.

From the cemetery we turn back toward the Acropolis, skirting the base to the Odeion and the Theater of Dionysius. The latter is the oldest theater in the world. Here the plays of the old Greek dramatists—Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes—were first enacted. The seats are hewn out of blocks of marble, a single block making from three to five seats. From the Theater we follow the sandy white road that leads past the Arch of Hadrian and the Temple of Zeus. Of the Temple only a few fluted columns remain. Turning back towards the hotel, we pass the Tower of the Winds and the water clock, in which in former days the course of the water marked the hours of the day. Not far behind lie the ruins of the ancient Agora and of the Library and Colonnades of Hadrian.

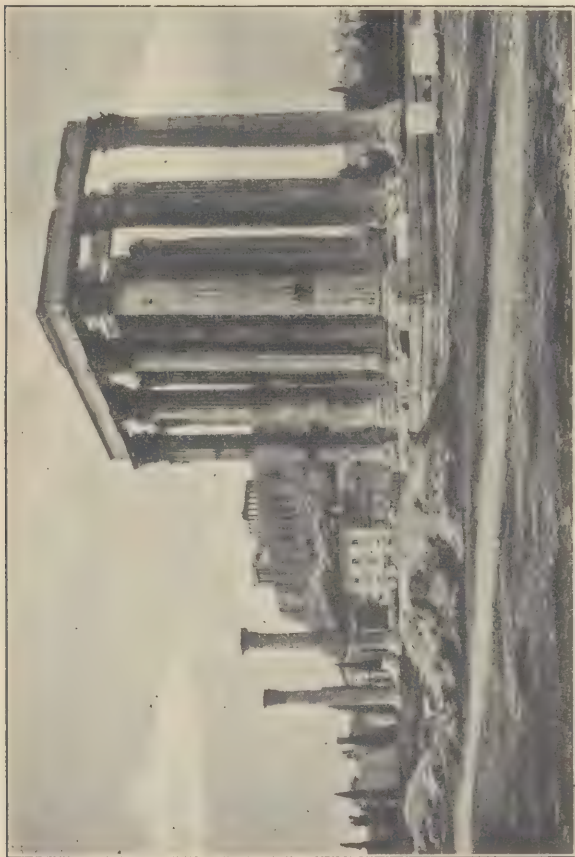
In a day of wandering about Athens one gains an idea of the general features of the city and of the relative locations of the places of historic interest. The whole area of the ancient city is not large, but one feels that no space of equal extent was ever more crowded with historic associations.

The Acropolis possesses an unfailing charm, both for the beauty of its ruins and the magnificence of the view to be had from its summit. From the west facade of the Parthenon one looks out on the open sea and the Island of Salamis; turning about, he sees through the aisles of noble columns a great sweep of country, with the white city of Athens gleaming in the midst, and beyond, Mounts Hymettus and Pentelikon

sharply outlined against the cloudless sky. All about him are the fragments of shafts and capitals eloquent of the glory of the ancient city. As we ourselves look out across the plain we almost fancy we can see the caravans bringing the marble from distant Pentelikon or the famous honey from Mount Hy-mettus. We look down upon the city, and see the senators, with Pericles in their midst, passing through the Agora; and across the seas comes the barge bringing one of the most gifted of all Greek women—Aspasia, who comes to meet Pericles and aid and encourage him in his great projects for Athens. Yes, Aspasia, with all her grace, charm, and magnetism, is here. We see yonder Socrates, or Plato, or Alcibiades going to her home to converse with her who was the most learned woman of her time. Then, as our gaze lingers on the ancient market-place, we think of those philosophers of a later day, the Epicureans and Stoics, who encountered Paul preaching a strange gospel: “And they placed him in the midst of Mars’ Hill, to hear what he might say of the new doctrine.”

When we turn our faces at last from the city and the great figures with which we have peopled it, we pass from the Parthenon to the small Temple of Nike. This is built at the extreme edge of the flat summit of the Acropolis, overlooking the sea. It was from some point near by that Ægeus, according to the ancient legend, threw himself in his despair at the apparent failure of the expedition of his son against the Minotaur.

Toward sunset, we descend from the Acropolis, and cross the small intervening valley to the hill of the Pnyx; for from this hill, after all, the finest view of the Parthenon is to be obtained. On our way we pass the prison of Socrates, which is only a sort of grotto or cave. When we reach the summit of the Pnyx we are in full view of the Acropolis. The Parthenon,



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF ZEUS, WITH ACROPOLIS IN BACKGROUND.

massive as it is, when seen in the level rays of the setting sun, seems fairly built on air; yet its nobility of proportion and singular beauty of outline are best appreciated from here. There is scarcely a straight line in the whole edifice. One notices a slight curve on the line of the steps and of the architrave, and a gentle swelling of the columns toward the center. The marble has now taken on an indescribable mellowness of color that well accords with the grace of line; and from this distance there is but little evidence of the ravages wrought by the Venetians when, in 1687, they threw a bomb into the Turkish powder-magazine inside the Parthenon. The Erechtheion, too, has passed through strange vicissitudes. It has been used as a barracks, a magazine, a Christian church, and a residence for the wives of the Turkish governor of Athens.

But we cannot linger on the Pnyx to enjoy the view of the Acropolis, or of the city spread out to the east and south of the citadel, or of Pentelikon and Hymettus outlined against the evening sky. A battle is on in our midst, and we are in great peril. Hordes of Greek boys, divided to represent the Greek and Turkish forces apparently, are waging desperate warfare up and down the slopes of the hill. Stone missiles fly dangerously about our heads, for we are in the very midst of the Greeks defending the hill. And neither side will give over the battle for any such paltry consideration as the safety of two foreigners. We must get out or take the consequences. A priest in his robes rushes up and asks for my cane to disperse the young warriors—all to no purpose; so we beat a retreat. The spirit of war is as strong in the youth as in people of mature years. Many times I have seen in the street ambitious Athenian boys drilling squads of small soldiers. They even press into service the little girls, who vainly try to keep step with the boys.



THE PARTHENON, ATHENS.

Before leaving Athens, we go to visit the University, and especially the ophthalmic department, in which Dr. Gazepsis is a professor. We find that the University has been converted into a barracks, and instead of students, soldiers are walking about the corridors and class-rooms. In fact, Athens seems almost deserted, for the men from all walks of life have left their work to join the forces at the front. Only the older men, for the most part, have been left behind with the women and children. Many members of the royal family are at the scene of operations. The King himself entered Salonique at the time of its capture, the crown prince is commander-in-chief of the Greek armies, and the little crown prince trudges with the privates, eating black bread and carrying his blanket with the others.

On leaving Athens, we go to Corinth by rail in order to see something of the country before taking our boat at Patras. We have abandoned our original plans of going to Constantinople, as the city is in a state of blockade and quarantine.

At the station there is a motley crowd of people: Athenians, Macedonians, Cretans, and different villagers. We have learned to distinguish some of the nationalities by their differences in dress and in the fashion of wearing their hair. Priests, of course, are easily singled out by their robes and by their long hair, which they wear in an awkward knot at the back of the head. The Greek Catholic priests are forbidden to cut their hair, and they all have full, silky beards, as they do not shave. They seem rather effeminate and somewhat spiritless.

The road to Corinth traverses a barren country of sand or red clay. Here and there in isolated spots are small irrigated tracts, where grapes and olives of good quality are grown. On every steep hillside numerous sheep are grazing,



VIEW OF ANCIENT CORINTH.

watched by quaint shepherds wearing huge sheepskin capes and carrying the shepherds' crook. I had always heard that white sheep ate more than black ones, but quite the contrary is true here, for there must be at least two black sheep to every white one. On the hillsides great patches of heather, yet untouched by frost, are blooming; and whether we pass olive groves, or grazing sheep, or patches of purple heather, there is always an arm of the shining sea just beyond. One is never far away from it in Greece. At every hamlet peasant women and children in their rustic dress come to gaze curiously on the occupants of the passing train. Some of the women wear sandals, but many, like the children, are barefooted, and all are thinly clad. They wear on their heads a light scarf. They do not seem too well fed. We notice children picking up orange-peeling from the street and eating it. The country produces too little to support its population in comfort.

We reach Corinth late in the evening, and on the following morning we are awakened by the tinkling of many little bells. On looking out of the window, I see a number of black and white goats, and realize that the milkman is delivering milk. He does not bring it in glass jars or tin cans, but we go out with our pint or quart measures, and he milks it fresh from the goat. Then he drives on to our neighbors.

After breakfast, the man whom we have engaged drives two scrawny little horses up before the door, and while they breakfast on a small bundle of straw he comes to announce that he is ready to drive us to old Corinth, four or five miles away. St. Paul is said to have lived in the old city some eighteen months, and so, before starting off, we read part of his first epistle to the Corinthians. Throughout our drive we are practically never out of sight of the blue waters of the Corinthian Gulf; and the famous old city, dwindled now to a

collection of mud huts on a barren mountain slope, is only a few minutes' walk from the water's edge. The old citadel, or Acro-Corinth, as they call it even to-day, occupied the flat summit of the mountain; and here is the great reservoir from which, as in the days of the city's glory, flows the common water supply. As we wander about the ruins of the ancient Agora, we peer into several of the great stone aqueducts which are still in use. They seem an enduring monument of the skill and enterprise of the ancient people. On our way back from old Corinth we drive through some fine vineyards, and for a few coppers the peasants sell us great clusters of grapes.

After luncheon in modern Corinth, we leave for Patras. The afternoon's ride along the northern shore of the peninsula takes us through a fairly fertile district. Grapevines and olive trees are loaded with fruit, and the lemons are very large. We notice orchards of another fruit similar to our quince, except that it is sweeter and more mellow. The Greeks make of it a kind of preserve, which is very palatable.

We arrive at Patras about 8 o'clock, and go the Hotel de Patras, which is located near the piers, facing the open sea and the mountains beyond. In the harbor are many vessels, a number of which have just brought Greeks from America to enlist in the army. The streets are thronged with troops and we learn that some two thousand Turks are imprisoned at the fort. Wishing to see these prisoners, we secure the next morning, from the American consul, a request to admit us to the prison and allow us to photograph the prisoners. As we make our way through the dirty, winding alleys, we encounter several soldiers who can speak a little English. One young fellow comes up to us, delighted to meet some Americans. He has spent several years in Philadelphia, but has returned to take part in the war against Turkey. He tells us that he



TURKISH PRISONERS AT PATROS, GREECE.

has left behind him an American wife and two children, and in the course of his talk with us he shows us a letter from his wife, in which she says that when she saw him leaving Philadelphia in the long car it seemed to her as though he were being carried away in a big coffin. The young Greek makes some comparisons between the loyalty of the Greek people and that of the Italians. He says that out of three hundred thousand Greeks in America twenty thousand have responded to the call to arms and many more have sent money to aid their country; but that, on the contrary, in the recent war between Turkey and Italy, fewer than a thousand out of five million Italians in America returned to take part in the war.

The young man goes with us to the barracks, where the Turks are confined. The latter do not seem at all reluctant to be photographed— in fact, they seem to think it a favor; so we take two pictures of them crowded close to the grated windows and another of a number who are engaged in digging a trench through the prison grounds. One Turk asks us if we speak German, and on finding that he can make us understand he is much delighted, and talks at some length of his early life in Austria, as well as of the campaign. The prisoners do not seem to regret their capture; probably this is because of the inefficient way in which the Turkish forces are handled. Here, at least, the Turks are fed and sheltered; yet when a Greek is captured he receives little quarter. Word comes to-day of an engagement in which the Turks captured some prisoners, whom they shot or burned. When they were themselves finally routed, they massacred the women and children before retreating and leaving the town to the Greeks. The Koran teaches them that the extermination of Christians assures them an exalted place in Paradise, with many wives to minister to them.

On our way back from the fort the young Greek wishes to take us to the cemetery where his father is buried. As we follow him another of our hangers-on clutches at him anxiously and says:

"Let's take them to the other better one. They will go back to America and say we haven't anything nice over here."

When we come from the cemetery, our friend says:

"Now, I want to take you and introduce you to my mother and sisters, and show you a Greek home."

So he guides us to a house containing several plainly furnished rooms. There are neither carpets nor rugs on the floors, but everything is very clean. The gay chromos on the walls have even been covered over with newspapers to protect them from light and dust. The little mother and sister know no English, but they anxiously endeavor to make us feel their pleasure at meeting representatives of the people among whom their son and brother has lived. The son meanwhile talks on with *naïve* frankness of the wife whom he has left with sufficient money for two years' needs. He hopes to be able to return to her, however, long before that period of time shall have passed. On our way to his home the Greek stopped one of his friends for a moment, and now the latter drops in, bringing a mandolin. Behind him is a second bashful boy, carrying a guitar. Our friend brings out his own guitar, and the three of them do their best to entertain us, while the mother and sister serve us currants and nuts. The mother first anxiously insists that we retire for our festivities to a rear room of the house, since it is not fitting that passersby in the street should hear music in the house at a time when so many are mourning. Patras alone, we are told, though a city of only forty thousand, has sent fifteen thousand to the front.

While we are listening to the music some of the neighbors

come in, and one young girl insists on taking us to her home. Much amused, we follow her, and are ushered into a home that evidently represents some wealth and social standing. The mother welcomes us heartily, and we enjoy our brief call. For refreshments, they serve us cognac and quince preserves; and whatever we think of the combination, we do not refuse it; for apparently the first law of Greek hospitality is that no guest shall go away unfed. Our ways are doubtless as strange to them as theirs are to us. They bring in the dish of preserves on a tray, on which are several spoons and glasses of water. We eat in turn from the common dish, but as each one finishes he drops his spoon into a glass, so that no other person shall use the same spoon. All the men in the room are served first.

It is dark when we return to our hotel. The newsboys are keeping up their ceaseless din outside our windows. To-night they are crying the fall of Monastir and the last reports of the cholera scourge in and about Constantinople. Both armies, we learn, are being decimated by the plague, and boats from the Dardanelles are all in quarantine. We go into dinner, and find the dining-room filled with Greeks from America, who have just disembarked from the vessels at the wharf and are on their way to Athens to enlist. When we enter the room, they recognize that we are Americans and they at once rise and drink a toast to the United States. Presently they send one of their number to ask what wine we will drink in their honor. I propose a toast to the success of the Greek arms; this they receive with cheers, but their manner is quiet and deferential. They wish to impress us well, for they seem to hold our people in the highest respect and to think of America as the Promised Land. It has been our experience since coming here to find the Greeks a kind-hearted, loyal, appreciative people.

On leaving Patras, we go out in small boats to the little

steamer *Argolis*, which is to take us back to Brindisi. Across the bay is the magnificent statue of Lord Byron which the Greeks have erected in loving appreciation of his sympathy and aid in their struggle for independence. Every Greek boy knows at least the opening lines of his "Sons of the Greeks, arise!" To the south of us as we leave the harbor is Olympia, where the Greeks still celebrate the Olympic games. The ancient temple there is now in ruins, but the celebrated statue of the "Winged Victory," as well as the "Hermes" of Praxiteles, is in the Museum.

The *Argolis* is filled with soldiers on their way to Corfu and Thessaly; for they have received news of Turkish depredations throughout the northwest. All the available space on the boat is occupied by the soldiers, many of them even having no accommodation other than that which the deck affords. Some are in uniform, but most of them wear nondescript attire. Not a few have on huge capes of sheep or goat skins and present a rather wild appearance with their weather-beaten faces and unkempt hair and beards. All of them have on belts bristling with cartridges. We watch them eating their supper of heavy dark bread, which they have carried in old handkerchiefs or bits of clothing.

The saloon passengers are scarcely more attractive. We go below to find them sitting about the table in the dark little dining-room if one may call it by that name. No one is especially clean, for the boat has few conveniences. We retire to our cabin early, and the night's discomforts begin in earnest. The waves are running fairly high, and sleep is out of the question; for the hold apparently contains a large number of casks, which have not been properly secured, and as the little *Argolis* pitches about they begin rolling to and fro with a noise like the distant rumble of thunder. With every

shift of the casks the nausea of the passengers increases, and sounds of distress are heard from every quarter. We lie in the close cabin and think (when we can think at all) of Victor Hugo's story of the loose cannon that pounded about the hold of a vessel. We fancy we can realize something of the effort it must have cost to capture and anchor it. Finally we drop off to sleep, and wake to find ourselves at Corfu. The noise of a disorderly debarkation comes to us, and we go on deck to find the men crowding with their baggage pell-mèll into the little skiffs that bob about on the waves. Word has been brought from shore that the Turks are ravaging the country only a short distance inland, and the Greek troops are eager to set off in pursuit of them.

After the soldiers leave us, the boat is practically deserted for the remainder of the journey. We endure the discomforts for another twelve hours, and are glad indeed to land at last even in squalid Brindisi. A heavy shower is on, and we make our way through muddy streets to the customs-house and then to the hotel to await the arrival of the Austrian Lloyd *Wien*, bound for Alexandria. When she arrives, we go on board at once; and so sharply do the order and cleanliness of the big liner contrast with the confusion and dirt of the little Greek boat that I say to Mrs. Tiffany:

"Well, we are back in God's country."

"No," she says; "we'll not be there till we reach the United States again."

"At any rate," I rejoin, "we shall soon be in Christ's country, for we are on our way to Palestine."

CHAPTER VIII.

PALESTINE.

Our voyage in the *Wien* from Brindisi to Alexandria is pleasant and restful.

Much of the way we skirt the Grecian coast, the Ionian Islands, and Crete, arriving in the port of Alexandria the evening of the third day. For some time, as we approach Egypt, we see in the distance the various colored lights beckoning us to the Levant; but it is not until morning that we are allowed to go ashore and mingle with the Egyptians. We have been told that we shall find nothing of interest in Alexandria, but not so; for as we go ashore the following morning things are different from those we have experienced at other ports. The dress of these people is unlike that of the peoples we have already seen. Our attention is especially attracted to the women with veiled faces. The veil, which covers the face from the eyes down, is attached to a gilded or silver tube bound vertically on the forehead by a band passing about the head. The women wear bracelets and anklets, and are usually barefooted. Most of them have numerous rings in their ears and on their fingers and toes.

On our way to Cook's office and to the American Consulate we pass through the market and principal business streets. Here we encounter throngs of these semi-civilized people carrying on their trade. We watch them prepare the bread and meats which they are offering for sale. Girls and women squat about the floors of the shops or in the open streets, sorting grains and grinding them in grooved stone mortars. When the bread is mixed, it is baked in old-fashioned charcoal ovens.



EGYPTIAN WOMAN, ALEXANDRIA.

Meats are cooked on long iron spits held over an open fire. The ubiquitous water-carrier plies his trade, selling drinking-water or sprinkling the dusty streets from the supply which he carries in the goat skin slung on his back.

We do not linger long in Alexandria; but, after learning that no war passport is required in Palestine, we buy our tickets for Jaffa, and return to the *Wien* to transfer our luggage to the *Dalmatia*, bound for Asiatic ports. But before sailing we have another opportunity of going ashore and getting a last view of the people. Everywhere we see men smoking "hubble-bubble" pipes—contrivances with long stems and large bowls of water, through which the smoke is drawn. The streets are full of filth, and the people are ragged and dirty. Most of them have sore eyes, many are cross-eyed, and many others have but one eye, and this one is very often partially blind. Purulent or Egyptian ophthalmia is ever present. One curious figure among the people is the itinerant barber. He squats in the open street with his patron and shaves him with skill and dispatch, though the street is crowded with people and vehicles. The latter are usually drawn by donkeys; for here the big ox gives place to the little ass and it is this animal that moves commerce.

We are booked to start for Jaffa at 4 o'clock p. m., but it is 8 o'clock before we weigh anchor. And now in the light of the full moon we are sailing away on our journey to Jerusalem. By morning we shall have reached Port Said, where, I trust, we shall find letters; for we have had none since we left New York. I shall long remember the beauty of the scene which the harbor presents as we move out of Alexandria: the receding lights of the city and piers, and the full, round moon shining over the still waters of the bay, where vessels of many nations are riding quietly at anchor.

In about thirty-six hours we reach Jaffa. The waves are running high; for this is a narrow rock harbor, and if the sea is at all angry, it spends its fury here. Docks are an almost unheard-of thing in these coasts, and we must disembark by small skiffs, managed by oarsmen. They come to us on the bounding waves, and we must entrust our luggage, and lives even, to their skill and strength. The luggage is tossed from the deck by one of these husky brown-skinned fellows to others waiting in the skiffs below; but we are handled more gently; for they wait until the skiff bounds upward to the proper height, and then we are lifted bodily from the ladder to our ship and handed to a fellow below, who places us safely in a seat in the little boat. We must not resist or hang back, but go when the skiff rides upward; for the distance between the crest of the wave and the bottom of the trough is often ten feet or more.

On reaching the shore, we take a carriage and drive about Jaffa. We visit the home of Dorcas, who was noted for her good works and large charity; for it was in Joppa that Dorcas died and was restored to life by Peter when he came from Lydda. From here we go to the home of Simon the tanner, with whom Peter lodged. Close by the house is the old stone trough in which the tanner is said to have tanned his hides.

After visiting the other places of Biblical associations—and we are now in the midst of them—we begin our railway journey to Jerusalem.

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon we are passing through the plains of Sharon, where Samson caught "three hundred foxes, turned them tail to tail, and set firebrands to them, letting them go into the shocks and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives." The first station we reach is Lydda, where Peter performed his first miracle, healing Æneas, who for eight years had been ill of palsy. A few miles further on

we pass through the village of Ramleh, where Joseph of Arimathæa, in whose tomb the body of Christ was laid, once lived. The whole road from Jaffa to Jerusalem is full of Biblical interest. As we advance our dragoman, John Tamari, who has traveled these roads for a quarter of a century and more, points out many places whose associations with some person or event have long been familiar to us. At this moment we are passing the spot where Samson slew two thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. A little farther on is the tomb of Samson; and the sight of it calls up the old story of how he lost his strength when his hair was shorn, but was finally avenged for his wrongs when his strength returned to him, though he brought about his own destruction with that of his enemies.

Our coach is divided into three compartments—for first-, second-, and third-class passengers. Before entering a compartment the conductor or other employee raps on the door. He does this to be polite and to give Mohammedan women an opportunity to cover their faces before the entrance of a stranger.

On reaching Jerusalem, we go at once to the Grand New Hotel; but, as it is Thanksgiving, we do not remain among foreigners, but go to visit the American Colony, to some of whose members we have letters of introduction from Professor R. S. Fulton. We are heartily welcomed by Mr. Spafford, who regrets that we are not to stay with them while in Jerusalem. We do have dinner with them, however—a Thanksgiving dinner of real American cooking, with mince and pumpkin pies. Our hosts tell us that we must eat heartily, as there is but one course; but we find that a generous one. Everything is home-made and excellent. Mr. Spafford tells us that even the table linen is woven there in the Colony. There are about

a hundred people in their little community, and they are enterprising and contented. Mr. Spafford tells us that their aim is to live a community life on the principles of the Golden Rule. They seem, in fact, like a large family, and they claim to have no special officers; but Mr. Spafford is evidently their leader. The Colony started with him some thirty years ago, and was at that time largely composed of Americans; but it now includes a number of representatives of other nationalities. Spafford himself is Spanish, though born in Jerusalem. He impresses us as being a truly Christian gentleman.

After dinner we are treated to some fine music, first by the orchestra of wind instruments, and then by their chorus, in which Mr. Spafford sings a leading part. Some of the young people then show us a number of kodak pictures which they made recently in a Bedouin camp, where, with the American consul, they were invited to attend the wedding of an Arab sheik's sister.

Late in the evening we drive back along the dark streets, which seem deserted, except for an occasional Turkish guard, to our hotel.

The following morning we rise early and start out to see the Holy City. We pass through many narrow streets, the most interesting of which are David's Street and the Street of Steps. These two lanes (for they can hardly be called streets) are the busiest portion of the city mart. We crowd our way through the festering mass of humanity—Jews, Syrians, Turks, and Arabs—passing up and down in endless procession. The broken stone pavements are slimy with filth. Donkeys and camels jostle past us, lurching along under their unwieldy loads. In the dark shops on either hand the people are baking bread and offering various wares for sale: vegetables, meats, clothing, jewelry, etc. Craftsmen of all sorts are plying their

trades, and the din and confusion are indescribable. The women, as is the case among our Indian tribes, seem to do much of the heavy work. They go about, like our American squaws, carrying great burdens on their heads and babies strapped on their backs.

We finally come out on the open court before the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of the old Temple of Solomon. This is Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath; but, through the office of the American consul, we obtain permission to enter the mosque. It stands on Mount Moriah, the flat summit of which is some thirteen hundred feet long and nine hundred feet wide. The entire area is paved with flagstones, grooved to drain the water into large cisterns, from which part of the city's water supply is drawn. The mosque itself is built over the rock on which Abraham offered Isaac as a sacrifice. Of course, before entering the mosque, we must put on sandals, and we pass in then through the portals from which Christ drove the money-changers. The interior of the mosque is altogether magnificent, with an intricate design of gold inlay covering the entire surface of the great dome. The windows are of wonderful stained glass. On coming out of the mosque, we walk across the courts to the Golden Gate, through which Christ made his triumphant entry into the Temple on Palm Sunday. The gate is now walled up; for the Mohammedans secretly fear that He will again enter by this gate. From here we go into the Mosque of El Aksa, which occupies another part of the flat summit of the mount. We go down into Solomon's stables, and then return to the courts for a view across the Valley of Gihon to Mount Zion, where his palace stood.

Descending from Mount Moriah, we pass through St. Stephen's Gate, and a little farther on come to the home of St. Anne. The building is now a chapel, but in a sort of

grotto beneath the mother of Christ was born. From here we go on to the Pool of Bethesda, whose waters the angel troubled. I descend by a steep winding stairway to the original level of the pool, and congratulate myself on being the first to come to the pool this morning after the angel's visit. On coming out we turn into the Via Dolorosa, which leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At each of the so-called "Stations of the Cross" the Catholics have erected a shrine. We pass first the house of Pilate, where Christ was delivered over to the Jews. A little farther on is the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, erected on the site of Herod's *Prætorium*, where the rabble hailed Him "King of the Jews." From here we pass to other stations, coming at last to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built on the site of Calvary. In the church we are shown a portion of the column on which Christ was scourged; the place where He was nailed to the cross and crucified; and even the rock that was rent by the earthquake at the moment of His death. Near by is the stone on which He was anointed for burial, and just beyond, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, in which He was laid. The tomb contains to-day an altar and image of Christ, as well as the stone slab that marks the place where the body lay. As we enter the tomb we fancy we can see the angel sitting at the threshold and the linen clothes lying within. On coming out, we go over to the site of the old garden, and here we fancy we can see Mary Magdalene talking with the Lord, whom she takes to be the gardener.

On leaving the church, we pass again through the Street of David and back to our hotel. We have seen enough of the old city for to-day; so we drive over to the ophthalmic hospital, which overlooks the valleys of Gihon and Hinom and the village of Siloam. At the hospital we meet two courteous ophthalmologists, who are doing thorough and careful work in treat-



POOL OF BETHESDA, JERUSALEM.

ing these cataractous, cross-eyed, sore-eyed Jews, Syrians, and Arabs. The senior surgeon, Dr. Heron, invites us to have tea with him and his wife the following day. He tells me that he expects to visit Colonel Smith in Amritsar, India, during the month of January, and he hopes to meet us there.

In the afternoon we have a most delightful drive to Bethlehem. On the outskirts of Jerusalem we pass the Field of Blood, which was bought with the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for the betrayal. Farther on we come to the Tomb of Rachel, and then to the Well of the Magi, where the Wise Men of the East camped for the night under the Star of Bethlehem. The well still supplies water to pilgrims and travelers who come this way. We are now in the open country. In the fields hard by Ruth gleaned after the harvesters; on yonder hills David tended his father's sheep, and the stony valleys rang with his psalms, which have echoed through the world. The herding of sheep and goats is still the principal industry; for the country is not fertile and little is raised here. As we enter Bethlehem we notice that the women are unveiled, and the inhabitants of the village seem of a better and more intelligent class than those of Jerusalem. They are industrious, occupying themselves with their various trades. There are few beggars.

The Church of the Nativity is the principal place of interest. It is controlled by Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Armenians, who share the expense of protecting and maintaining it. A Turkish soldier is on guard within, to prevent the priests from fighting among themselves. In the chapel of the church a silver star in the pavement marks the place where Christ was born, and over the star fifteen silver lamps are always burning. Near by is the manger in which He was laid. The church is built over several grottos of more or less interest. In one of them it is said the Holy Family hid away from Herod; in an-

other were placed the bodies of the infants whom the Roman soldiers slew; and a third, at a much later date, was the residence of St. Jerome when he was engaged in his work of translating the Bible.

On returning to Jerusalem, we walk along the city walls down to the old wall of Solomon's Temple, where the Jews come each Friday at sunset to bewail the loss of Jerusalem. To-day being Friday, we find them kissing the stones as they rock their bodies and cry aloud in sorrow for their disobedience and downfall. They have worn a groove in the wall by repeatedly kissing it.

It is twilight when we walk back through the streets of the old city; but we go to make some purchases at the American Colony's store, where one may be sure of getting genuine articles at a moderate price.

On November 30th we are to start for Jericho and the Dead Sea, and our dragoman insists that we must be on the road by 6 o'clock. It is a bright, crisp morning—not freezing, but decidedly chilly.

We leave the walled city by the Damascus Gate, and wend our way along the slope of the Mount of Olives to the Garden of Gethsemane. The sun is just rising over the hills of Judea, and all nature is bright and beautiful. The garden, which is enclosed by high walls, is kept by Franciscan friars. Within the enclosure are eight huge gnarled olive trees, which are said to date back to Christ's time. The garden is well kept and planted with a variety of flowers. Late in the year as it is, roses are blooming in profusion. As we leave the garden and go on our way we pass the Tomb of Absalom. Here we pause for a view across the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the old wall of the Temple and the Golden Gate. Continuing toward Bethany, we meet many of the villagers, mounted on donkeys and



CARAVAN ENCAMPED IN VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

camels coming to market, and we overtake large bands of pilgrims going to the monasteries in the vicinity of the Jordan. We pass through Bethany, and follow the hill road that goes winding over a rough, lonely, barren country. About 10 o'clock we come to the Inn of the Good Samaritan, which stands on the site of the old inn to which the Samaritan brought the man who "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." The inn is now only a sort of hostelry, where halt to feed and water the horses. After a short rest, we resume our journey. The road is lined on either side with hundreds of villagers, breaking rock to repair the road. The women, who carry the heavy stones from the hillside and place them within reach of the man with his sledge, and then take the broken rock in baskets on their heads and distribute it over the road, remind us of Pat's experience in America: all he had to do was to carry the brick and mortar up to the seventh story, where there was a man to do all the work. Along the hillsides numerous droves of sheep, goats, and camels tended by lone Arabs are feeding on the sagebrush. As we go farther into the hill country the road becomes more solitary, and, except for an occasional Turkish *gendarme* with his rifle strapped over his shoulder, or a passing band of Bedouins on their fleet little Arab horses, we are quite alone. The Bedouins were formerly the terror of this country, as most of them were bandits. They are still nomads, roaming from place to place, but they are not to-day so lawless. They are, in a sense, the aristocracy of these various peoples. They possess considerable wealth in lands, horses, and flocks. They do not work, but employ servants from the lower classes. They live in tents of goatskin, and frequently change their place of encampment. They are, therefore, more sanitary



INN OF GOOD SAMARITAN, ON WAY FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICO—
PICTURE OF MRS. TIFFANY.

than the ordinary villagers. Most of them live in the otherwise uninhabited country east of the Jordan.

After we pass over the hills of Judea, we enter the plains of Jericho—a great stretch of arid country, except for a narrow strip of vegetation on either side of the Jordan. With a little American enterprise, the land could be irrigated and made exceedingly productive. The Jordan offers a sufficient water supply to make the valley as fertile as the country bordering on our own Dead Sea in Utah. As we approach Jericho we cross the Brook Cherith and follow along its green banks to the spot where the old city stood. From the ruins we gain a good view of the Mount of Temptation, where Christ fasted forty days and where He was three times tempted by the devil. Entering modern Jericho, we pass one of the old watch-towers of the Crusaders, which is said to occupy the spot where the house of Zacchæus stood. The sycamore tree into which Zacchæus climbed to see the Lord is gone and an adobe hut stands in its place. Jericho to-day is a mere village of low mud huts, occupied by Arabs. A few of the more pretentious houses are of willow, chinked and plastered with mud. Our hotel, the Belle Vue, is quite spacious and is built on the Spanish style—about a court.

After luncheon, we drive through the sandy plains to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. On our way we pass, at no great distance from Gilgal, the place where the Israelites first camped in the Promised Land, and from which Joshua sent the spies to Jericho. Beyond the plain to the east rise the mountains of Moab, from which Moses looked out on the Promised Land. Far to the north is the head of the Jordan Valley; for the river has its source in the snows of Mount Hermon, near Damascus. It empties into the Dead Sea. At the ford of the river we leave our carriage and take a short skiff ride. It was



CROSSING THE JORDAN RIVER.

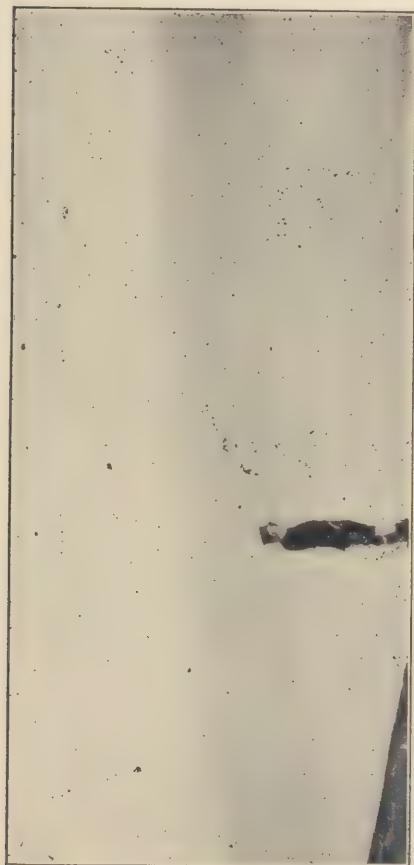
at or near this spot that Christ was baptized, and here it was, in the wilderness of Judea, that John the Baptist lived. Yonder monastery is built over the cave in which he dwelt.

After a bath in the Jordan, we drive on to the Dead Sea. This inland sea is fifty miles long, seven and a half miles wide, and about thirteen hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Near the mouth of the Jordan stood the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. From this point we look across to the hot springs where Herod had his baths. Not far away was the prison where John the Baptist was beheaded at the wish of Herodias' daughter.

In the sands on the border of the sea we pick up many beautiful little shells. The shellfish are brought down by the Jordan, but die as soon as they reach the salt water. The sea is so smooth and placid that I cannot resist the temptation to take off my boots and wade in the clear water.

The sun has now dropped behind the hills of Judea, and in the gathering twilight we drive slowly back to the hotel. The stillness of the plains is unbroken, except for the occasional howl of a jackal as we pass through his domain of rock and sagebrush.

The following morning we rise early and breakfast by candlelight; for we must allow more time for the journey back over the mountains, as the way is almost a steady ascent. On our journey to Jericho we have learned that the words ("a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho") of the parable are literally true. The mountains of Moab, seen in the early light of this winter morning, are like a great wall against the brightening eastern sky. As we turn westward we distinguish the dark bulk of the Mount of Temptation, and at the left a long train of camels is slowly winding down the mountain road toward the plains of Jericho. We now begin



WADING IN THE DEAD SEA.

to ascend the mountain, and soon pass another of those curious old watch-towers of the Crusaders. Just beyond the tower is an old Roman landmark—the remains of an aqueduct built by the son of Herod the Great. A little farther on we cross the Brook Cherith, in whose deep gorge is the Monastery of St. George. The monastery stands on a projecting ledge of rock, well up the mountain side and just below the cave in which Elijah was fed by the ravens. The monks have utilized the brook for irrigating the narrow valley at the bottom of the gorge, where they raise the grain and vegetables on which they subsist. As we look down into the gulch, with its narrow ribbon of green, we see many pilgrims slowly winding their way along the steep paths that lead to the monastery. Turning to look back, we see one of the finest sunrises that have met our view. The rosy light from the east has spread along the whole horizon; the peaks of the distant range shine with a faint glow; swiftly the glow deepens, and in an instant long shafts of light dart upward from behind Mount Pisgah, and the sun appears, pouring over the entire range a flood of radiance that sweeps down the dark sides of the mountains into the sleeping plains below. In the morning light we seem to see in fancy the funeral procession of Moses winding along the summit of the mountains.

“By Nebo’s lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan’s wave,
 In a vale in the Land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave;
 But no man built that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e’er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

“That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean’s cheek
Grows into the great sun;

“Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees and all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain’s crown
The great procession swept.

“Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor’s height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

“This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

"In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again (Oh, wondrous thought!)
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

"O lonely tomb in Moab's Land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still;
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well."



SPOT NEAR BETHANY, PALESTINE, WHERE MARTHA MET THE LORD.

As we resume our journey we meet a long train of camels stalking awkwardly down the hill, with little donkeys trotting beside them. Farther on we come to a camp where the camels are still lying about. The Arab drivers are preparing their breakfast of coarse bread, baked in the ashes of camel-chips. We draw near to get a picture of the camp. At our approach the camels get up and move clumsily over to the racks and begin munching their fodder. There is no water near the camp, but that does not matter; for this beast of the desert does not need to drink very often, and the Brook Cherith is within a few hours' journey from the camp. The camels are very strong, and are used for transporting all kinds of merchandise, including large timbers and other building material. When we reach the summit of the Judean range, we turn for another view of the Dead Sea and the plains of Jericho. They do not seem more than a half-hour's walk distant, but are in reality more than twenty miles away.

We are now nearing Bethany, and the first place of interest is the rocky point at which Martha met the Lord and said to Him: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Here we leave the carriage and walk on to the village, which is now largely in ruins. We go to the Tomb of Lazarus, into which we descend through a long dark passage, with slippery stone steps. At the mouth of this tomb the Lord called unto Lazarus to come forth, and he straightway appeared. A little distance away are the ruins of the home of Lazarus and his sisters. The house evidently consisted of two rooms, but only parts of the stone walls are now standing. Close by stood the house of Simon the leper, whom Christ healed of his loathsome disease. We make our way back to the carriage, clambering over old ruins, and sometimes finding ourselves on the

roofs of the low houses in which the villagers are living. From Bethany it is but a short distance back across the slope of the Mount of Olives to the old city; and by 1 o'clock we are passing through the Damascus Gate on our way to the hotel.

The day before leaving Jerusalem we drive out to the Mount of Olives, from the summit of which the Lord ascended into Heaven. From the Mount one obtains the finest view of Jerusalem, especially of the wall encompassing the old part of the city. Our dragoman says that if we return ten years from now, we shall find a greater proportion of the population living outside the walls than within. Until very recently the people were not allowed to build outside the walls, and the city gates were always closed at night.

To-morrow we are to return to Jaffa, but word comes this evening that there has been a heavy storm west of us, and the sea is so rough that we may not be able to embark. In that case we shall be detained in Jaffa for a day or two. To make the situation more serious, it is reported that some Christians there have been murdered by the Turks. We know that the Jaffa Bay is often a dangerous port. It is crescent-shaped, with steep banks, and a heavy sea seems to spend its force there. Lives have been lost from the boats capsizing or being dashed against the rocky shore. But the heavy rains have beaten down the waves, and on our arrival in Jaffa we find the bay comparatively quiet. There is no evidence, either, of any Turkish uprising; the troops, in fact, have gone northward to Damascus. With confident pleasure we enter the little boats to be rowed out to the steamer. The boatmen are wonderfully skillful. When all their passengers are seated, they steer quickly out from among the other boats clustered about, and with long, even, rhythmical strokes they send us skimming through the water. The crew numbers eight or ten—all strong,

lithe fellows. With each stroke of the oars they half rise from their seats and pull strongly and steadily back until their straight bodies are almost on a line with the seats, The huge steersman gives his orders in a long musical call, and the oarsmen chant their reply in unison.

And now we are on the deck of the *Amphitrite*, ready to sail for Port Said. It is with a beautiful feeling of rest and calm that we look across the bay to Jaffa and say "Good-bye" to Palestine. To us it is a desolate, ill-favored, though romantic land. But little progress has been made in the last two thousand years. Conditions must be practically as they were when Christ and His disciples roamed over its hills. There is more poverty, filth, hunger, and squalor there than in any country we have yet seen. There is little evidence of law or order. The Government officials are not only inefficient, but superstitious, credulous, and ignorant. It is only since the granting of the last constitution that even Constantinople has had electric lights or telephones; neither of these conveniences is yet installed in Jerusalem. The tillable land of Palestine is badly cared for. An enterprising German colony wished to enrich their land with an artificial fertilizer; when the authorities were informed of this, they looked upon the fertilizer with suspicion, thinking it was to be used for the manufacture of dynamite, and ordered the entire cargo to be dumped into the sea. The Jews have the same propensity for money-making in Palestine as elsewhere; but they are altogether unique in appearance. They are pale and wizened; their hair is cut short in the back, but a long curl falls in front of either ear, giving them the appearance of goats, rather than human beings. They have sickly-looking beards, and seem altogether inferior in body and mind. They suggest filth, both in odor and appearance. A large per cent of all the people one meets

in Palestine are afflicted with some sort of Egyptian ophthalmia, which is conveyed from one to another by dirty fingers or by the feet of swarming flies. Many persons are cross-eyed; and almost every man, woman, and child has some scar of the cornea, resulting from ulcerations. They are a mass of festering humanity. Even the priests in their robes suggest stench and filth.

We are glad to have had the privilege of visiting Palestine and observing the different phases of human life here. The whole procession of Biblical figures has swept past us. We have seen Joseph and Mary and the Child in the stable at Bethlehem or fleeing into Egypt; we have seen Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, and David tending his father's sheep; we have followed Christ as He wound His way over the hills and across the plains to the Jordan, where He was baptized; we have seen Him on the Mount of Temptation; we have seen Him passing along the Via Dolorosa; and we have seen the rabble—the same rabble that followed Him along that way. Among these people was born the faith that has been the greatest regenerative factor in human life, but it has wrought no miracle here; to sturdier Western peoples have come the vision and the uplift.

CHAPTER IX.

EGYPT AND THE NILE.

On the *Amphitrite* we are traveling among the natives and the cattle, as it were; for the boat carries both passengers and freight. We reach Port Said the following morning, where, after passing the customs officials and the medical inspectors, who look us over for possible symptoms of cholera, we continue our journey to Cairo. The trip along the side of the Suez Canal and then across the sandy plains into the Valley of the Nile is a pleasant change from the stony hills of Palestine.

As we approach Cairo the vegetation becomes luxuriant and even rank, and people and animals seem well nourished. It is good to look out of the window this winter evening and see the fields of maize, sugar-cane, and vegetables. The date, fig, and Satsuma orange trees are loaded with fruit. The vegetables are abundant and of excellent quality.

It is late in the evening when we reach Cairo. The large buildings and the well-lighted thoroughfares almost persuade us that we are back again in a European city. Cairo is, in fact, as we are to learn, singularly cosmopolitan—a sort of meeting-place of the East and the West.

As we go upon the street the following morning, although it is mid-winter, the fruit-venders are offering all kinds of fruit—even luscious strawberries—for sale, and the market stalls are piled high with fresh vegetables. Our first objective point is Cook's Office, where we go to ask for mail and to arrange for passage up the Nile. We then walk through the public gardens, enjoying the sight of the tall palms, the gorgeous tropical

flowers, and the waters of the fountains sparkling in the strong sunlight.

In the afternoon we visit the celebrated bazars of Cairo. These are a labyrinth of close, winding streets, crowded on either hand with booths, whose awnings often meet over the narrow passages; yet the streets are drier and less filthy than the Street of David in Jerusalem, and the stalls are somewhat more inviting. We find all manner of Oriental articles, both metal and textile, for sale. We are especially attracted to the brass and silver bazars, and we take the opportunity to secure some brass finger-bowls. My wife is especially interested in the way of bargaining. They have no fixed price for articles and one must haggle for everything. She is not very good at driving a bargain. She seems rather surprised when the shop-keeper accepts half the original price, and wholly astonished when I secure articles for a third or a fourth of the asking price. In the auction sale I am amused at hearing her, in her eagerness and sense of justice, raise her own bid. The streets are thronged with buyers and sellers; and one is jostled this way and that by Egyptians, Arabs, blind beggars, shouting, turbaned, night-robed donkey-drivers, and by the patient donkeys themselves as they stagger along under their huge loads. It is the hour for closing when we leave the bazars, and the congestion of traffic has increased. The streets are a surging mass of people, mules, camels, and donkeys. The air resounds with shouts, for the natives are like excitable children; and it is worth one's life almost to attempt to press through the throng. When we emerge at last into quieter streets, our dragoman invites Mrs. Tiffany to visit his home, saying that he would like for her to see his mother and sisters and to have a view of an Egyptian home. For this privilege he says he will charge her nothing, but I would not be allowed to enter if I were to pay him a



SPHINX AND PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.
(Mrs. Tiffany standing on the body of the Sphinx.)

thousand dollars. Zoe, however, declines his offer of hospitality, and we make our way back to the European quarter.

The next morning we go out to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Ghizeh. They are some eight miles distant from Cairo, and we go out by tram, and then mount camels to ride about the monuments. The camels seem willing enough to carry us up and down the steep places and through the heavy sands, but are very reluctant to kneel for us to mount or dismount. They always give a groan of protest when commanded to kneel, and have to be lashed into obedience by their drivers. At last, with loud roars, they drop to their knees and haunches, in which position they are content to remain. When bidden to rise, they begin groaning again.

The Pyramids are among the oldest monuments of man's industry. The Great Pyramid of Cheops contains over two millions stones of more than forty cubic feet each; these were carried over a desert road from the banks of the Nile. It is said that a million men were employed three months each year for twenty years to complete the task. In order to reach the tomb within the great pile, one must ascend by stone steps some twelve or fifteen feet, and then descend by a long, low dark passage, covered with dust and infested by bats.

The Sphinx, which, next to the Great Pyramid, is the most famous monument in this vast burying-ground, is cut from the natural rock. It has the form of a recumbent lion with the head of a man. The shifting sands have now largely covered the body. The face, which is probably the likeness of an ancient king, is badly mutilated, but it still retains an expression of singular majesty and strength. The eyes look into immeasurable distances. The lips wear a half smile, and the whole face is of a noble type.

We take one morning to see the Citadel of Cairo. It oc-



MRS. TIFFANY ON A CAMEL BEFORE THE SPHINX.

cupies the summit of a hill commanding the city and the surrounding plain. The place is garrisoned by British soldiers, one of whom acts as our guide about the quarters. From the parapet we enjoy a magnificent view of Cairo, with the many domes and minarets of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali. A big stalwart Egyptian ushers us inside; but we must first don huge slippers at the door, lest we defile the temple. The mosque is wholly of alabaster, brought from the quarries of Beni-Suef. The court is paved with gleaming Italian marble. The windows are of rich stained glass of beautiful design, and the mosaic ceilings of the great dome and four half domes are very fine.

When we come from the mosque an attendant shakes the vile Christian dust from the slippers we pull off. We now go over to the wall of the Citadel, over which, at the time of the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali, one of their number escaped. The Mamelukes, numbering nearly five hundred, were invited to a feast by Mehemet, and then the doors were closed, and all of them, save one, were murdered. He alone succeeded in reaching his horse, and, mounting, rode straight over the edge of the Citadel—a drop of some seventy feet. When within three feet of the ground, he jumped from the horse in safety. The horse was killed. Mehemet, in admiration of the man's daring, saved his life and made him governor at Fayoum.

We drive one afternoon to old Cairo, and a boatman ferries us across a branch of the Nile to an island on which is the Nilometer. This is a well sunk to the ordinary level of the Nile and containing an octagonal column, on which the river's rise is recorded. When the water reaches a given height, the dikes of the river are cut and the waters allowed to flow over the fields. The cutting of the dikes is the signal for general

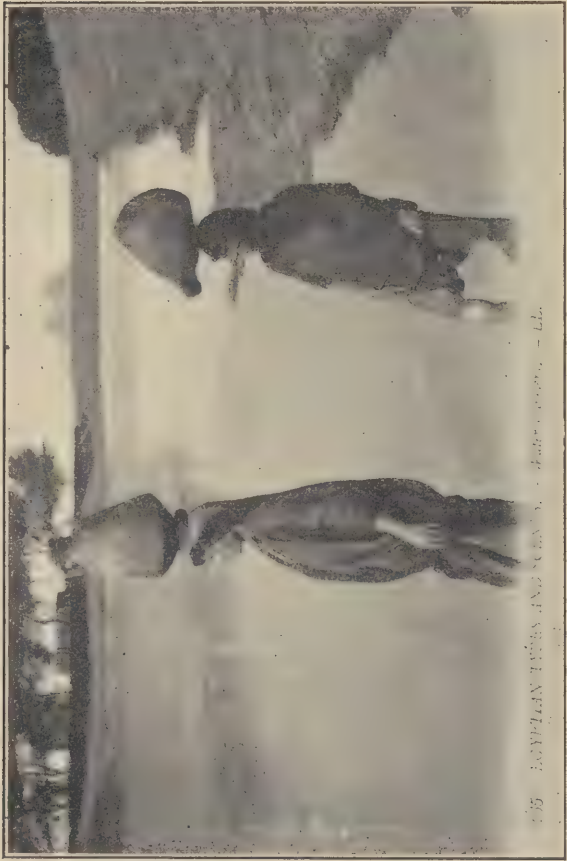


EGYPTIAN PLOW.

festivities and merry-making among the people. Not far from the Nilometer is a clump of bulrushes, where, according to tradition, the daughter of Pharaoh found the infant Moses. On recrossing the canal, we pass through a labyrinth of narrow streets connected by low arches and flanked by high, dingy, old stone houses. In the heart of this district is the venerable Coptic Church of St. Sergius, in the crypt of which Joseph, Mary, and the Child are said to have taken refuge when they fled from Bethlehem into Egypt. We are shown about the dim church and the crypt by a Coptic woman.

After several days in Cairo, we go late one afternoon on board the little steamer for the trip up the Nile. The Nile is the longest and, from an historical and archæological viewpoint, the most interesting river in the world. By evening we have lost sight of Cairo, and on either side of us is a level green valley, shut in by interminable shifting sands. The river banks are fringed with tall date palms aglow with the last golden light of day. In the distance the Pyramids of Sakkara, near old Memphis, stand out sharply against the sky; and just beyond the valley's edge two camels with their drivers travel heavily through the sands.

The following morning we are up early. The river is full of slow old barges, with high prows and bellying brown sails. The sailing barges carry various cargoes. Sometimes they are loaded with great sacks of rice, piled to the height of eight or ten feet; sometimes the load is of green hay or fodder, which overhangs the flat boat on either side and trails in the water. On either bank are thriving fields of vegetables, maize, and sugar-cane. Every little way we pass villages of clustering mud huts. The people have already begun their day's tasks. Groups of women are doing the family washing in the muddy waters of the Nile, and men are plowing the small fields.



135. EGYPTIAN FIGURES AND SCENERY. - HARRIS, 1900. - LL.

The plow is scarcely more than a forked stick, drawn by a yoke of oxen or buffaloes. The yoke is a clumsy affair, some ten feet in length. Neither animal can follow the furrow—one must walk on the sod and the other within the plowed area. In every case there are two natives following the plow—one driving the team and the other holding the plow. Down on the river's banks men in groups of from five to ten are towing heavy boats, which are loaded with cane for the numerous sugar factories. Sometimes camels are used to transport the cane from field to factory and long trains of them in single file stalk awkwardly along under their unwieldy loads. Here and there women and children are seen struggling up the slippery bank of the river, carrying the family supply of water in great earthen jars on their heads. Yet in every village the common water-carrier plies his trade, which he carries in a hogskin slung on his back. As the day advances, and we go farther inland, the east bank of the river becomes steeper and more rugged, and the ancient hills are honeycombed with ancient tombs. The modern cemeteries, with small dome-shaped monuments resembling bee-hives, occupy the sandy stretches near the water's edge. Toward the close of the day one of the passengers remarks that he has been happily surprised by the variety of scene and the objects of interest along the banks. He had expected the trip to be rather monotonous.

The sunsets on the Nile are unrivaled, I think, by those in any other part of the world. As the sun nears the horizon, the level rays of light shining through the desert atmosphere cast an unwonted glow on the gray sands and the river; then the sun drops from view, and the whole western sky burns with crimson that fades slowly into coppery green and pale gold, while shadows deepening from mauve to violet settle over the river and the desert.



EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.

The third day we go on shore at Beni-Hassan to explore some of the ancient tombs. A great crowd of donkeys and donkey-boys awaits us, and as we start off across the sandy plains and up the hillside we present an amusing sight. Each rider is attended by two shouting donkey-boys—sometimes half-grown lads, but more often small urchins, ranging in age from ten to thirteen. They take childish delight in racing beside the patient little beasts; and so we gallop through the sands, the women bouncing in the saddles and the small out-runners crying encouraging Arabic words to the donkeys and women alike; but, in spite of the encouragement, beseeching feminine voices can be heard crying, "No gallop! No gallop!"

The boys are scantily clad, and the little fellow driving my wife's donkey wears only a shirt, the hem of which he holds in his teeth to give greater freedom to his slim brown legs.

All along the way girls of a dozen years or so, decorated with bracelets, anklets, and ear-rings, come out with kids in their arms. They make the kids bleat by biting or pinching their ears, and for this entertainment we are supposed to bestow liberal *bakschisch*. The girls wish to attract our attention, in order that they may be asked to pose for a picture. These people are always eager to be photographed, and will crowd into the picture unbidden. Many of them are almost professional posers, especially the water-peddlers, and the women carrying water-jugs on their heads or babies astride their shoulders. When the picture is taken they expect a fee, and are often exorbitant in their demands, even asking for a sovereign. They have to be content, however, with a piastre.

We visit several tombs, the most interesting of which our guide tells us is "at last." We find that he is right. The last tomb is that of Amenemhat, a governor of the province, who is said to have lived about 2400 B. C., with his seat of govern-



PARTY AT TOMB OF AMENEMEHAT, UPPER NILE.
(Mrs. Tiffany's donkey, "Whiskey Straight," in foreground.)

ment at Minieh, the little town we passed earlier in the day. The tomb is a spacious room hewn from the solid rock and supported by four columns of an ancient Doric order. These may be, as the dragoman says, the oldest Doric columns in the world. The body of the ruler was interred, as was the custom, many feet below the surface of the floor. As we strike the floor a hollow echo resounds. This tomb is said to be ninety feet deep. A niche in the wall once contained statues of Amenemhat, his wife, and daughter. The walls are covered with figures of men bearing tribute to the ruler. Each figure, the guide tells us, represented a different district; so the ruler must have been a man of prominence. The hieroglyphics at the doorway give his name. The coloring of the frescoes on the walls and ceiling is still fairly fresh, notwithstanding the fact that the tomb has been used as a dwelling by wandering tribes, who have stained the chamber with the smoke of their camp-fires.

When we return to the place where the donkeys and out-runners are waiting, we have some difficulty in singling out our mounts; for the donkeys are somewhat like "coons"—they all look alike. But the boys know unerringly which donkeys to give us, and we return on "Whiskey Straight" and "Mayflower."

Our trip the following day from Assiout to the mountain and the tomb of the sacred wolves proves even more interesting than the first excursion. On disembarking, we go up to the platform where the donkeys are waiting with their attendants, each of the latter eager to have one of us ride his donkey. Some of the donkeys are finely caparisoned, and the boys lead them up proudly, crying, "This good donkey!" The dragoman singles out the beasts we are to ride, but others are brought to us by clamoring attendants. Finally the guide



MODERN TOMBS AT ASSIOUT, EGYPT.

resorts to blows and kicks, which he distributes impartially among intruding donkeys and boys alike. He strikes the latter about the head; and when one fellow in his persistent attempt to get a rider leaps upon the platform, Ibrahim, who is a large man, deliberately picks the attendant up and hurls him bodily over the platform. He then kicks another out-runner, and it looks as though we are going to have a free-for-all fight; but the boys have a wholesome fear of Ibrahim, and, smarting under his blows, they fall back, and allow those whom he chooses to have the space.

Some of our party prefer to go only to the bazars instead of to the mountain, but we visit both; and after seeing the bazars of Cairo, we scarcely wish to spend much of our time loitering in the tiny booths of Assiout. Besides, if we had lingered in the town, we should not have secured the picture of the modern cemetery, with its low domes, nor seen the Moham-medan funeral, which passes us at the edge of the town. The coffin, draped in a red cloth, is carried high above the heads of the pall-bearers, and the wailing mourners straggle in the rear. The men in the procession all walk in front of the women. The latter are clad in somber blue gowns, and dark shadows are penciled about their eyes; but the grief of none of them is so profound as to prevent their gazing curiously after our party.

After we return to the boat, some little time elapses before we start again up the river; and we watch with interest the life on shore. At the river's edge is the water-carrier, filling his hogskin with muddy water; and here and there men in groups of five or six are dipping the river water from level to level to empty it into the irrigating-ditches that intersect their tiny fields.

Each evening at dinner the dragman announces the pro-



"Who led me to the sacred spot,
Took me whether I would or not,
And chided me when I called it 'rot'?
Ibrahim!"

gramme for the following day. We always give him due attention, for his dress and language are alike picturesque. He is large and strong, and his dress is a curious mixture of the East and West. He wears a long skirt, or robe rather, of striped material, and a broad silk sash. Below the skirt one catches glimpses of white twilled trousers and of the pale blue or white socks which he wears with his tan-colored European shoes. On his head is the ubiquitous fez. In the cool of the morning and evening he wears an ordinary sack coat of European make and a gorgeous silk muffler. He always gives a detailed account of the following day's programme, and, if his knowledge of English is somewhat meager, he seems at least to be fairly well informed in his subject. He ends each speech in the same way:

"So, after sight-seeing we seen what is to be seen, should be seen, we ride slowly back on de donkeys."

American-like, we always appreciate Ibrahim, if not the monuments he shows us; and he himself finds considerable amusement in the verse written by one matter-of-fact member of the party:

"Who led me to the sacred spot,
Took me whether I would or not,
And chided me when I called it 'rot'?
-Ibrahim!"

Our visit to Dendera is one of the most interesting excursions of the entire journey. As we approach the village we notice all along the shore the crude pumping stations for watering the land. Sometimes at one station there are as many as five men engaged in drawing the water in buckets from level to level until it reaches the field. The workers are always practically nude, though the early morning is decidedly chilly.

According to the day's programme, we lunch at 12 o'clock and at 1 o'clock go ashore to visit the Temple at Dendera. Of the donkeys, two called "Telephone" and "Sleeping Caa" fall to our lot, and we mount and are off for a three-mile journey over the dusty roads to the Temple of Isis. All along the way we pass the peasants plowing their fields. Sometimes the rude plough is drawn by a camel and a buffalo yoked together. "Telephone" and "Sleeping Car" outstrip the other donkeys, and we reach the temple in time to examine the pylon before the others of the party arrive.

The Temple of Hathor, the goddess of the land and of Heaven, is well preserved, but it is much newer than most Egyptian temples, dating back not more than 200 B. C. The first chamber, or hypostyle hall, contains twenty-four great columns, each of whose capitals shows four heads of the goddess. On the ceiling Hathor appears as goddess of the sky; for the sculpture shows the signs of the Zodiac, and devices to represent the hours of the day and the quarters of the moon. In the second chamber there are openings in the roof to admit Horus, the sun god, whose appearance the people awaited before beginning their devotions. When the sun appeared through the apertures, the priests carried their offerings to the threshold of the holy of holies. No one except the king himself was allowed in the sanctuary. From one of the corridors at the side of the chamber we pass with difficulty through a low opening and down a dark stairway into one of the twenty crypts, where the treasure was kept. Two of the upper chambers of the temple represent the death and resurrection of Osiris, and this identifies the temple with worship of the Nile. New Year's Day, which among the ancient Egyptians was June 21st, was the great festival day of the year. It marks the beginning of the overflow of the Nile, and this signified

the resurrection of Osiris, the god of the Nile. The coloring throughout the temple carries out the symbolism of their faith. Blue represents the low Nile, red the high Nile, and yellow the fertility of the land. The outside of the temple is covered with hieroglyphics and figures. Our dragoman calls our attention to a sculptured figure of Cleopatra, saying that it is the finest in all Egypt. From without we ascend to the flat roof of the temple, to enjoy the fine view of the river, the fertile green valley, and the desert.

On our return to the boat we find tea awaiting us, and soon we move leisurely up the river. We enjoy another beautiful sunset and long twilight. As the twilight deepens the evening star and the thin new moon shine low in the west; then myriads of other stars seem unnaturally brilliant in this dry atmosphere, and fleck the whole circle of the heavens. Late in the evening, at Kena, a small town just below Luxor, we are given a vaudeville show, with full orchestra—and all by one blind beggar. My attention is first attracted by the cackling and crowing of chickens; then cats begin to yowl; soon a dog-fight is on; the cats join in, and a donkey's braying is added to the din; in a lull, calves and sheep are heard bleating; and then I hear a wind instrument, followed by the strains of a violin. The whole medley is given by a blind Egyptian, and the passengers show their appreciation of his talent by showering on him numerous piastres.

The following morning we leave the little boat and settle ourselves for a few days in the Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor. The hotel is well named. It is located in the midst of a great garden of palms and roses, and faces the Nile and the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes.

Our first excursion out of Luxor is to cross the river in a sail-boat and visit the tombs of the ancient kings. On landing

we mount our donkeys—this time “Marconi” and “Whiskey Straight” (it will probably be evident that the donkeys have been named by Americans)—and make our way through the valley toward the distant hills. Our route crosses the site of old Thebes, once the capital and greatest city of all Egypt. It is said to have had a population of more than a million in its great days; but to-day we know its location only by the ruined fragments of the temples and the tombs of the kings. Before reaching the tombs, we stop at the Temple of Sethos I. This temple was founded in honor of the god Ammon, and was also devoted to the worship of the king’s father, Rameses I. Sethos left the temple unfinished, and the great builder, Rameses II., added the reliefs and inscriptions that were wanting. The best preserved portion of the temple is the hypostyle hall, with its fine papyrus-bud columns.

From the temple we ride clattering into the dusty gorge between the lofty hills, in which are the tombs. These are said to number a hundred and forty-two, but only forty have been discovered and five or six are noteworthy. We are content to visit three—those of Amenophis II., Rameses III., and Sethos I. The last is usually known as “Belzoni’s Tomb,” from the name of its discoverer, who opened it in 1817. In beauty of finish and execution, it is said to surpass all the other tombs. The general plan of the tombs is practically the same—three corridors, with small side chambers opening off the first one, lie one beyond the other; at the end of the third corridor are recesses for the furniture of the dead, and a doorway leading into a small antechamber; beyond the antechamber is the main hall, beneath whose floor rests the granite sarcophagus of the mummy. In the great Tomb of Rameses III. many chambers precede the main hall. The Tomb of Amenophis III. is of comparatively recent discovery. Within lie the

mummy of the king, and in an adjoining recess those of three of his servants—all in a fair state of preservation. The color of the decorations on the walls and ceiling is apparently as fresh as when it was put on. The drawing is often very skillful, and one wonders at the admirable proportions of the figures; for the tombs are many feet underground, and, as far as we know, the Egyptians had no means of lighting them well; yet under the electric lights with which the larger tombs are now equipped the drawings bear the most careful scrutiny.

On leaving the tombs, instead of retracing the morning's route, we take a shorter and more picturesque, if more hazardous, road over the hills. The donkeys cannot carry us up the steep trail, so the attendants lead them along the narrow ledges and we follow in single file. When we reach the summit and pause to rest, our eyes are gladdened by a magnificent view. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear and the light so strong that we can see for great distances. Almost below us is the river, flowing sluggishly through the narrow valley. Across on the opposite bank is the village of Luxor and on either side of the valley rises a broken line of hills, beyond which stretches the great desert.

The little farms below us claim our attention from the different method of irrigation employed. Instead of the peasants carrying the water from the river in hogskins, or raising it by means of buckets from level to level, it is pumped from innumerable wells by buffalo or camel power, to water the thirsty land. From where we stand we count nearly a hundred of these wells dotting the plain below.

The guide tells us that he has been in Luxor fifteen years and in that time there has been no rain. There was one slight sprinkle—not enough to lay the dust; but the occurrence was

so phenomenal that the natives ran about shouting in a frenzy of excitement.

We now mount our donkeys and thread our way through the backbone of the hills and down a precipitous, narrow path overlooking the deep gorge. Several times we must dismount and walk when the trail becomes too steep and stony to ride with safety.

At the rest-house in the plain we find awaiting us an excellent lunch, which has been sent from the hotel. After lunch we enjoy a short *siesta* before starting to visit the Temple of Queen Hathshepset.

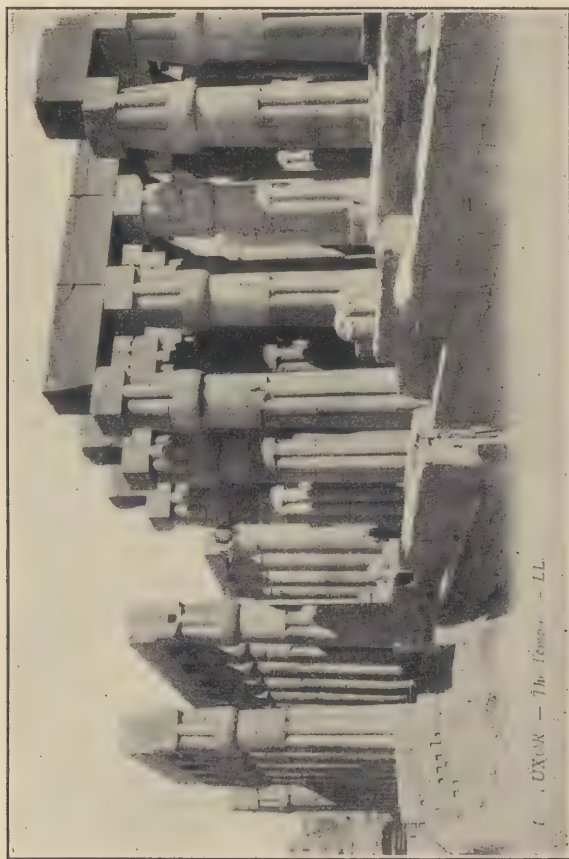
We find that the temple, which occupies three courts or terraces, seems to have shared the checkered fortunes of its founder; for when she was expelled from the throne by her husband, Thutmosis III., he caused all the figures and inscriptions of his wife to be effaced. Finally the queen regained the throne, and resumed work on the building, but it was unfinished at her death. Later rulers further mutilated the temple, but it was largely restored by Rameses the Great. It presents a somewhat striking appearance, for it is built against the bare hillside, and the three levels of fine columns stand out in distinct relief against the limestone of the hill. An interesting feature of the decorations is that in all the figures of the queen she appears in her capacity as ruler of Egypt, with the traditional attributes of kingship—a short apron and an elaborate beard.

After wandering about the temple, we are glad to leave off sightseeing for the day, and return to the hotel, where we spend a quiet evening listening to the orchestra and watching the people, who are gathered from all quarters of the world in this desert caravanserai.

The following day we visit the Ramesseum. The temple

was built by Rameses II. and dedicated to Ammon. It is now largely in ruins. We enter by the great pylon, the most interesting feature of which is the series of reliefs showing the wars of Rameses against the Hittites. The work is executed with much spirit. In the scene of camp life we notice the soldiers wrangling and drinking together, while the king sits apart, holding council with his chiefs. Another group shows the Egyptians beating the Hittite spies to force them to divulge information. Within the first court, which is now little more than rubbish, lie the fragments of the colossal statue of the king, which was overturned by an earthquake about 27 B. C. The head of a similar statue of Rameses is now in the British Museum. The second court of the temple is much better preserved than the first. On all four sides are colonnades; a double row of papyrus-bud columns on the north and the south and a row of square pillars in front of the papyrus columns on the east and the west. Before each square pillar stands a figure of the god Osiris, but the figures really represent the king. The great builder never failed to introduce images of himself in all his temples, and it is said that more than half of the temples extant in Egypt were built by this one man. One of the interesting discoveries in the ruins of the Ramesseum was the great papyrus roll containing the statement that this temple, together with another at Heliopolis, cost Rameses in the neighborhood of two million pounds sterling.

We now leave the Temple and ride back toward the river, passing the Colossi of Memnon on the way. We order the donkey-boys to stop while we examine the statues and get a picture. The boys wish us to hurry our inspection, however, for they are eager to bring us to the boat. There they expect to receive liberal *bakschisch*, and they endeavor to impress us with the fact that they are "good boys." "Good boy" and



LUXOR - The Temple - LL

"good donkey" represent often their sole English acquirements. They are agile and swift-footed and childishly eager to please. Each boy seems to have an unfailing supply of sugar-cane, which, as a delicate attention, he offers to share with one.

At the boat-landing we pay our boys and enter the small boat. Few of the people on the Levant seem very musical, but the Nubian boatmen constantly chant a prayer to Mohammed as they row. The steersman sings alone the name of "Allah! Allah!" and the oarsmen chant a refrain, keeping time with the long, steady swing of their oars. In the streets also we have heard groups of Mohammedan laborers chanting parts of the Koran. In the work of restoring the various monuments, crowds of small boys are often engaged in carrying away the rubbish. From their number one is chosen as leader, and he does no work, but, singing at the top of his voice, hurries to and fro, followed by the troop of small laborers, who hour after hour carry their dusty baskets on their heads and join in the leader's song.

After the expedition to Thebes, I stroll down the street along the river embankment. The Temple of Luxor is just beyond the main line of shops, and in the strong afternoon sunlight it has a distinctive beauty. With its many columns, it covers several acres of ground, and is one of the most imposing of Egyptian monuments. We had often seen pictures of the temple, but no picture or group of pictures can give one an adequate idea of its grandeur and extent. It was begun by Amenophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty. Like all Egyptian temples, it first included a great hypostyle hall, with a sanctuary and adjoining chambers. Many kings added to the structure; and finally Rameses II., the indefatigable builder, who could not refrain from leaving his impression on every monument, by the addition of a long colonnaded court in front



OBELISK AT LUXOR, EGYPT.

of the temple and the erection of a great pylon, changed the long axis of the temple. He erected also the two slender obelisks, one of which is yet standing on the north side of the temple, while the other was carried to Paris, where it now graces the Champs Élysées. The temple, whether viewed from the river or from the near vantage-point of the street, is a splendid structure, but it becomes insignificant when compared with Karnak; for Karnak, to many, is the finest of all Egyptian monuments. We visit the great ruin early one morning, approaching it by the well-known Avenue of Sphinxes. We pass through the pylon, but before turning into the hypostyle hall or forest of columns we make a *détour* to the left and climb to the top of the pylon, to enjoy the view of Luxor, the river, the mountains, and the desert. From this point also one gains an idea of the temple in its entirety, and of the sacred lake. Karnak was not built on any single plan, but owes its form to the building activities of many successive Pharaohs. The foundation dates back to the twelfth dynasty. The great hypostyle hall is the portion of supreme interest and supreme magnificence. Seen in the morning light from the wide doorway of the second pylon, it produces an ineradicable impression, although to us it is hardly so beautiful as the Parthenon or the Alhambra. One looks down a double row of huge calyx columns, which form the lofty nave of the hall, and sees the sunlight shimmering through the high stone gratings placed above the lower columns forming the aisles. From the pictures we had seen, we expected to find many of the columns fallen or leaning, but most of them are standing upright, and workmen are constantly engaged in the task of restoration. The walls of the hall, the shafts of the columns, and the architraves are covered with inscriptions and reliefs, some of which retain their original coloring. The principal reliefs are those



of Sethos I. and Rameses II., one fine series showing the triumphal return of Sethos to Egypt after a successful campaign in Palestine. The remarkable feature of this series is that the boundary between Asia and Africa is marked by a canal, proving that the ancient Egyptians must have entertained the idea of constructing a canal on somewhat the same line as the present Suez Canal. Indeed, it is said that the French engineer who planned the great waterway found his inspiration from a study of these old reliefs. One is loth to leave the beauty and magnificence of the hypostyle hall and pass into other parts of the temple; yet the great festal hall of Thutmosis III. is noteworthy. The columns are unique in that they taper downward and their calyx capitals are inverted. The coloring, too, of this hall is remarkably fresh, especially on the ceiling, which shows a myriad of golden stars on a blue ground. Adjoining this room, strangely enough, is the Alexander Tomb, a chamber built by the great conqueror; for he too could not refrain from adding his bit to this mighty pile of buildings, in which so many kings have built their monuments. But, after all, only those who have seen Karnak can realize its magnitude and beauty, its wealth of inscription and relief. Luxor and old Thebes, with the tombs, temples, and monuments, are full of interest—full of the wealth of Egyptian art and history; but Karnak stands quite alone. One's impressions of it can never be forgotten.

We are reluctant to leave Thebes, but we cannot stay longer in the land of the date and the pomegranate, the lotus and the papyrus. We must continue our journey to the East. On our way back to Cairo we pass through one of the most fertile valleys of the world. The land is literally the gift of the Nile, both for soil and moisture; for the river's annual overflow leaves a rich deposit of black loam, while the ditches,

which traverse the fields in all directions, bring the water for the growing crops. Sugar-cane is a luxurious product, and the stalks grow so closely massed as to form a thicket or jungle. Hundreds of natives are seen all along the way, cutting and gathering the cane. At every station men are offering it for sale, the stalks being accounted a great delicacy among the people; in fact, the cane seems a staple article of their diet. Men, women, and children chew the stalks as they go about their tasks.

On reaching Cairo, we spend one morning watching the excited Moslems celebrate the return of the pilgrims from Mecca with the holy carpet. It seems as though the whole of the Mohammedan population, including a considerable force of Egyptian soldiers in resplendent uniform, is marching in procession. A few foreigners like ourselves drive up and down the streets to look curiously on at this manifestation of religious enthusiasm. A bit of soiled carpet, and the devoted band that has made the pilgrimage to Mecca! The whole spectacle seems fantastic and unreal to our matter-of-fact Western eyes. And as we see the prevalence of ophthalmic diseases among the devotees thronging the streets we cannot help feeling that what they need, after all, is less religion and more boracic acid.

Leaving the crowds, we drive out to the Cairo Museum, which contains a remarkable collection of objects illustrative of Egyptian life, art, and history. We notice the royal mummies, among them that of the famous Rameses II. We are specially interested in the capitals and broken shafts of columns shown in the architectural display. Many of these are singularly graceful in form and are executed with a delicacy of wealth and detail that seem to us very un-Egyptian. We examine the cases of jewelry and of pottery for traces of the same

fine skill; but in no other display does one find such craftsmanship and delicate imagery as in the work in stones.

On the afternoon of our last day in Cairo we walk down the busiest thoroughfare, running the gauntlet of the various donkey-boys, dragomans, and venders of bead necklaces, silver shawls, scarabs, etc. Each one in his respective capacity calls to the Americans:

"Want a guide, sir?"

"Want to buy a scarab, Mr. American? Very old, very cheap."

"New York *Herald*, mister?"

"Post-cards, Mrs. American; nice post-cards."

"Want a camel to go out to Sakkara to-morrow, mister? Six shillings—very cheap. I no donkey-boy, sir; I regular dragoman. Here my papers."

"Buy a sphinkus, mister?"

The flies being very thick, I buy an ornate beaded fly-switch, which I wave at them while I answer in German:

"*Was sagen Sie? Ich bin Deutsch.*"

This silences them; for while they all have a fair knowledge of English and French, they know no German.

At last we reach Shepheard's Hotel, where we have a quiet cup of tea. About 6 o'clock in the evening we leave Cairo for Port Said, and between 11 and 12 o'clock we are rowed out across the quiet harbor to where the *Macedonia* lies at anchor. Early the following morning we sail for Bombay.

CHAPTER X.

INDIA.

On the Macedonia.

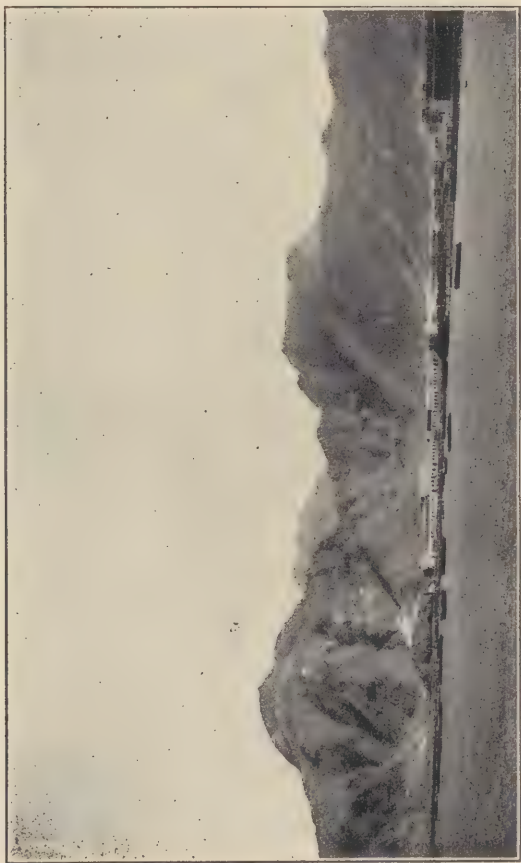
On the morning of December 18th we are moving quietly through the famous Suez Canal. On either side is a vast expanse, which is neither sea nor land, neither forest nor desert. There are hundreds of square miles which are impassable either by vessel or by rail, or even by camel or donkey; for the country is practically at sea level, and parts of it keep above the water, while parts are half submerged. After several hours we pass from the Canal into the Gulf of Suez, whose banks of red sand-hills rise abruptly from the water. By evening we have entered the Red Sea. It is quite cool, especially after sunset; but within a few days the temperature has risen many degrees, and the large electric fans in the dining-room swing ceaselessly. These fans, or *punkahs* properly, consist of long, white wings, which hang above the table extending along its entire length.

The *Macedonia* is quite spacious and comfortable, but not luxurious. The agent congratulated us on the fact that he had secured for us state-rooms on the upper promenade deck; but when we find that we must go down two decks to find a bath-room, we wish that we had been assigned a more humble apartment, especially when the steward tells us that we cannot book for baths. We must simply go to the bath-room and take pot-luck with the others. The state-rooms are small and have no wardrobes and only one wash-bowl; but the decks are long and sweeping, affording a fine promenade and opportunities for different games—even cricket.

Most of the saloon passengers are English, going to their various pursuits in India, such as rubber-planting and tea-growing. Many are of the Army. They are somewhat characteristic—thinking only of themselves and their own comforts. But we meet some delightful people, who, however, are usually Scotch. The Englishman, as a rule, is reserved and exclusive, but when approached he is cordial enough, and the better you know him the better you like him.

We are sorry to notice the degeneracy that seems to be growing among the English women, and more sorry to know that the vices introduced by the French people are extending, to some degree at least, among American women—especially the habit of smoking cigarettes and drinking liquors. It is not an uncommon thing to meet here fine-looking, educated, smartly dressed young women smoking cigarettes, and often they carry the vice to a greater excess than the men; many smoke incessantly the day long; they no sooner finish one cigarette than they light another, and so continue from early morning until late at night. I wonder if the European man ever stops to think how these vices, which are growing rapidly every day, will affect the future generations; for it must be evident to every thinking, scientific man, at least, that these intoxicants and narcotics in the system of the mother will vitally affect the prenatal child. The offspring will show, to a greater or less degree, the same physical infirmities (rickets, hydrocephalus, etc.) which one observes among the children of the drunken, reeling mothers in the low quarters of Edinburgh, London, or New York. Certainly these vices are very degrading and devitalizing.

There are some Parsis among our saloon passengers, but I have not seen their women smoking. The Parsi women are rather darker than the men, and are slight in figure. My wife



HARBOR OF ADEN.

says they appear each evening in different dress, never wearing the same regalia twice at dinner. About the only thing I observe is that they have some sort of fantastic, gayly figured draperies over their heads and shoulders and are more highly dressed than their English and French sisters—or rather, the latter are lower dressed than they.

As we approach Aden the temperature rises; and we are told that there is only a thin surface between Aden's Plutonian shore and the lower regions. Nothing daunted, we go ashore to see the Arabian horse; and here, sure enough, are many of those fleet-footed little animals of which we used to read as a school-boy. But in this hot, sandy desert it is the camel that we find bearing the heat and burden of the day; and the English soldier who acts as our guide cautions us not to go too near this beast, for he bites when occasion offers; besides, we are likely to get on us the camel tick. We find that Aden is indeed hot and dry. It rains here only once in six or seven years. Although this is the dead of winter, the native workmen are naked, except for a flounce about the waist. There is no water supply except condensed sea-water. Even the small green patch that represents the only plant life within miles of the town has to be irrigated with condensed water.

The people are little civilized—really not far removed from cannibalism; in fact, there are many of them from the wilds of Africa. They are very treacherous, and the soldier tells us it is not safe to be out among them after dark. We look into some of their huts and see their cane beds. Dozens of people inhabit a single room. Our guide remarks that these people can live on a halfpenny a day, or about \$3.65 a year. They are very black of skin, but we notice that many of the men have hair that is red in patches. Some have on their heads a light grayish paste. We learn from our guide that the paste

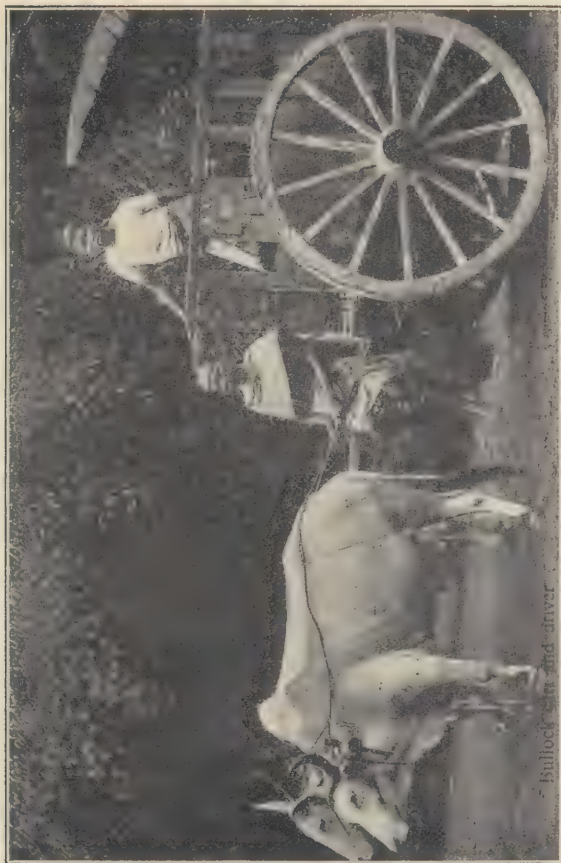
is lye, which is put on to change the color of the hair from black to auburn.

Aside from the naked, half-starved people and their way of living, the bazars are of considerable interest to the tourist. We find for sale beautiful ostrich feathers—some gray, others pure white. These are brought from the Soudan and are of excellent quality, broad and sweeping; and they can be bought for a few shillings each.

From Aden the trip is uneventful. The sea is calm and the weather beautiful—not very warm; in fact, somewhat cool at night. On Christmas eve the monotony of travel is broken by a concert, in which Miss Marie Hall, an English violinist of unusual merit, is the leading soloist. She enjoys the reputation of being the greatest of English violinists. She is modest and unassuming, and wields the bow with a masterly hand. The following day we have a real English Christmas dinner. A long table in the center of the room is covered with time-honored Christmas dishes: large, juicy, baked hams, baked fowls, a great boar's head, an English plum pudding, and a resplendent Christmas cake. Though we are in mid-ocean and among foreigners, there is no lack of Christmas cheer. And Santa Claus does not pass us by; for in my state-room I find a much-needed soft bag for my collection of pipes.

Bombay.

December 27th we enter Bombay, and are struck by the strangeness of sights and sounds in a far Eastern city. As we drive to the Taj Mahal Hotel we pass through a part of the congested native city. The streets are crowded with dark-skinned turbaned natives and rattling two-wheeled bullock-carts. The bullocks are yoked with a mere bamboo pole, having pegs for bows. The oxen are guided by means of a



BULLOCK-CART, BOMBAY.

cord passed through the septum of the nose. This rope serves practically the same purpose as the bits in a horse's mouth. The driver sits astride the tongue and uses his feet to urge the animals along. The creatures have horns similar to those of the buffalo, high shoulders, and sloping hips. They are quite fleet of foot, going at a rapid pace up and down the street. Here and there we pass a gayly caparisoned bullock hitched to a gaudy cart, within which ride fortunate members of the smart set. Among the wealthier classes, however, the horse and carriage, or even the automobile, is replacing the rattling bull-cart.

The people have straight, erect bodies, slight and lithe, without any surplus flesh. The laborers are scantily clad, their bodies entirely naked except for a cloth about the loins. Many of the babies up to four or five years of age are seen without a stitch of clothing. Nearly everyone wears silver bracelets and anklets—even the men—and all wear silver rings on their fingers and toes and in the nose. The button or ring which the women wear in the nose is invariably in the left side. The men frequently have rings in the upper rims of their ears. I had often thought, when looking at pictures of Indian women, that in all their finery of rings, bracelets, anklets, and necklaces they represented only a few who were on parade to attract the tourists' attention. I am surprised to find that it is a rare thing to see a woman in any walk of life who does not affect the semblance at least of some elaborate adornment. One sees no woman who does not wear many ornaments, however cheap. The little girls from six to twelve are especially bejeweled. They often wear eight or ten bands around their wrists and almost as many around each ankle, besides several rings in their ears. The younger children are seen with flexible metal cords around their little bare bodies.

The Taj Mahal Hotel is in the best part of the European quarter, overlooking the spacious bay. We secure accommodations here for our stay in Bombay. Toward the end of the afternoon we go to obtain permission from the Parsi authorities to visit the Towers of Silence; for this burial-place of the Parsis is one of the things we wanted to see. We then drive through the old city of booths, where the merchants sit in the midst of their goods laid out on the floor of their little apartments. These apartments open directly on the streets, there being no sidewalks.

From the native quarter we go on to the Victoria Gardens, where we find a large zoölogical collection. To us, the most interesting animals here are the Bengal tigers. It is late afternoon when we enter the gardens, and night is upon us before we realize it, for there is no twilight here. As we hurry out towards the gates, innumerable large bats or flying foxes go flapping over our heads or dangle from the limbs of the sycamore trees, swinging to and fro like so many huge winged mice. We drive back through the Crawford Market, where we are interested in examining the many varieties of tropical fruits, vegetables, flowers, and fish. We pass the evening quietly at the hotel, listening to the fine concert given by the orchestra.

The following day we drive out to the Towers of Silence, passing *en route* the Hindu burning-ghats, where the Hindu dead are cremated. Climbing Malabar Hill, we come to the Hanging Gardens, a luxuriant growth of palms and flowering shrubs on the edge of the cliff. The hard, white road winds between rank masses of ferns and hydrangeas, over which toss the scarlet blooms of the hibiscus. They color the whole face of the cliff, and beyond is the shimmering blue of the Back Bay, lying in the full glare of the tropical sun. Green parra-

keets flit through the foliage and across the white road, and rooks and sacred pigeons sail lazily past. As we wind slowly along the road, we make an abrupt turn on the cliff's edge, and come within sight of the grounds of the Parsi Towers. We leave our carriage and pass through the gates and up the steps to the gardens. The thick turf, the shrubs, and the clean graveled walks convey no hint of the gruesome purpose of the place. Presently we come within sight of five low towers, on which rows of vultures sit, stupidly waiting for the dead human bodies to be left for them to devour; for within the towers the Parsis carry the bodies of their dead, to be eaten by the disgusting birds. As soon as the body is laid inside and the bearers withdraw, the birds swoop from their perch and within twenty minutes have stripped the flesh from the bones; the bones then lie exposed to sun and rain and wind until they disintegrate, when they are swept by the rains into underground vaults; for the Parsis, who are beyond doubt of Persian descent and followers of Zoroaster, worship the sun, the earth, and water. The ground must never be polluted by the dead; so these people have adopted this unthinkably repulsive way of disposing of their dead. The Parsi students whom I meet at the University tell me that cremation will soon be resorted to instead. I ask the old keeper of the Towers if the vultures do not become carriers of disease—plague, for instance—when plague victims have been placed within the Towers; for the birds fly at will about the city. But he assures me solemnly that during an epidemic of plague a convention of European physicians dissected one of the vultures and found in the stomach of the bird no trace of plague; so they concluded that the Parsi method of disposing of the dead was wholly safe.

On our way back from Malabar Hill we drive again through the native city; for we never tire of the spectacle which the

bazars present. (In front of a shop here and there a lazy sacred cow stands, or even pushes her way half into the booth. No one disputes her right to enter.) Here is a great motley throng of all castes and tribes of India and other parts of the East. The Parsis are conspicuous; they are among the most successful of the merchants, and one sees in most of the shops their tall shiny black caps. The Hindus are distinguished by their gay turbans and their flowing white robes. The Mohammedans are easily singled out by their white head-dress. The Pathans have hooked noses and a swaggering gait. The Sikh strides haughtily along, regardless of the presence of anyone else. As we drive slowly along I take snap-shots of the squads of naked children and jewel-bedecked women.

Elephanta Caves.

This has been a gala midwinter day. We could not buy a ticket to go by Cook's launch to the Elephanta Caves, so we are compelled to take a small sailing-ship. We are glad that it so fell out, for our sail across the bay is delightful. We have the whole boat to ourselves, with five faithful Hindus to paddle and manage the sails. The sun is very hot, but we are protected by a canopy, and we lie upon the cushioned benches and trail our hands in the warm water. After two hours, we reach the island, where a number of half-clad native men, women, and children meet us, offering live beetles and scarabs for sale. A little farther on we are urged to take swinging Sedan chairs, which the natives carry on long poles up the flight of steps leading to the caves. We refuse, and are allowed to go our way. The caves are quite extensive, some of them a hundred feet or more in length and forty or fifty feet high. At the entrance of each is a figure of some Hindu god, usually the three-faced god Shiva. The figures are colossal in

size and are hewn from solid rock. The superintendent, Lester, a Eurasian, tells us that the images were made by the Hindus some four thousand years ago. Outside of the caves we secure interesting pictures of a native woman profusely bedecked with jingling bracelets and anklets, rings in the rims of both ears and on her fingers and toes.

After taking a refreshing cup of tea, we climb to the top of a hill, from which we gain a fine view of the great harbor. It is full of vessels of all sorts, from the gray man-o'-war to the skimming sail-boat. The afternoon is well spent when we return to the boat. The homeward sail is even more charming than the outward voyage. The sun is low in the west, and the heat of the afternoon has abated. The sky and sea are all aglow with the last radiance of day. Before we reach the Taj Mahal Hotel the quick darkness has fallen moist and thick over the bay. The lights of the city shine golden in the sticky night, and we come in content with the world to enjoy our dinner.

En Route to Agra.

Before leaving Bombay, we go to the Army and Navy Store to buy bedding, towels, and canned food; for we are told we shall find scant accommodations on trains. When the parcels are sent to the hotel, however, we discover that a goodly number of articles have been left out. We have no time to secure them, but must hurry to take our train. When we seek our reservation, we are told that men and women cannot occupy the same compartment; so we divide our scanty supplies, and Zoe retires in solitary state to a carriage intended for four occupants, while I crowd, with several other men and much luggage, into an adjoining car. We rattle along through the night, with only a stop now and again to let on or off some party of English men and women, who have been celebrating

with fellow-exiles in some neighboring town the advent of the New Year. In the morning I am allowed to go into the women's compartment, where I join its sole occupant, my wife, and we breakfast as best we may on our cold canned goods. But they are not wholly satisfying, and we finally find our way into the dining-car, which is more like an ill-kept English bar-room. After seeing the thick inky-black coffee, we fall back on English breakfast tea and sour bread, leaving off the soft, rancid butter.

Hour after hour we whirl through the sandy country, barren save for occasional patches of wheat or oats. The vegetation is stunted. The country is a rough, irregular plain, with now and then buttes rounding above the general level. It is not unlike the arid parts of New Mexico or Colorado. There seems to be a deficiency of rainfall, and certainly not enough water for irrigation. We can scarcely believe with one enthusiastic Englishman that this is one of the garden-spots of the world. However, in comparison with the sandy wastes of Palestine and Egypt, where there is a practical dearth of all vegetation, this country seems more promising; for now and again we cross small, sluggish streams, whose narrow valleys are green with grain or with trees and shrubs indigenous to the country. Occasional herds of cattle and sheep browse on the dusty grass. The animals seem better nourished than the lean herds of Egypt and the Holy Land.

Wherever it is possible to grow a little grain, the natives are at work cultivating the fields. They are little or no farther removed from the sod than our North American Indians—in fact, as they move about, alone or in groups, naked or in gay dress, they seem much like the Indians of the Western World. They live in huts of cane, bamboo, or mud, instead of wigwams or tepees. They sleep on the ground, and eat their rice and curry from a common dish. They do not decorate their faces



SENDING OUT WASHING FROM CECIL HOTEL, AGRA.

with war-paint, but nearly every one indicates his caste by means of some design painted on the forehead in red, yellow, or white paint. To one traveling through India for the first time the scenes pass before him like the changing bits of color in a kaleidoscope. No single feature, though, suggests progress or enterprise, but rather conditions that have not changed with the passing of years. The herds of lean white cattle are tended by peoples whose dress and mode of living have altered little since the time of Buddha.

By afternoon we are moving through a country dotted with innumerable wells, from which slow white oxen are pumping water to irrigate the fields. Along the line of the railway are scattered groves, in which monkeys are leaping from tree to tree or hanging by their tails from the branches. I had supposed that the tree-dwellers were to be found only in the wilds, quite away from the line of travel; but these live close by the native villages, and not infrequently invade the frail huts and partake of the food they find there.

By nightfall we are in the midst of a fairly fertile country, and the herds give evidence of being well fed. The district seems to be a paradise of birds; for in whatever direction we look we see many varieties flying about or resting in the trees and shrubs. They seem to be in flocks. Some are yellow, others are green. Trim swallows, with glossy plumage, dart swiftly about, and gorgeous long-tailed birds of paradise and green parrots and parrakeets are innumerable.

Agra.

We reach Agra in the evening in time for a good dinner at the Cecil Hotel. We have a fine large room, with two bathrooms and lavatories. The air is cool and invigorating.

In the morning we rise early and walk along the white

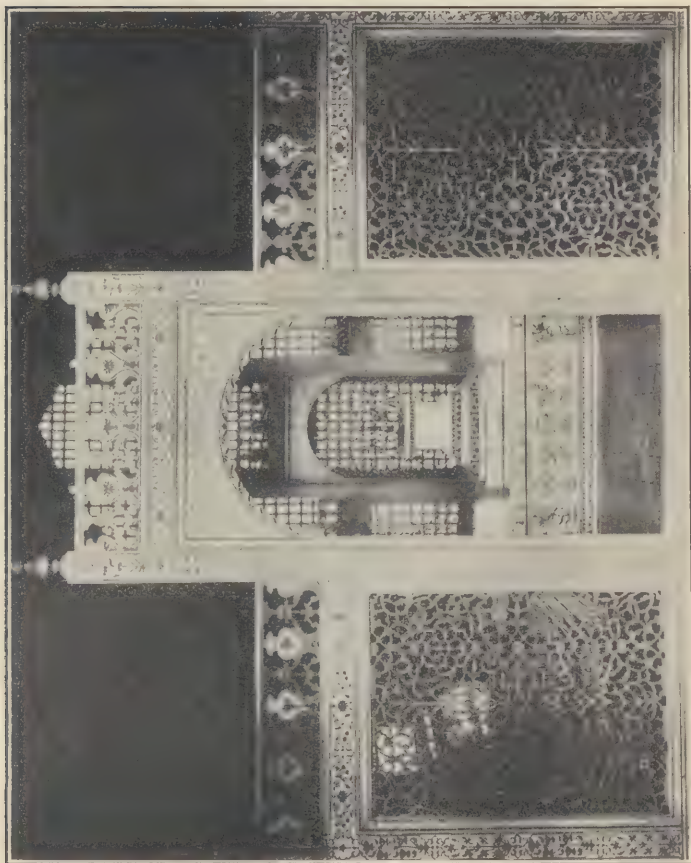


THE TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA, PUNJAB.

graveled road, bordered on either side by outspreading trees, to the Taj Mahal, a mile and a half distant. This is the wonderful tomb built by the Mohammedan Mogul, Shah Jehan, for his wife. It is wholly of gleaming marble, much of which was brought from the quarries of Italy. In form it is a great square, surmounted by a massive dome, the whole resting on a lofty marble platform, at each of the four corners of which rise slender marble minarets. It stands in the center of a noble, quiet garden, and some distance in the rear flows a sluggish river. The walls of the tomb are inlaid with precious stones or delicately sculptured in lotus flower design. Yet finer than the color of coral, turquoise, carnelain, and jade framed in the gleaming marble, or the carved panels, or thick-petaled lotus blooms, are the marble screens which serve as windows. The tropical light, if allowed to flood unchecked into the tomb, would create an intolerable glare; instead, it filters through screens of lace-like beauty and delicacy. The effect of such an arrangement for lighting is rarely beautiful. The interior glows with a subdued mellow radiance that softens the jeweled walls, the sculptured lotus flowers, and the narrow inlaid tombs.

On the east, north, and south the garden of the Taj is enclosed, as it were, by lofty walls of red sandstone; for on the north and the south are two mosques, with fine inlaid walls and fretted sandstone screens, and at the east entrance stands a massive sandstone gate. Between the gateway and the pearly Taj lies a still lagoon, fed by a long line of fountains and flanked by marble walks. As the day wanes the quiet pool reflects the glory of the great dome and the noble facade flushed with the rays of the declining sun.

Shah Jehan was the third of the powerful Mohammedan dynasty that controlled India during the seventeenth century.



SCREEN BEFORE TOMBS IN TAJ MAHAL.

The meager Indian records would show that he was no ordinary general and ruler; yet he is known now only as the builder of the Taj. The wonderful tomb was actually erected over the body of the ruler's wife. At her death she was interred in the midst of the great garden and covered by a temporary dome while the marvelous monument slowly took form over her. Someone has called the architecture of the building "effeminate," but no higher tribute could be paid to it; for it was built to typify, perhaps, the soul and personality of a high, fine-spirited woman. On her small tomb the sorrowing old king, who never recovered from his loss, placed this inscription from the Koran—an inscription which voiced his grief and his hope of immortality for himself and his beloved:

"He is the everlasting; He is sufficient; God is He, besides Whom there is no God. He knoweth what is concealed and what is manifest; He is merciful and compassionate."

One afternoon during our stay in Agra we drive out to the English barracks in great state, with a Mohammedan outrider. The Fort encloses the palace and mosque which were built by Shah Jehan. The mosque is one of the most elaborate and richly decorated mosques of India, and, like the palace, it shows the same delicate lace-like marble screens and gorgeous inlay as the Taj Mahal. The palace is a great rambling building of many domes and chambers. The latter serve for every purpose. There are dining-rooms, bed-rooms, throne-rooms, libraries, baths—all of them opening on some court or on the garden which now occupies the site of the huge fishpond of Shah Jehan. The arches, colonnades, and corridors of the palace are of carved or inlaid marble; and the red sandstone chambers of the queen are covered with delicate sculptured figures of intricate design and rare workmanship. There is no trace of disproportion or flaw. The favorite flower used



WAITERS AT CECIL HOTEL, AGRA, INDIA.

in the design is the lotus in leaf or bud or the full bloom. The carving is done in sandalwood.

All the Oriental luxury and splendor of his day Shah Jehan enjoyed. A deep walled pit at one side of the palace was the scene of his animal fights. Here elephants, bulls, tigers—all the beasts of the jungle, perhaps—furnished sport for the king and his favorites. In one of the courts we are interested at seeing a huge parchesi-board laid out in the pavement. Here, it is said, the old emperor and his train played the game, using slave-girls as pawns. He seems, in fact, during the last years of his life, to have abandoned himself to a career of dissipation and extravagance. He planned to build for himself a tomb of black marble, which in design should be the counterpart of the Taj and should stand facing it on the opposite side of the river; and this plan he laid regardless of the fact that the Taj, built at a cost of a hundred million rupees, had reduced his empire to bankruptcy. His son, to prevent further expenditures, seized the government and imprisoned his father in his own castle, where he died seven years later.

Before leaving the Cecil Hotel, we obtain a picture of the Indian waiters in their picturesque costume of flowing trousers, long-skirted white coat with brass buttons and white sash, and white turban of many folds wound skillfully about their heads. Their feet are bare. Our landlady says they all wear the uniform, though some are Mohammedan and some are Hindu. The hotel is in charge of an Englishwoman, who is the wife of a Swiss. Her son and his wife assist her, and everything possible is done for the comfort of the guests. The hotel is rather small, but by far the best we have found since reaching India.

Aside from the Taj and the fortifications and palace, the



DECORATIONS ON OUTER WALL OF TAJ MAHAL.

bazars of Agra, like those of all Indian cities, teem with interest. The inlay done in marble and copper is fine. Reproductions of the inlaid panels of the Taj are shown on every hand to tempt the tourist to part from his money.

The people of these great Indian plains are desperately poor, many of them having only one meal a day, and that a handful of coarse parched wheat. The laborers work for about two rupees a week, or little more than eight cents a day, yet they are very quiet, receiving with an air of gratitude whatever you give them. The English tell us that "tuppence ha'penny" is the usual fee. The private servants have even no bed, but sleep on the doorstep of the master. A man who dies leaving behind him five rupees is accounted fortunate; for the Hindu believes in cremation, and that sum is sufficient to buy wood enough for a funeral pyre. The bodies of those who are not so well off as to possess five rupees are thrown into the river.

One thing that interests me is the ox teams hitched to two-wheeled carts. The ass and the mule are displaced entirely by the ox. You see him in almost every capacity. He serves as a pack-mule or saddle-horse or is hitched with two others in a spiked team; he tills the fields, he pumps the water, and in fine trappings he draws a gayly bedecked cart and becomes the family buggy-horse of the well-to-do. He is rather fleet of foot, and we often see him on a dead trot flying up and down the stony streets.

Delhi

Early one January afternoon we leave Agra for Delhi, the capital of the Indian Empire. In a carriage, with a small groom sitting behind, we rattle away to the station with our numerous pieces of luggage, and settle ourselves in the car for



Old Fort, Delhi.

the four-hours journey. We are traveling without a servant, though the English assured us in Bombay that it is quite impossible to go about in India without a native servant and interpreter. His service entails an expense of some forty rupees a month, besides a suit of clothes and railroad fare. We disregarded the English advice and traveled alone; and, as we have fared rather better than most of the encumbered tourists we meet, we congratulate ourselves on the fact that we can go our way without the annoyance of having one of these fellows dogging our footsteps. On our way from Agra to Delhi we pass numerous mosques in the open country, remote from villages. Every little way there are groups of natives, ranging in number from three or four to as many dozen, squatting on the ground, hammering rude utensils out of brass. In the tree-tops monkeys are swinging and chattering.

On the following morning we are sitting in one of the pavilions of the palace gardens inside the Fort at Delhi, looking across the swimming baths to the running waters. The Fort is called the Shahjehanabad. It was begun by Shah Jehan about 1638. Within the walls is a fine group of buildings, of which the principal ones are the halls of public and private audience. The former is of red sandstone and the latter of white inlaid marble. The architecture of the hall of private audience closely approaches the Moorish style, the wealth of delicate columns and broad arches reminding one of the Alhambra. These halls have been divested now of what was formerly their chief glory. The great peacock thrones, studded with priceless gems, whose color and arrangement simulated the gorgeous hues of a peacock's feathers, were removed by the Persian Nadir Shah at the time of the Persian conquest, about the middle of the eighteenth century. The same lotus leaf and flower designs which characterize the palace and the Taj Mahal



PEARL MOSQUE, DELHI.

at Agra are much in evidence in the palace at Delhi. The private apartments formerly used by the royal family consist of a beautiful suite of rooms flanked by a fine octagonal tower overlooking the river. The sunlight enters these rooms through grilled marble screens, resembling those of the Taj. Adjoining the palace is the great marble bath-house, equipped with every luxury the Oriental mind could suggest. The only mosque within the Fort is the small Pearl Mosque, famous throughout India for its beautiful marble and for the cameo-like finish of its workmanship.

On January 6th we spend the day going to the Kutab Minar, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. The broad highway is somewhat like the Appian Way from Rome to Naples—flanked on either side with old tombs, dating back many hundred years. There are besides many Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques. Looking out of the carriage, we frequently see in one view as many as a dozen or fifteen mosques and temples, built by the different emperors.

The Kutab Minar is the highest minaret of all India. It is an iron tower of victory, which was erected some seven hundred years ago. Its five stories rise to a height of two hundred and thirty-eight feet. We climb to the balcony of the first story, from which station the Mohammedan priests formerly summoned the faithful to prayer. It is interesting to us to note that the women and girls who are assisting in the manual labor of making certain excavations at the Kutab are all elaborately ornamented with rings, bracelets, anklets, and toe-rings.

On our way back to Delhi we stop to look into some of the finer mausoleums—notably, those of Humayum and of Safdar-Jang. At one point on our route we leave the carriage to explore a curious group of buildings, which we find to con-



WORKERS AT THE KUTAB MINAR, NEAR DELHI, INDIA.

sist of a ruined mosque or two and some ancient tombs connected by dark, narrow, stone passages, filled with importunate beggars, who clutch at us as we pass. Almost in the center of the group of buildings we come upon a huge tank of stagnant water, and for a few coppers a dark-skinned native dives for us into the water from the top of an adjoining tower. Isolated tombs, standing at some distance out in the sun-baked plains, are the burying-places of the wives of the Moguls.

We find an unfailing source of interest in the throngs of natives traveling up and down the dusty road. Their two-wheeled carts, drawn by hump-shouldered buffaloes and loaded with yellowing garden vegetables, form a continuous procession in either direction. The Indians in their scanty clothing, many of them practically nude, stalk along beside the carts or ride astride the tongue. Often we meet women carrying jars of water on their heads. All are ready to be photographed, though some who are much bedecked with rings and bracelets pretend to be coy about displaying their jewels, and even persistently allow their head-dresses to fall about their faces, concealing their jingling ornaments. But if you affect indifference about securing a photograph, the fear that they may lose the penny or two of *bakschisch*, which they always expect, robs them of all desire to be coquettish, and they draw aside the veils and pose to good advantage.

We pause on our return from the Kutab at the Ridge, about a mile outside of Delhi. This famous piece of ground—a low narrow hill in front of the Kashmir Gate—is sacred to every Englishman; for here in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 the little band of British held out against tremendous odds through four months of the terrible Indian summer. The Ridge was the scene of some twenty-four separate battles before the worn little band of English finally forced their way through the

Kashmir Gate and recaptured Delhi. The expanse of country lying between the Ridge and the gate is now green with trees dotted with bungalows. The whole of the city lies spread out before one, and so level is the ground that the entire walled circuit of the town can be seen. Above the mean level of the brown houses stand out certain lofty towers and minarets, the most conspicuous of them being the Mosque of Jumma Masjid. This mosque, which is the largest in India, is more pleasant to view from a distance than from close range. It stands upon a huge platform of red sandstone, on three sides of which rise colonnades, with balconies above. On the fourth side is the mosque, built of red sandstone and white marble, crowned with three domes of marble, faintly striped with vertical lines of black. We visit the mosque at the hour of prayer, but there is little in the proportions or the garish contrasts of color to make one feel that it is a place of worship.

The bazars of Delhi, like those of every Indian city, possess for us an unfailing charm. We find the usual array of vessels wrought in silver or brass and the delicate carvings in ivory and sandalwood. Delhi is famous besides for its embroideries of gold and silver. We have now as a souvenir of the brass shops a finely wrought candlestick, shaped like an old Roman lamp. The principal thoroughfare of Delhi is the Chandni Chauk, a busy street in the heart of the city.

Delhi has a population of between two and three hundred thousand people. It is the Indian capital, though the actual seat of government for some eight or nine months of the year is at Simla, in the foothills of the Himalayas. For those of us who are of the West, Delhi is only a name, vaguely associated with ideas of the gorgeous pageant of the Delhi Durbar. The splendor of the spectacle when the Indian rajahs and maharajahs gathered to do homage to their British sovereigns is

said never to have been surpassed, even in the days of the Moguls. The king and queen received the native rulers in the most glorious, most royal hall in India, the hall of private audience in Shah Jehan's white palace within the Fort.

Amritsar.

Late in the evening of January 6th we leave Delhi for Amritsar, in the Punjab. We take what is called in India a "first-class" coach, but it would hardly be third-class on our railroads. There are sleeping accommodations for four persons—that is to say, there are berths for four; but the car is equipped with neither bedding nor heat. The weather is extremely cold. There is no way of communication between cars or with any official of the train; in fact, no official looks into our compartment from the time we leave Delhi until we reach Amritsar, a journey of some seven hours.

We go to the Cambridge Hotel, which Colonel Henry Smith in a letter has told us is the best, though not good. We are given a room that contains two beds and two chairs, but there is no bedding, and we begin to realize fully the necessity of always carrying our own bedding when traveling in India.

During the morning Colonel and Mrs. Smith call on us at the hotel, and later Colonel Smith sends us a note inviting us to dine with them the following evening. He tells me also that he will call for me on his way to the hospital the next morning. It is Colonel Smith and his particular operation for cataract that we have come to the far north of India to see.

The next morning Colonel and Mrs. Smith call for us early and take us to the hospital. Smith is a stalwart fellow, mentally and physically. He is more than six feet tall, and weighs at least two hundred pounds. He is a man in the prime of life—not yet fifty years of age. He is Irish, coming from near

Belfast, but he has been in India for more than a quarter of a century. He is a general surgeon, but does a great deal of eye-work. He tells me that he has made over thirty thousand cataract extractions. All of his extractions are intracapsular. I am especially pleased with one operation I see him make in a case in which there is posterior synechia, following an old iritis. He makes a rather large incision, keeping the cut close to the limbus, but slightly within the cornea. He then makes an iridectomy, but before extracting the lens he removes the speculum, and his assistants hold the lids apart. With the strabismus hook Smith presses on the periphery of the lens below, and, with a slight manipulation, dislodges the cataract from its anchorage. The upper part at once presents itself within the wound and he delivers it, whipping it out on the floor. Of course, there is no occasion for any flushing of the anterior chamber, for no capsule or cortical portion of the lens remains. The cataract has been delivered *en masse*. Smith then applies cotton and gauze and the figure eight bandage. He tells me that he does not let his patients get up for a week or ten days, and he does not dress the eye during this period unless there be some untoward symptom. He says that he rarely has any post-operative infection—not more than one per cent. His wife, who is also a surgeon, says that out of the last three hundred and twenty-seven cases in which the Colonel has made cataract extractions he has had only one case of infection.

Smith says that it is rather remarkable how easily the adhesions in synechia give way, and that there is never any iritis following the intracapsular extraction. On the other hand, in such cases as the one just observed, he thinks there would almost certainly have been post-operative iritis if he had made capsulotomy. Another interesting feature of this case is that there is no escape of vitreous, though, from the fact that there

is synechia following iritis, I expected a loss of vitreous. Colonel Smith says that for infantile or soft cataract, instead of needling or making discission, he makes an incision at the limbus, the same as he would for extraction, but he makes a small incision, only four or five millimeters in length. He uses the narrow bi-concave Graefe knife, cutting well at the limbus. Then with the drop-tooth forcep he goes down through the lens into the vitreous, pinching out a portion of the capsule, both anterior and posterior. He usually makes iridectomy in these cases as well.

The Colonel does not think so much of asepsis as of anti-sepsis. He says that asepsis may do very well in Europe and America, but not here in India. Besides the usual aseptic precautions, he invariably flushes the conjunctiva with a solution of perchloride of mercury in the proportion of 1 to 2,000 or 4,000. He remarks that it is not so essential that one's fingers be aseptic as it is that the instruments be aseptic, for it is the instruments, not the fingers, which are put into the eye. The cutting instruments Smith does not place in boiling water, for this dulls the edge; instead, he dips them into pure carbolic acid and afterwards rinses them off in a weak solution of carbolic acid immediately before using them.

Colonel Smith has, he thinks, a new method of curing incipient cataract in cases in which there is perceptible lowering of vision without any visible opacity of the lens. He says that in these cases the vision is at first slightly better in dim or half light than in the daylight—in other words, when the pupil is slightly dilated. Later on the patient can see better in bright light, when the pupil is contracted. He says that these cases are the result of insufficient or mal-nutrition, conditions to which persons who have reached the age of fifty-five or sixty years are peculiarly liable. He believes, indeed, that every

person, if he lives long enough, will become cataractous. But cataract is more frequent among the people of India than among those of the Western continents, for the reason that because of their climate the Indians mature and age very young. Senility overtakes them twenty or thirty years before it does the people of the West. As a people, they are, moreover, never well nourished. Smith says that this premature senility and frequent cataract manifest themselves in a lowering of vision for near objects especially; and while there is no visible opacity of the lens, there is no glass that will bring the vision up to the normal.

Colonel Smith believes that in these cases of incipient cataract he is able not only to arrest the disease, but even to dispel it. He uses a sub-conjunctival injection of cyanide of mercury, a solution of from 1 to 3,000 to 1 to 6,000, as the case indicates; of the solution he uses about 30 minims. He injects the cyanide above and below in the neighborhood of the insertion of the superior and inferior recti muscles. The object of the treatment is to create hyperemia and thus promote absorption. The treatment is very painful, and necessitates a thorough cocainization of the eye with a 10 per cent solution, both prior and subsequent to the injection of the cyanide. He gives also a hypodermic injection of morphia sulphate, one-fourth or one-third of a grain. He finds it necessary occasionally to repeat the sub-conjunctival injection after an interval of six weeks, but not before that time. Colonel Smith claims priority in this abortive treatment for incipient cataract. He has been experimenting with it for some time, and he is so convinced of its efficacy that he expected to give it a thorough trial and bring it before the International Ophthalmic Convention at St. Petersburg in 1914.

One morning I see Colonel Smith make an extraction in a

case in which there is leucoma of the cornea and anterior synechia. He makes a large incision of the limbus, embracing almost one-half of the periphery of the cornea. He holds the lids apart by a spring speculum without fixation, and therefore cannot regulate the tension. As soon as he has finished the incision, the patient screws his lids down, and before Smith can remove the speculum the lens shoots forth within its capsule, with a large portion of the vitreous following. Smith wipes away the vitreous with his finger, saying that the loss of some vitreous does no harm. He smears on quite a large portion of yellow oxide—7 grains to the ounce—and applies the gauze, cotton, and figure eight bandage.

The next case is a more favorable one, there being no complications. He removes the lens within its capsule through the pupil, and afterwards stabs the iris near the ciliary margin with the cataract knife, making an iridotomy. He remarks that the point of the knife goes not only through the iris and hyaloid membrane, but into the vitreous as well; yet he tells me there will be no untoward results following the operation. He says that from this slight incision he will obtain a button-hole or circular opening, because the incision is longitudinal and the contraction of the radiating fibers will draw the opening into a circular shape. He says that he has made this iridotomy in about a hundred cases, and has never seen any bad results. He is now having some knives with spear points made for this special stabbing.

Colonel Smith is very careless as to asepsis. All the cases of the day, including the emergency cases, are brought to the operating-room. Just prior to the operation for cataract one morning a patient is brought in who has been in a fight, and he is examined as he squats bleeding and faint on the floor of the operating-room. The different patients that fill the room

mingle indiscriminately, the purulent ophthalmic and trachomatous cases along with those coming for cataract operations.

Smith calls my attention to a case of trachoma, in which all four lids are smeared with pus. He inverts the lids, feels of the granules, and then with his fingers besmirched with the septic matter, except what he wipes off on his coat, he comes to the operating-table, where a cataract patient lies waiting for an operation. Without washing his hands, he examines the cataract case, pulling the eyelids apart. He then immediately attempts, much to my alarm, to demonstrate on my eye some conditions relative to the cataract case. Afterwards he takes off his coat, and carelessly washes his hands. The patient in this case has been brought in in his ordinary clothing; and in another instance the same morning a patient is put on the operating-table wrapped in an unspeakably dirty blanket which Smith does not hesitate to handle; then, without washing his hands, he proceeds to make the operation.

He operates in his business suit, without covering of any sort. Except his surgical nurse, all of his assistants wear their ordinary clothing. Besides the numerous spectators in the operating-room—the various dirty patients and the anxious, perspiring relatives of the person under the knife—a dog noses at will about the room. He may, perhaps, seize on the cataract as it is thrown from the patient's eye out upon the floor. The dog, we learn, belongs to the surgical nurse and is a privileged character about the hospital.

Colonel Smith is an inveterate smoker, always having a cigar in his mouth. In one of his operations I notice that some of his cigar ashes drop into the patient's eye before the speculum can be removed. Smith does not seem to notice the occurrence, or, if he does, he pays no attention to it. He probably would say that the freshly burnt ashes are aseptic, but a spec-

tator might question their being non-irritant. It is hardly necessary to state that Colonel Smith, since he smokes incessantly, does not wear a mask, as do the surgeons of Europe and America; yet his teeth show sad want of a dentist's care. I am told, however, that when he operates in Europe or America he takes all precautions against infection.

He has little or no system or order about his work. He asks me to come to the hospital at 11 o'clock, but he frequently does not arrive until after 1:30. I not only have to wait all this time, but forfeit my lunch as well; and after the meager Indian breakfast of thick black coffee, dry bread, and stale eggs, one is in need of a little sustenance before 2 o'clock.

Colonel Smith reminds me of a pioneer country surgeon who has more original ideas than he has thought or concern for infection or asepsis or cleanliness. He is good-natured and whole-souled, and certainly a man of much skill. He is a fearless, bold operator. As he says himself, he makes his hands work with his brain. He is far isolated from surgical centers and has nothing to compare his work with. His practice is confined to these Indians of low physical and nervous organism. It would be interesting to know how modern surgeons working on highly organized people would look on his methods.

I observe cases on which Smith has operated some time ago, and almost invariably I find an eccentric pupil. In nearly every case the iris has healed in the wound and the pupil has been drawn to one side. In view of these results, as well as of the dangers attending the intracapsular operation, I hardly think that it will become generally popular. Its serious aspect is the danger of the loss of vitreous.

Smith believes that vitreous loss is not necessarily followed by grave results. He does not agree at all times with those who think that complications will ensue. He believes that it

has not been proved that the vitreous does not replace itself. He intends to make some experiments on dogs—operating on one eye, removing part of the vitreous, and then at some subsequent time removing both eyes and comparing the weight and composition of the vitreous bodies. I remark that the vitreous is replaced by aqueous humor, which has practically the same weight as the vitreous. Smith replies that the eyes must be hardened in order for one to determine whether both eyes are of the same consistency histologically.

While we are in Amritsar the weather is quite ideal: the sky is cloudless; the nights are cool, almost chilly, but at mid-day it is warm and delightful. Roses of all varieties are in bloom.

The city lies in a well-watered district. One sees no arid plains, such as surround Delhi. Many cereals are produced, but sugar-cane and bananas seem to be the principal crops.

Amritsar is the great trade center of the Punjab. It lies on the highway of travel between the central Asiatic countries and the Indian ports. The bazars are filled with shawls and carpets of Kashmiri make, though the carpet industry has become to-day largely local. The carpet factories are the largest in India. The weaving is done by boys, who work out intricate patterns thread by thread as the instructions are read to them by an overseer. It takes many weeks' labor on the part of the boys to produce a rug of only moderate size; but the labor is so cheap that the rugs may retail in New York for fifty dollars, though some of them are equal in beauty of design and workmanship to the products of the famous Gobelin factories.

The chief object of interest in Amritsar is the Golden Temple or sanctuary of the stalwart Sikh people. It is surrounded by a pool of holy water, along whose banks stand the

palaces of the great Sikh chiefs who come to worship. The pool is reputed to have marvelous healing qualities, and the afflicted come from far and near to bathe and drink. They take mouthfuls of the water, gargle their throats, wash their teeth, spit the water back into the pool, and then drink long, deep draughts. We are told that the water in the pool is replenished once a year, but the tank has in all probability never been cleaned. The Sikhs believe that the water has peculiar virtues in the healing of leprosy, and as there is a large leper colony on the outskirts of Amritsar, the lepers have an opportunity to test the efficacy of the water.

One reaches the temple itself by a sort of causeway built over the tank. The building is called "golden" because of its covering of copper-gilt; but the glitter is confined to the outer walls, for the interior is foul with the accumulated filth of generations. The sacred texts from the Granth or holy book of the Sikhs are scarcely traceable on the walls.

When we leave Amritsar, we journey across the peninsula by easy stages to Calcutta, stopping *en route* at Lucknow and Benares. Throughout our ride to Lucknow we rejoice that we are not hampered by the presence of an officious, over-zealous Indian servant. We enjoy the ride through the level country, and as the train stops at the various stations no one comes to annoy us with solicitous inquiry after our welfare or with explanations of the features of the journey. When we alight at Lucknow we are at once given the preference in coupé and the best service at the comfortable hotel.

We are agreeably surprised to find Lucknow a city of considerable extent. Its open squares and wide streets are a pleasant change from the crowded, dark, foul-smelling quarters of the other Indian cities with which we have become fa-



SNAKE-CHARMER AT LUCKNOW, INDIA.

miliar; yet Lucknow is the fourth city in population in the peninsula.

The chief interest for the traveler here is a visit to the ruins of the old Residency, where, during the Mutiny of 1857, a small number of English troops were besieged for a period of eighty-seven days. Only the battered ruins of the fort, if such it could be called, now remain; but the weak position, with its few mutilated buildings, is eloquent of the gallantry of the little English force that throughout the terrible heat of an Indian summer held out against tremendous odds. The shot-pierced gateway is now green with thick growing vines. A grizzled old veteran, one of the few natives who remained loyal to the English during the siege, acts as our guide about the grounds, and shows us the monument to Sir Henry Lawrence.

Lucknow has a large post, a spacious cantonment, within which the English residents live, and a fine college in process of construction.

At our hotel we find surroundings but little different from those of other Indian hotels. There is the usual throng of merchants from the bazars, showing their various wares and importuning my wife to buy; and the jugglers, snake-charmers, and fortune-tellers hang about to pick up a chance rupee by some exhibition of their skill.

On our way from Lucknow to Benares we ride through a country that is somewhat unsettled, though apparently much more fertile than the other parts of India through which we have passed. At this season of the year the only vegetation that we notice is the mustard, and it is a question with us whether the growth is voluntary or not. We see now and then low huts or sheds in the open country, but the people for the most part cluster in villages. At one point we notice a group of grotesque idols.

We have our luncheon about 1 o'clock in the so-called dining-car, to reach which we must get out of our *coupé* and walk outside the train past several cars filled with natives. We have to remain there in the diner until the train halts again, as there is no communication between cars. When the train stops for a moment an hour or so later, we jump down an embankment several feet and hurry back to the compartment before the train pulls out again.

Benares.

At 4 o'clock p. m. we have reached Benares, and are sitting on the veranda of the Clark Hotel. Afternoon tea is served to us here; for, in spite of the heat, one eats five meals a day in India. The people of the tropics seem to spend considerable time in eating and sleeping. The day begins with *chota hazrie*, consisting of tea, toast, and butter, brought to you before you rise. Breakfast follows at 9 o'clock, *tiffin* or luncheon at 1:30 or 2 o'clock, tea from 4 to 6, and dinner at 8 o'clock.

In the morning we expect to rise early and go to the *ghats* to see the Hindus bathing in and drinking of the sacred waters of the Ganges. Benares is full of beggars, pilgrims, and holy men, for it is the sacred city of India. The holy men practicing various forms of self-chastisement are seen here and there as one passes through the city. The bathing-*ghats*, where the devout go to cleanse themselves, are in close proximity to the burning-*ghats* of the dead; for the Hindu dead are burned on pyres or cast into the broad stream of the Ganges.

Monday morning, January 13, 1913 (it is the Hindu New Year, by the way, and the celebration lasts a lunar month, or twenty-eight days), a rap sounds at our veranda door and a monotonous voice announces that *chota hazrie* is ready for us.



BATHING-GHATS, BENARES, INDIA.

A half-clad Indian boy then brings in a tray of toast and tea, and says that the *garry* will be waiting at 6 o'clock to take us to the river. We don't usually indulge in an early breakfast before making our toilet, but this morning we play the fashionable and have our tea and toast in bed.

It is a beautiful, bright morning, like all mornings in this part of the country. The air is decidedly fresh, but not cold. We drive to the Ganges, some two miles away, passing *en route* swarms of Hindus of every class—men, women, and children; some gayly bedecked, but most of them in scanty attire. Many wear, besides their necklaces, ear-rings, toe-rings, bracelets, and anklets, only bands about their loins. All are hurrying to the sacred stream for their early-morning bath; and here one of the most interesting sights that we have yet seen on our trip meets our view.

The throngs with chaplets of flowers enter the water and, after saying their prayers, offer their flowers to the river god; then they lave in the water, wash their teeth, gargle their throats, and drink full draughts, coming out at last with happy faces; for the sacred waters have made them pure and holy.

The Hindu god Kedar is supposed to live in the Himalayas, and the Ganges takes its source from him, flowing, as the people say, from his mouth. The reality back of their symbolism is that their worship is undoubtedly a form of sun-worship. The sun melts the snow from the mountains, and the resulting stream, the broad Ganges, is the Hindu goddess, or wife of the sun. In paying their devotions the people go to the west bank of the river at dawn, when the great sun god is appearing in the east. They pray first to the god and then to the goddess.

Owing to the congestion on the banks, which prevents one's really seeing these strange rites, we engage a sort of flat-

boat or scow with elevated seats, and are rowed slowly up and down the river. We now pass not only the whole throng of bathers, but many temples, huts, pretentious residences, and bazars, where gay idols are sold. Here and there on the low banks faggots are piled, and boatloads of wood are moored at the water's edge. The wood is for the funeral pyre. The bodies of Hindus are always taken care of by the nearest male relative. He secures the wood, but the fire is brought by one of the lowest caste, who ignites the pyre. After the body is burned the ashes are cast into the Ganges, unless the deceased died of smallpox or snake-bite; in that case the body is not burned, but thrown into the river; for the Hindus believe that the river cleanses bodies thus diseased, and the dead may be restored to life and health again.

Among the bathers we notice not only all classes of Hindus, but Mohammedans as well. Many, it would seem, go into the water not merely to discharge religious obligations, but to obtain the pleasant, invigorating effects of the early bath; for we notice some of the more stalwart emerging from the water and withdrawing to practice certain physical exercises not unlike those taught in our modern gymnasia.

Caste among the worshipers is indicated in various ways: by the dress, by the cut of the hair, and by the signs painted on the forehead. A red dot in the median line of the forehead indicates a follower of Mohabir; horizontal lines denote the followers of Shiva, and perpendicular lines those of Vishnu. The Brahmins have their hair cut close, except for a tuft over the occiput; this tuft is left, it is said, so that the angels may seize them in the hour of death and draw them into Heaven.

It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience to ride up and down the river in the chill of the early morning, passing and repassing these throngs of religious devotees. All ages and

conditions of Indians are there; for from the farthest part of the peninsula the pilgrims come to the holy city of Banares to bathe in the stream; and it affects Westerners with a strange sense of unreality to watch a lordly Brahmin entering the water with garlands in his hands, praying and bathing next to a yellow-robed, perhaps maimed, "holy man," or a low-caste Hindu mother, who croons to a reluctant, shivering little child, whom she is urging into the cold water for its soul's welfare. The same fanaticism—Oriental and ages old—inspires them all. Now and then past the yellow garlands on the surface of the river floats the body of a dead baby that has been cast into the stream at some point above. The sun mounts higher now, the crowds in the water are diminishing, and we leave the flat-boat at the landing, and go back to our hotel with a sickening sense of depression and tragedy.

The streets are bright with color. The Hindu dress is of every shade, and all the highways are packed with people. We notice practically all of them chewing the leaves of the betel tree, which stain their mouths and lips a bright red. They believe that the leaf is not only an antiseptic, but prevents dyspepsia as well. Some are squatting in the streets, scrubbing their teeth with a nimstick; some are carrying water in shapely brass vessels to use for the day's household needs, or pouring the water from the gleaming basins over their brown bodies. These people, in the midst of all their filth, are, in a way, sanitary. They bathe their whole bodies and wash their mouths and teeth at least once a day. They prefer running water for their baths, and those who do not go to the river pour over themselves water from their brass vessels.

When traveling without a servant in India you must look after all the little details of the journey. The hotels are more interested in seeing that every extra item (such as fire, a cup

of tea, etc.) is included in the bill than in helping you get away in time for your train. When we reach the depot about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of January 14th, we are much disappointed to find that the Punjab mail to Calcutta went at 2:30. We must now wait until nearly 11 o'clock at night, and then go only as far as Maghalsarai, where at 11:30 we get off to wait for the Bombay mail, due at 1:45. As a consequence, we shall reach Calcutta about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of 6 o'clock in the morning, as we had hoped.

Throughout the following winter day we are passing through a country more fertile than any we have yet seen since leaving Bombay. The province of Bengal seems really valuable agriculturally, and the small fields on either side of our train are cut in every direction by irrigating-ditches. The crops have all been gathered, and the ditches are now dry. The country seems somewhat sere and uninteresting. As we near Calcutta the land is more fertile and is well irrigated. Thousands of cattle are grazing on the rich meadows or on the stubble of the fields from which the grain has been cut. The cattle are nearly all white, and are so numerous as to seem like a single herd that grazes over a country many miles in extent.

The country grows more level, and besides the feeding herds we now pass extensive iron and steel works. These foundries are the first considerable manufacturing interests we have seen in India. The Indian workers are picturesque figures with their bronze skins and gay clothing.

We come now into groves of palms and bananas. Instead of a dry, sandy country, we see a rich black soil, watered by numerous ponds and streams. The country reminds me somewhat of the coast of Florida or of Old Mexico as one nears the Gulf. The cattle are sleek and fat. The bamboo huts are thatched with palm leaves. We notice a marked difference

between the well-fed, contented-looking natives of Bengal and the lean, unsmiling people of the provinces of the north. We rarely saw any evidence of merriment among the Sikhs, but the Bengali native frolics about, his eyes gleaming with content and physical well-being.

The environs of Calcutta are really a jungle. The sun rarely penetrates through the rank undergrowth, and there are many dark pools of stagnant water. The thatched huts now form a continuous village, clustering beneath the shade of luxuriant grapes and bananas. The people are, for the most part, working at their various pursuits; but in an open field we notice a great crowd of boys, big and little, old and young—a gayly dressed multitude—out flying kites. Perhaps one reason for their sport is that this is the New Year in India, and the festival lasts a month. We hear little music, either of voice or instrument, among these people. Unlike the peasants of Europe, or the Negroes of our country, they never chant or sing at their work or games.

Calcutta.

Calcutta is the second largest city of the British Empire, and there is more of Western civilization here than elsewhere in India. It has a European population of about twenty thousand, with more than a million natives. As we drive through the city to the Grand Hotel, the streets are in many respects European. Now and then an automobile flits by us, but the chief vehicles are the *garries* and English dog-carts. The two-wheeled bullock or buffalo-carts are the chief moving-power of commerce. Instead of the shapely yoke and bow of our country, a straight bamboo pole is used, and for a bow there are two pegs joined by a strap below. The principal native quarter is clustered about a single street, a mile or two

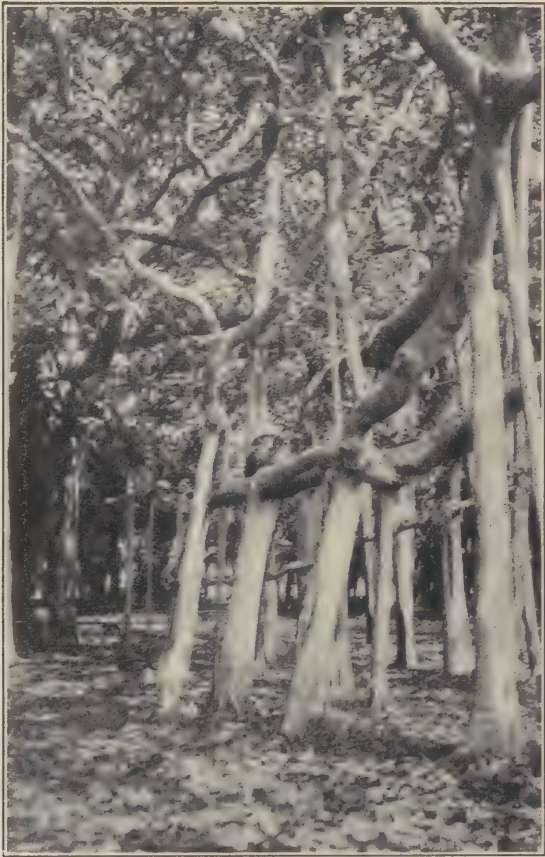
in length. The bazars contain all sorts of Indian wares—metal products, ornaments, jewelry, utensils, silks, fruits, and vegetables. The shops, with their motley assortments, follow each other without order or distinction.

Calcutta has little of interest for the ordinary tourist. It is a great center of commerce, and the European residents, whether of the English military and civil service or of the commercial class, find their interest in their pursuits and their diversions within themselves.

The city has, however, magnificent botanical and zoölgical gardens, which we find well worth a visit. The noteworthy feature of the former is the great banyan tree, said to be the largest in the world. It is about a hundred and thirty-nine years old. The circumference of the trunk is fifty-one feet and that of the crown nearly a thousand; it is eighty-five feet in height, and has five hundred and sixty-two aerial roots. In the shade of the great tree, or rather among the forest of columns formed by the roots, picnic parties find a favorite resort.

In the zoölogical gardens are fine specimens of Bengal tiger and of various reptiles and apes. I am interested in one great ourang-outang, on which the keeper is lavishing a good deal of care. He tells me that he has had many fine specimens, but that they do not live long in captivity. The one we see is anemic and very sick—in no sense formidable. The kangaroo, as well, lives only a short time when confined here.

The chief interest to me in Calcutta is the eye clinic of Lieutenant-Colonel F. P. Maynard, who is professor of ophthalmology and otology in the Medical College. He has in his clinic an average of about a hundred patients a day, of whom nearly ninety per cent are eye cases. This is the first clinic I have seen in Europe or the Orient that combines ophthalmology, otology, rhinology, and laryngology.



BANYAN TREE IN CALCUTTA.

I notice many cases of pneumatic or bronchial trouble. Colonel Maynard says that there is a very large percentage of tuberculosis here in Calcutta, which he attributes largely to the overcrowding of the population into small, ill-ventilated rooms. The damp climate, with chilly nights following the intense heat of the day, may be somewhat responsible as well.

The majority of diseases being of the eye, the general surgeon must be especially skilled in ophthalmology, and he frequently becomes better known as an oculist than as a general surgeon. Besides being professor of ophthalmology and otology, Lieutenant-Colonel Maynard is chief surgeon in charge of the College and Mayo hospitals as well. He has several native assistants, but does all the capital operations himself. His assistants are college-bred men, having the equivalent of an A.B. degree as well as the degree in medicine.

Colonel Maynard is an extremely busy man. He examines and records all new cases personally, in addition to treating from seventy-five to a hundred old patients a day. Tuesdays and Fridays are his operating days, and he frequently makes as many as twenty-five or thirty operations in a morning.

This morning he calls at my hotel at 7 o'clock (long before the usual breakfast hour here in the East), and in his automobile he takes me to the Mayo Hospital, which is named, by the way, in honor of a former viceroy, who did much for India during his administration.

Among the general cases that I see is one of cholera, in which there is an apparent subtemperature. The Colonel says that this is only on the surface, for the temperature, if taken within the rectum, is always six or seven degrees above normal. He tells me that the disease usually runs its course in from three to nine hours. The majority of natives who have it—and it is usually confined to this class—die within the first six

hours. If they live beyond the third day, they generally recover. Colonel Maynard thinks that the disease is neither contagious nor infectious, but is contracted through the food or drink. No effort is made here to isolate the cholera patients. Those whom I see are in a general ward with other patients.

My attention is called to a very severe case of symblepharon, in which all four lids are badly burned. The burns are the result of the patient's attempt to consume herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. Colonel Maynard says that this practice still exists to a certain extent in India, although it is a criminal offense.

I notice two cases of luxated lens, in each of which the lens is floating in the vitreous. Both cases are the result of couching, done by the itinerant Hindu oculist; for couching is still practiced in India by the mountebanks or charlatans. These men know nothing of medicine or surgery, though they have learned the value of cocaine, and they now use a needle to make the operation, instead of the sharp thorn of former days. Their usual fee is two and a half rupees, or about eighty cents of our money. Patients usually deny having had the operation done. This morning one of the women, in whose eye we can distinctly see the lens oscillating within the vitreous, denies emphatically at first that she has ever had the couching done; but when Colonel Maynard demands, with emphasis, to know *when* the couching was done, saying, "I did not ask you if you had *had* it done, but *when* it was done," she admits that a traveling Hindu doctor operated on her right eye four or five years ago and on the left a year and a half ago. In the right the pupil is entirely occluded, and there are inflammatory conditions resulting from the operation, with total loss of vision. In the left eye she has vision enough to count fingers

and to move about; but there is evidently a fluidity of the vitreous, with other complications of the fundus. Colonel Maynard remarks (as is apparent) that if he should operate on this eye, there would be a prolapsus of the vitreous and total loss of vision.

If one could step from a clinic in New York into a clinic in India, he would be somewhat surprised, if not amused, at many of the customs. For instance, when we enter this morning, most of the patients are sitting about on the floor. As we approach, those who can see immediately spring to their feet and remain standing until we have passed by. They are always deferential, and even servile. In the operating-room we find them in two rows—one of them women and the other of men—sitting cross-legged on the floor. They seem somewhat like the North American Indians—they have no need or occasion for chairs. Colonel Maynard tells me that spring beds also are wasted on these people. He often finds them crawling from a comfortable clean bed to lie upon the hard stone floor. He tells me, too, that they are very likely to pull the bandage off their eyes in order to test their vision, but that, as a rule, no serious results follow; for he thinks it is safer for the eye to be uncovered than to be bandaged too closely. He says that if a sound eye is tied up for thirty-six hours, there will be a secretion that will glue the lids together. He thinks that a thick, tight bandage acts as an incubator or nidus for infection.

In going over the cases to-day, Colonel Maynard selects eighteen or twenty cases upon whom he is to operate this morning. He courteously invites me to make some of the operations, demonstrating my special technique and methods.

The first operation the Colonel makes the following morning is the trephining operation for glaucoma. He says that

this operation did not originate with Elliott, of Madras, but with a Scotchman in Glasgow. It is true, however, that both men were making the operation at about the same time and neither knew that the other was doing it.

Colonel Maynard tells me that he operated for some time in conjunction with Colonel Smith, and that he now uses Smith's operation in about thirty per cent of his cataract cases. He thinks that the intracapsular extraction is adapted to hypermature cataracts, and he says that most of the Indians do not seek surgical advice until the cataract is over-ripe. He adds that it has been his experience to find that the hypermature cataract frequently presents itself as soon as the incision is made. So accidentally we all occasionally extract cataracts within the capsule; and he thinks that it was probably by accident that Smith first made the operation which is now made from choice. In Colonel Maynard's opinion, the operation is not at all adapted to European or American cases. He says that if he were practicing ophthalmology in Europe, he certainly would not use this method in his private practice; it involves too great danger of loss of vitreous and subsequent deterioration of the globe. He believes, with all pathologists, that the vitreous loss is not restored, as Smith claims, but replaced by aqueous humor.

In operating for cataract, Maynard makes a large incision, embracing almost half of the perimeter of the cornea. Instead of fixing the eye at the insertion of the inferior rectus, he grasps it near the insertion of the internal rectus, or opposite the point of puncture. After making the incision with a conjunctival flap, he tries the lens, and if it seems to present itself readily and easily, he makes the Smith operation; otherwise, he always makes a cystotomy, and in doing this he makes an extensive peripheral incision near the margin

of the pupil. He occasionally irrigates the anterior chamber, but in the majority of cases he tries to remove all of the cortical portion by means of the curette. He says he would not dare to irrigate or syringe with a mercurial solution. He thinks that the normal salt solution is the only one that should ever be thrown into the anterior chamber, and that this solution should have the normal temperature of the body, and be introduced into the chamber with not too much force. For soft cataract, he makes his puncture either at or slightly beyond the limbus. He says he has had infection and even sympathetic ophthalmia following a puncture made within the cornea, but never any such results following the operation that he now makes.

I am a little surprised this morning to hear a graphophone start up about the time that Colonel Maynard begins to operate on a very nervous Parsi. The Colonel tells me that in case of extreme nervousness he uses this means of diverting the patient's attention from the operation.

Colonel Maynard does not think well of the cyanide of mercury treatment for incipient cataract. He says that the treatment not only produces intense pain and a great reaction, but causes cicatricial adhesions of the conjunctiva to the sclera, which even hamper the movement of the eyeball.

On the morning of January 18th, before taking our departure from Calcutta, we go in a grand *garry* with outrider to some of the slums of the city. Our course is down the Strand, near the banks of the Hooglah. After passing through a narrow, crowded street, where the Indians are carrying on their various pursuits, we come suddenly into a quiet, out-of-the-way place, and our coolie stops the *garry* and motions us to alight. We are ushered through a passageway into a narrow court, where there are a number of natives squatted about a



BURNING GHATS, CALCUTTA.

fire. With considerable excitement, they point to the pile of blazing wood, calling our attention to a dead Indian, whose head extends slightly beyond the flames. Faggots are piled over and under him, and his legs are practically consumed. It seems to be part of the Hindu religion that the head shall be the last part of the body to be burned. We make pictures of the pyre, toss the attendant a few annas, and, having enough of the fumes of the burning flesh, go back to our *garry*. We cannot help thinking, as we see the dead body burning, how much superior these half-civilized people are in this respect to our higher civilization; for we must concede that it is better to burn a diseased body, especially if the person died of some contagious or infectious disease, than to allow it to decay and perhaps contaminate a water supply. Fire, as we all know, is the great agent of purification—superior to all other means; and we do not wonder that these heathen people choose it as one of their objects of worship.

From the funeral pyre we drive to the Jain Temple. Through a large gate we enter a well-kept garden and come into plain view of one of the most ornate temples that we have yet seen in India. The whole structure, inside and out, as well as the verandas and approaches, is inlaid with different-colored porcelains. Before going to the veranda, we are requested to remove our shoes and put on felt slippers. No one is allowed to wear leather up to the entrance. We are permitted only to peer through the doorways at the priests performing the sacred offices within. I ask if I will be allowed to take a picture of the structure, and the guide says:

“No, not here at the facade; but if you walk over yonder by the fountain, you may take it.”

This is really a more advantageous position. An attendant pulls a lace curtain in front of the doorway of the



JAIN TEMPLE, IN CALCUTTA.

temple, so that my picture shall not, by any chance, reveal the interior.

We spend an afternoon in the Museum of Calcutta, much to the discomfort of my wife, who has a great antipathy for museums. I think she stayed too long and tried to see too much in the greatest of all museums—the British. But it is in some sense a matter of principle with me to see all museums, for they tell much of the history of a country. Aside from the stone images of Hindu gods, of which there is a great and varied collection, the mineralogical department, containing a fine collection of Indian stones, is of special interest.

The day before leaving Calcutta, we spend a delightful evening with Colonel Maynard and his charming wife. After dinner Mrs. Maynard and Mrs. Tiffany go over to look on for a while at a dance given by some of the *élite* of Calcutta, but the Colonel and I remain behind to talk shop and examine his new optometer.

CHAPTER XI.

CEYLON.

On Saturday we go, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon (the exact moment the vessel is scheduled to sail), on board the *Nubia* for our trip to Ceylon—said to be the garden-spot of the world. At sunset we are sitting on the deck of the little vessel, looking across the placid waters of the Hooglah.

“No stir in the air, no stir in the sea;
The ship was as still as she could be.”

We are waiting on a sandbar in the middle of the river for the tide to come in. There are many little sail-boats gliding over the water.

After our strenuous trip of two thousand miles through India, this is a restful experience, which we thoroughly enjoy. We watch the ducks skimming the smooth mauve waters and the crows soaring lazily overhead. The sun disappears, and the twilight rapidly deepens into night; for, unlike the twilights in the Alps or at “The Castle” on the Missouri, where the light lingers for an hour or more after the sun is gone, there is but little interval here between day and night.

We travel twenty-five miles between Saturday evening and Sunday morning, and then lie at anchor until Monday. We then make a fresh start, and cover about eighteen miles, when we are again brought to a halt to wait until the tide shall cover the famous shoal, called “William and Mary.” Early Tuesday morning we pass the shoal in safety; but we have spent some sixty hours in traveling a like number of miles. The first day

of quiet we rather enjoy, but the waiting became a little monotonous by Monday evening, and we almost regret not having carried out our former plans and gone to Darjeeling, taking chances on overtaking the *Nubia*; in fact, some passengers did come on board late Monday evening. Wednesday morning finds us at last out in the open Bengal Bay, moving steadily toward Ceylon.

The waters of the bay present an oily appearance, and there is scarcely a ripple; in fact, our experience in these southern seas has been a very quiet one. After weeks of strenuous sight-seeing and visiting eye clinics, we are glad of this period of quiet. Kansas City is doubtlessly enveloped in snow and ice, but here in the Bay of Bengal the heat is sweltering. At dawn I turn on the electric fan in the bath-room before taking my cold salt plunge; then, after a brisk walk of a mile (thirteen times around the deck), I go down to breakfast, with a keen appetite and exuberant spirit. We have a day or two of rain. One morning we see in the west a magnificent rainbow, completely arching the heavens, with either end dipping into the ocean. It is so bright as to reflect a second bow for nearly one half its length. As we near Ceylon, drawing toward the equator, the temperature rises steadily. The trip, on the whole, has been ideal. There has scarcely been a ripple on the sea for the entire distance. I am told that there is little rough weather on these southern seas.

Our companions on the *Nubia* are far more agreeable than those from Port Said to Bombay. There are a number of cultured Americans, some Scotch and some Germans, besides many English of gentle blood. Among the English is the author, H. Rider Haggard. He is a quiet, conservative, typical John Bull, whom we can with difficulty associate with unreal

tales. He is not at present, he tells me, engaged in writing novels, but is on a Government commission.

The *Nubia* pulls into Colombo harbor in the midst of a heavy rainstorm. We go ashore in a tender, and have our first experience in riding in *jinrickshaws*. The coolies pull us rapidly to the Galle Face Hotel, the finest hotel in Ceylon. It is located on the coast, overlooking the sea. It has a large garden of several acres of palms, shrubs, and flowers. I notice that many of the cocoanut palms are lighted up to their fronds by colored electric lights; these not only serve to illuminate the grounds, but are quite attractive in appearance. The building is spacious, ornate, and well kept. The table at the Galle Face is good. The servants wear a different dress from any we have yet seen in this country; it consists of a white coat and a long white skirt reaching to their bare feet. Their wavy black hair is worn in a knot at the back of the head. All of them wear round tortoise-shell combs not unlike those our young girls used to wear. Their style of hair-dressing gives them a very effeminate appearance. It is a fashion peculiar to Ceylon. The comb is a somewhat expensive ornament, I am told, as it costs from thirty to fifty rupees.

Bullocks and oxen are used almost to the exclusion of all other animals in hauling every sort of produce. Frequently we see one bullock hitched alone to a two-wheeled cart, trotting up and down the street. The streets are thronged with these oxen hitched to large covered wagons. The covers are of braided straw, which serve as an effectual protection from the heat of the sun. The bullock-wagons give to Colombo a picturesqueness distinct from that of other countries we have seen. *Rickshaws* are seen on every hand. They afford a pleasant and rapid means of going from place to place. The coolies are swift, and possess remarkable endurance.



Hubert Kennedy, Ceylon.

—SINCE 1900—

At the Galle Face I meet Sir Allan Perry, the medical director of the municipality. He is a general surgeon, interested in the different departments of medicine, but he has not done any actual practice for several years.

He takes me to the Victoria Memorial Eye Hospital, where he introduces me to Dr. Joseph. The latter shows me about the hospital, and urges me to come the following morning to see him operate, and to show him, as well, how we operate in America. The hospital is new and modern. About one hundred patients, mostly Sinhalese, come daily for treatment.

The following morning I go to the clinic, where Dr. Joseph makes seven cataract operations, all with iridectomy. He does not irrigate, but tries to move the cortical portion of the lens by means of a curette. In nearly every case he has a blood-clot, in attempting to remove which he scrapes the endothelial layer of the cornea. In one case, in his eagerness to remove all débris, he accidentally ruptures the hyaloid membrane, and has an escape of vitreous; in fact, out of the seven cases he loses vitreous in three. In grasping the eye he often folds in the ocular conjunctiva so as to interfere with the incision. In one case he has the misfortune to catch the iris, accidentally making iridectomy with the knife. Dr. Joseph seems somewhat embarrassed, and remarks that he has had worse luck this morning than in all of the cases he has had the last year. He is young and somewhat inexperienced, and is merely taking the place of Dr. Nell, who is in Europe on a leave of absence. One thing that Dr. Joseph does which I think is noteworthy is that for several days previous to the operation he has the Sinhalese nurses train these undisciplined patients to respond quickly to the surgeon's directions in controlling the movement of the eye during the operation.

The morning of January 29th we spend in packing, pre-



NATIVE GATHERING COCOANUTS IN FRONT OF THE GALLE FACE
HOTEL, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

paratory to our trip to Kandy in the interior of the island. We have *tiffin* a little early, for our train leaves about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It is a beautiful day. The sky is mottled with fleecy clouds, and the lights and shadows on the sea and the green country make us fancy that it is June instead of January; but one can expect perfect days on this tropical island of Ceylon, which, to us, for climate and picturesqueness, is unsurpassed.

The people are unlike those of India—they are straight and slim, but not meager in body. They are well nourished, for the island produces an abundance of food. The women and girls wear many jingling ornaments: finger-, nose-, and toe-rings, and anklets and bracelets. They are plump and supple, with well-turned limbs. They are better clad, cleaner, and more cheerful than the spare, stolid Indians. Zoe says that the little children, with their jet-black hair, sparkling black eyes, and shining little bronze bodies are very cunning. The people are all vegetarians. Being followers of Buddha, they consider it sinful to take the life of any creature. Even cobras and other dangerous animals are allowed to go unmolested.

Our ride from Colombo to Kandy takes us through a diversified country of low, flooded rice-fields, dense groves of bananas or cocoanut palms, and the tea and rubber plantations of the hill country. In the flooded lowlands, where the natives are tending their rice, we see water bison wallowing in the bayous and sluggish streams. The palms at this season are loaded with cocoanuts, and the thick stalks of the bananas are heavy with ripe fruit. We catch glimpses of numerous wild canaries, parakeets, and gorgeous birds of paradise flitting through the green shades of the jungles.

Some fifty miles inland our little engines, one at either end of the train, begin to puff and blow vigorously, as if making



NATIVE SERVANT WEARING TORTOISE SHELL COMB, GALLE FACE
HOTEL, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

greater effort. The grade increases steadily, and we wind up through numerous tunnels to the summit of the hills. We can now look down upon the tea, rice, and rubber plantations that cover the valleys. Even the steep hillsides are terraced and planted with tea or rice, and the dashing mountain streams are diverted into irrigation ditches to water the growing crops. The sun now drops behind the hills. Twilight settles over the valleys, but for an hour or more the sky and hilltops glow with light.

The people of Kandy are kind, gentle, and servile. They seem eager to make our stay with them pleasant. The air is fresh and cool, the mountain water good. We find the hotel quiet, and our first night in the mountain town is very restful. We waken refreshed and ready to see the interesting sights of Kandy.

We spend the morning in a trip to the Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya. The road for the entire distance leads past a succession of thatched houses, which form a continuous village. The broad fronds of the palms cast a cool shade over the highway that goes winding about the slopes of the hills. We enjoy the luxuriant vegetation; but, except for the palm, banyan, and bamboo trees, we see little that is familiar to us.

The gardens are beautifully located—on an island, as it were, for they are almost encircled by a river. They embrace about a hundred and fifty acres, most of which is regularly laid out with the species of trees, shrubs, and flowers indigenous to this climate. A small plot of a few acres has been left to return to the jungle. In this plot are all the plants native to Ceylon; for besides allowing the trees and shrubs here to grow wild and return to type, vegetation from other parts of the island has been introduced and encouraged to grow. In this jungle the coolie calls our attention to a sort of burrow at the



SCENE IN KANDY, CEYLON.

foot of a banyan tree; in this burrow are cobras and other reptiles. Just opposite this point, in the jungles across the river, elephants are seen in their native state, as well as cheetahs, wild boars, apes, monkeys, etc. The cheetah is a species of tiger, closely resembling the Bengal tiger. The boar is one of the most vicious of all the wild animals. We are told that he not infrequently fights the tiger, and he always wins. Gray bears, deers, and hares are quite plentiful in the vicinity of the gardens.

We see the cultivated portions of the gardens under the guidance of the small son of the head gardener. The latter is engaged with another party, and so turns us over to the boy. We are not ill-pleased. The lad is familiar with the plants, and determined that nothing of interest shall escape our notice. We are shown the rubber, nutmeg, clove, almond, banana, pepper, bread-fruit, and jak-fruit trees, as well as the cocoanut, date, and sealing-wax palms. The bread-fruit and jak-fruit the natives use for curry. The clustered bamboo trees are of special beauty and interest. They seem like the pipes of a huge organ, for when played upon by the wind they give forth sounds that are not unmusical. Our little guide is eager for us to see the flying foxes, or huge bats, which hang suspended like baskets from the tops of the tall almond trees. As we turn toward the gate of the gardens the child pulls a leaf from a coca shrub and hands it to me, saying in broken English:

“This is cocaine tree; if we eat it, we run fast.”

I still preserve the leaf as a souvenir of this bright little Eurasian.

We have a late luncheon at the hotel, and about 3 o'clock start out again in *rickshaws* to see the elephants bathing in the river. As we leave the hotel it is threatening to rain, but



SCENE AT LAKE, IN KANDY, CEYLON.

we are undaunted, for the *rickshaws* have rubber hoods. As for the coolies, they are so scantily clad that they are not averse to shower-baths. We go flying down the cool, shaded roads to the jungles, where we are to see the great beasts. Long before we reach the river, the rain is falling in torrents. At the water's edge there is a small bamboo shelter, which we find filled with natives and a chance tourist or two. We crowd in with the others, and for an hour watch the elephants sporting in the water. Then we jump again into our *rickshaws*, and return by way of the Temple of the Tooth.

This is a Buddhist sanctuary, dating back to the fourteenth century. It consists of several damp, rather dirty, stone courts built about the platform on which stands the small building containing the sacred relic—a tooth of Buddha. The revered object is closely locked from view, and tawdry curtains hang about the shrine. In another part of the court is a small tower, containing several images of Buddha and the sacred Buddhist books. The view of the lake and hills of Kandy from the balcony of this tower is very fine. Indian temples, however, are far from attractive. They are approached by means of damp courts, which are usually thronged with beggars, and the temples themselves, with their dirty images and gaudy hangings, have little to commend them. From the temple it is but a short distance back to the hotel, where we arrive in time for dinner.

We spend the evening in the bazars near the hotel, where we buy a few souvenirs, among them a beautiful moonstone necklace.

The following morning, after a plunge in the mountain lake and an early breakfast, we go out to find our coolies waiting to take us over the upper lake roads. We choose to walk first to the Kandy Museum, but the *rickshaw*-men dog



SACRED ELEPHANTS BELONGING TO THE KANDY TEMPLE.

our footsteps and await our pleasure outside. The museum is really a Government workshop, where native arts and crafts are fostered. When we emerge, the patience of the coolies is rewarded, for we go to ride along the smooth lake road, overshadowed by giant palms. We turn presently toward the hills and wind up a canyon, the sides of which are covered with palm, clove, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cocoanut trees. At the summit of the hill we halt in the midst of great tea-gardens, from which we obtain a magnificent view of the surrounding heights and the lake and town lying in their embrace. We now pass the Mowbray Lace School, an Episcopal school for girls, whose work we stop to examine. Leaving the picturesque grounds, we continue our ride to Wage Park, from which the hills, lake, and town of Kandy are again all in plain view. The park contains many great bamboo trees, whose clustered pipes give forth their organ notes with every passing breeze. We descend leisurely along a sun-freckled road, bordered with the flaunting red blooms of great hibiscus plants.

In the afternoon we take what is known as "Lady Horton's Drive." On starting out, my wife stops at the museum to buy another spoon. My ambitious coolie suggests that we go on and allow Madame to overtake us; but it takes a long time to select the spoon, and we reach the top of the hill—one of the finest view-points on the ridge—before she and her coolie come up. I clamber out on a ledge of rock and see the town, lake, and wooded heights all spread out before me; but when I invite Zoe to join me, she doesn't seem especially enthusiastic about scenery. She says she got a good view from a point below. When I ask her if she found a pretty souvenir spoon, she answers briefly, "Yes"; but she does not offer to let me see it, and I conclude there is something wrong with that spoon.



MRS. TIFFANY ON LADY HORTON'S DRIVE, KANDY, CEYLON.

We now begin the descent into the valley by a steep, narrow trail, bordered on either side by dense thickets. The trail is only wide enough for a single *rickshaw*. A little way above Kandy the path leads into the Lady Horton estate. I ask the coolie if Lady Horton (who was the wife of an early governor of Ceylon) still lives here. He laughs and says:

"No. She dead fifty years."

We wander about the fine grounds, enjoying the cool palm-shaded walks and the mountain brook that tumbles noisily through the garden.

When we return to the hotel, the porters tell us gleefully that we must not be late to dinner, for after dinner we are to have the opportunity of seeing a native dance. Sure enough, when we come out from the dining-room we are escorted to seats on the veranda in full view of the esplanade, which is lighted with flaring torches. Two Kandyan men, each with a curious instrument resembling a drum stretched over either end, are hobbling about stooping over the drums, which they beat with their fists. Men and boys in fantastic dress leap about in the weird light and chant a monotonous song. No women or girls are allowed in the dance. A small, active, gayly dressed boy of five is the favorite with the spectators, and the other dancers are quick to see the advantage of sending him among the hotel guests for a copper offering.

The morning of February 1st we are up early and have *chota hazrie* in our room before 6 o'clock; for we are to say "Good-bye" to Kandy and return to Colombo, to sail in the afternoon for Singapore and Hong Kong. It is not yet light when we reach the station; but as we begin our journey the sun's first rays touch the hilltops and flush with color the clouds that hang over the valleys. We are above the clouds. It is raining below, but the sun is not hidden; and as we reach

the lowlands we find them washed and sparkling from the morning showers.

The *Devanha* is in the harbor. We *rickshaw* again along the beach to the Galle Face Hotel, get our luggage, go aboard, and are ready to sail out to China and Japan; but the vessel does not weigh anchor until late in the afternoon of the following day. We are reluctant even then to go, for the feeling comes over us that we are leaving an interesting, romantic country, never to see it again.

As we pull out of the harbor the tropical sun in all its glory drops into the briny deep. We feel that we are homeward bound; not that we are more than half way around, but the rest of the trip will be mostly by water. To be sure, we shall stop at Penang and Singapore, but only for a few hours, and then go on to John Chinaman's land, take a ride in his *rickshaws*, sail up some of his large rivers, and walk along his Great Wall, before crossing to that most interesting archipelago, the land of the Japanese. Afterwards we shall be on the waters again, sailing the Pacific for our own native land.

We do not have to wait to reach China to become acquainted with the tricks of the heathen Chinese. We reach Penang on the first morning of the Chinese festival of the New Year. The junk-boats that fill the harbor are aflutter with many-colored flags and emblems of strange designs. The town itself we find, as we start off in two dragon-covered *rickshaws*, is in holiday dress. Gay streamers and Chinese lanterns hang from the verandas in front of the shops and houses. The swarming townspeople themselves seem to have left their ordinary occupations to make merry, and they watch the passage of our *rickshaws* with curious, smiling interest. The Chinamen here have not wholly abandoned their queues; most of the coolies still wear them. We notice that a large part of the

transportation of the various goods is done by the coolies, rather than by horses or oxen. The streets resound with the clatter of the swift-footed coolies, many of whom wear sandals with wooden soles and heels.

Penang is built on a long, narrow beach, behind which rise low hills. A Chinese passenger on the *Devanha*, who has lived in the town many years, tells me that it has more than forty thousand people. It is in the heart of the prosperous rubber country. Rubber and cocoanuts are the chief exports and the source of no inconsiderable wealth. A few of our fellow-passengers who say "Good-bye" to us in Penang will travel fifty to a hundred miles into the interior to their rubber and cocoanut plantations. We notice that the cocoanut trees in the gardens of Penang are of great size.

Some twenty-four hours after leaving Penang we are steaming into the harbor of Singapore. The harbor is dotted with innumerable small islands, green with the rank tropical vegetation. The city is located on an island. From the bow of the *Devanha* we see a small boat approaching—probably the pilot-boat. It has been a much-discussed question the last few days whether we should reach Singapore in time to see the town; but we enter the harbor about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The channel is tortuous, and we have to travel some two-thirds of the distance around the main island before reaching the dock. Singapore really has docks, however, and we don't have to go ashore in tenders. Our boat was under quarantine in Colombo; but no new cases of plague have developed since we left that port, so the quarantine flag is lowered, and we are allowed to land without delay.

It is raining when we disembark, but rain in the tropics is as welcome as the sunshine. Singapore has its distinctive conveyance—a *garry* drawn by a small, plump, Malay pony.

The city boasts a street railway system, and the *rickshaw*-men are much in evidence. We choose the *garry* and pony to drive to the Botanical Gardens.

The hard, paved streets are bordered by palms and flowers of many varieties. The gardens are extensive, containing a large variety of trees, plants, and flowers. We are especially interested in the coca shrubs and the indigo, cinnamon, and rubber trees. Some of the rubber trees are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years old. The gardener explains to us how the rubber is prepared for the market. The tree is tapped about 5 o'clock in the morning; the cut is triangular, and at the juncture of the grooves the spile is fixed. By 9 o'clock the sap is taken from the cups—about five ounces to a cup—and poured into pans to harden. In twenty-four hours the cakes of rubber are run through a press, which moulds them into sheets; these are then sun-dried for twenty-four hours before being smoked, and are shipped in thin, dark sheets. The native gives me a large sheet, which I yet have as a souvenir of the place. The sheets are an inch thick and about the size of a large platter.

Of the flowers, the lilies and orchids are the most attractive, particularly the dragon lily and the pink pond-lily. Hibiscus plants become trees here and are truly gorgeous. The ferns are also of great size. Part of the gardens has been left in the wild state. We hear the warble of the birds everywhere. One clear song much resembles that of our cardinal.

Pineapples, rubber, cocoanuts, and bananas constitute the chief sources of wealth in the Straits Settlements. The pineapples are unsurpassed for size and flavor, and there are sixteen varieties of bananas. Our ride of eight miles is through a continuous garden of tropical fruits. We are caught in the never-failing 4-o'clock shower. It lasts only a short time,

when the sun reappears. The temperature is never lower than ninety degrees, and the steaming earth is covered with matted thickets of rank vegetation. The shrubs and flowers of our climate are as fragile, in comparison with these plants, as the first spring anemone would appear if placed beside the August golden rod. The orchids alone, we think, attain a magnificent growth without loss of delicacy.

We have tea at the Hotel de l'Europe, and visit some of the shops before going back to the *Devanha*. The manufacture of bamboo and rattan furniture is a leading industry among the Singapore Chinese. Every shop is a miniature factory, where a stolid Oriental sits and weaves, surrounded by a troop of almond-eyed youngsters. Somewhere in the background a Chinese woman, in shiny black trousers and loose jacket, is cooking strange-looking dishes over a smoking fire.

Singapore appears to be a Chinese settlement largely. Chinamen are seen trotting up and down the streets in all directions. They never walk. Their habitual gait is a swift, swinging trot. They possess remarkable strength and endurance. Most of them here still cling to their queues. John is oftentimes a man of wealth and leisure. We see him riding with his sons in *rickshaws*, drawn by the low-caste coolies.

When we return to the *Devanha* we find it an ant-hill of activity. Coolies in hundreds are swarming up and down the gang-plank, engaged in the work of coaling the vessel. Unlike the Hindus, the Chinese do not carry their loads on their heads, but in baskets slung on a pole between couples. It is late in the evening, but sleep is out of the question; so we sit on deck for several hours and watch the tireless laborers trot to and fro. They are a curious and interesting sight, with their muscular, scantily clad bodies and their stolid yellow faces under high-peaked raffia hats.

In the cool of the early morning we move out of the beautiful island-studded harbor of Singapore. We are now leaving the borders of the British possessions. We have been dropping the English at the various Indian ports, and the passengers are now largely American. Some of them, whom we met in Egypt and India, are on their homeward voyage. The Americans are not so exclusive as the English, and we notice a marked difference in the speech of the two peoples. The Englishman speaks more deliberately, uses the broad sound of *a*, and ends his sentences with the rising inflection. These English colonists are the most wide-awake, progressive, and ambitious of all the Britons I have met. They are like our own people, in that they are fully alive to their commercial interests and quick to seize their opportunities to acquire wealth. Many of the men spend practically their whole lives in these tropics, enduring the hardships of the pioneer and separated from their families. Their children at the age of five or six are sent back to England. The wife and mother spends her time, one might say, traveling up and down between her husband and children. The father goes back to England once in several years, stays for a few months, and returns to his interests in the East. These pioneers are adventurers, and while at sea, at least, have a rollicking good time.

Among the *Devanha's* passengers are two or three typical English "rakes." One of them, with his companion, the Hon. Mrs. Gifford, traveled on the *Macedonia* from Port Said to Bombay. Both are somewhat conspicuous in dress and behavior, especially the lady, who wears many diamonds and rather diaphanous clothing. They seldom appear before mid-afternoon, but are rather in evidence, with their cigarettes and their whiskey and soda, until early the following morning. "Sir Harry," as we call him, is hilarious for the first few days;

later he seems quite subdued—content to keep his steamer chair—and standing or walking apparently gives him much discomfort. They have little in common, however, with the other passengers, most of whom are wholesome and interesting.

At our table are a Dutch captain and his wife. The latter does not speak much English, but is vivacious and charming. On our right are two Scotchmen. The Scotch we always find courteous and companionable. One of these gentleman is a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, and has to some degree the gentleness and fine spirit that we associate with his name. Among our own people are a banker and his young bride from Dakota. This is their first trip out of their native country, and they are both enthusiastic about the things they see and experience.

After leaving Singapore, we gradually move away from the equator, but for the first forty-eight hours there is very little change in the temperature. It is not until the third day that there is any appreciable difference. February 12th is much cooler, and the waves are running a little high. We have been wonderfully favored in all our voyages, having seen little or no rough weather since leaving New York. We knock on wood, however; for we have still several thousand miles of travel by sea before we shall be again on our own shores. If it were possible, I would finish the trip by land. The ocean voyage is all right for the fellow that is looking for rest; but to me it seems that life is too short to pass upon the waters. There are too many other things of interest to enjoy while traveling through the different countries, visiting cities, and mingling with various peoples.

To-morrow we shall reach Hong Kong. To-night we see the thin new moon and near it the evening star. We see the

moon over our right shoulders, and so are assured of good luck for another month. Over the prow of the boat hangs the Big Dipper, the two pointers in line with a star near the surface of the sea. This star, we conclude, is the North Star, around which the Dipper revolves. In this latitude the Dipper must be at times below the horizon.

CHAPTER XII.

CHINA.

Hong Kong.

The evening of Valentine's Day we are on the Peak, looking down upon one of the most beautiful harbors we have ever seen. We have ascended from the main city of Hong Kong by the steepest cable-line in the world. The harbor, which lies several hundred feet below us, is almost encircled by towering hill-tops. It contains many islands, and on its quiet surface ride vessels of all nations, besides the strange-looking *sampans* and *junk*-boats of the Chinese fishermen. It is 5 o'clock. The sun is playing hide-and-seek among the clouds and hill-tops. Just now it casts a brilliant path across the waters, the glow extending even to the Peak, where we are standing. The green hills are encircled by broad paved roads, intersected by numerous paths, which wind in and out among the shrubs and trees. On these hills are the British quarters, while the Chinese city of nearly two hundred thousand is huddled on the narrow circular beach.

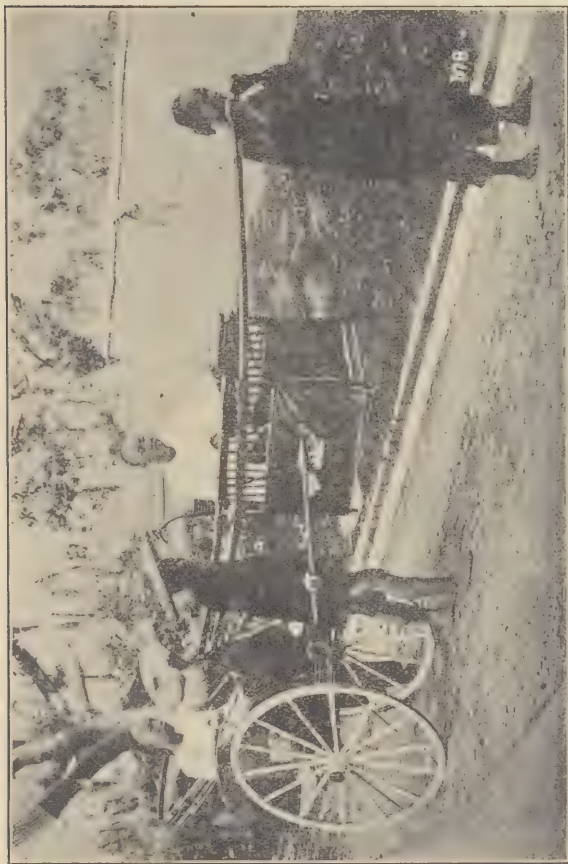
We see little of Hong Kong for the present; for late in the evening of our second day in China we take the small French steamer, the *Paul Beau*, which plies up and down the Pearl River between Hong Kong and Canton. We reach Canton about 7 o'clock in the morning. We find it a typical Chinese city of narrow, grim, closely packed houses, containing some two million people. The city overflows its cramped quarters, as it were, for in the *sampans* and *junks* on the river four hundred thousand people spend their whole lives. Among these



SCENE ALONG THE BUND, CANTON.

river-folk the women are the heads of the families. The man is about, but in the division of labor he is scarcely considered. The woman it is who not only rears and rules the children, but who manages the square matting sails on the ungainly *junks* or sways with the rocking oar on the *sampan* when she is not bending over some household task or ministering to the wants of a yellow baby. She it is who, with a baby slung on her back, comes quietly up the ladder of our steamer near the landing (docks are few) and says to us gently, "*Sampan?*" hoping to make the princely sum of ten cents by rowing us to shore. We go with her into the boat and sit under the queer hood. It is clean in there. A piece of matting is thrown over the seat. A gay Chinese lantern swings above our heads. Bits of red paper are pasted about, and two or three pieces of blue china stand on a rude shelf. The yellow children stare at us in silence, while we wonder where the *sampan*-woman stows them all away and how many she loses overboard. When we land, she takes her bit of money and does not ask for a tip.

There are four in our party besides the guide; so in five Sedan chairs, each carried by three coolies, we swing our way with lively pace up and down and in and out the narrow streets of Canton. They can hardly be called streets. They are really dim lanes six or seven feet wide, shut in on either side by the high houses. It is not possible for two Sedan chairs to pass, and it is especially difficult for the coolies to round the street corners. The long bamboo poles on which the chairs are suspended protrude several feet in the front and the rear of the chair, and the coolies must back into an alley or shop to effect a turn. The streets are flagged with flat stones laid loosely upon the muddy, slimy ground. As our coolies lurch over the loose pavement, the mud and filth ooze up, emitting a horrible stench. The sewers are open trenches just beneath



SEDAN CHAIR AND RICKSHAW.

the doorways. Every street is full of swarming yellow beings, who crowd against the walls to allow our chairs to pass. Our coolies yell uninterruptedly to give warning of our approach. It seems to us that every man and woman and every child more than six years of age is carrying a baby. The throngs burrow in and out of the foul streets and houses like swarming ants in a hill. We ask the guide for the residence part of the city, and he says:

"These shops are the residences. The homes and places of business are one."

I had always supposed that the Chinese live chiefly on rice and fish, but, from the numerous meat shops we see in Canton, it would seem that flesh of all sorts forms a considerable part of their diet. Hanging in front of their shops is every variety of meat from the rat to the ox. There is, however, more pork than anything else. The fish is divided and smeared with red blood to make it attractive. The Chinaman carries his edibles, whether meat or vegetables, unwrapped through the streets. He threads his way through the crowds, with his purchases hanging at the ends of strings. The meat smeared over with blood seems to be a particular delicacy.

The Cantonese are wonderful craftsmen. Whole sections of the city are given over to the manufacture of raw silks. In the dim interiors of hundreds of shops tireless figures bend over the looms, weaving the lustrous fabric. In other shops embroiderers are at work covering long lengths of silk with needlework of rare and intricate design. When we enter the silk shops we have to carry the goods to the door to examine them, and we wonder how the work is ever accomplished in the dusky interiors. After all, though, there is no real light anywhere in Canton. And as we go about we grow accustomed to seeing the carvers of ivory or sandalwood or jade and the

makers of fine enamel or lacquer sitting in their doorways, or even in the lanes, plying their trades with infinite painstaking and skill. Jadestone Street is a never-to-be-forgotten sight: a twilight lane, shut in on either side by caverns filled with the beautiful green luster of the stone, the secret of carving which only the Chinese know. At the jade shops we climb gingerly out of our chairs and walk a little way to enjoy the beauty of the display.

We now make our way to some of the temples of Confucius, one of which contains, among other things, a leering God of Healing. We watch in silence the sick and infirm come and shake out joss-sticks before the idol. When a stick falls upon the floor the invalid carries it to another part of the temple, where he finds the prescription whose number corresponds to the number on his stick. In the remedy prescribed he has sublime faith. In another temple a woman is praying before an idol, and as she prays she drops a pair of fortune-sticks on the flagging. The sticks are rough wooden blocks, shaped not unlike a slipper. If, as the devotee drops the blocks, one falls right side up and the other upside down, the omen is fortunate; but in this case either the god won't be propitiated or else the weight of the blocks is badly distributed. The omen is seldom lucky, and so the praying and wailing goes on. We are told that the men, for the most part, are losing faith in their idols, but the women are still credulous.

In one Buddhist temple are some five hundred images of Buddha; some of these have two heads, some have five eyes. Special significance is attached to the various abnormalities. The Buddhist temples are very filthy. Since the beginning of the new government they have been declared public property, because they were presented to the Buddhist priests by the

officials under the old *régime*. The priests have now abandoned them.

In an open court beyond a temple we eat our lunch, which we have brought with us from the *Paul Beau*. We escape the rabble somewhat here; but there are perhaps two dozen idlers, who stand and look on at our sumptuous feast of much meat and little bread. The Chinese like meat and meat alone; so the cook has put in for us ham, chicken, beef, and fish, but not much bread and no fruit. The remains of the feast we turn over to the coolies. Most of them devour the meat in chunks, but one, who has watched us intently, carefully butters two pieces of bread and lays his piece of meat between them. He seems tremendously pleased with his efforts to imitate the white man's ways.

In the afternoon we swing along to the flower pagoda. The pagoda is quite empty. It seems to have been erected merely as a talisman to ward off evil fortune.

As we swing past the crowds in the narrow lanes we see an appalling number of persons with diseased or abnormal eyes. The affections that I note are not quite of the same character with those in Egypt and India. I see more of chronic conjunctivitis and corneitis than of trachoma. Much of the corneal trouble is sequent to smallpox, the bulla having planted itself on the cornea and given rise to an abscess of this delicate part of the eye. As the ulcer heals it leaves a dense scar or leucoma. However, by far the greater part of the eye trouble here is the result of filth and neglect; for this seething mass of humanity goes through life ignorant and careless of the most elemental laws of cleanliness. Up to the present, the only medical treatment known to the Chinese has been the rites and incantations practiced by the native medicine-man, or the prescriptions indicated by the joss-stick before the God of



CHINESE IN STOCKS, CANTON.

Healing. Abnormalities such as harelip and strabismus, cases of which are seen at every turn of the street, are never corrected. However, with the awakening in China, the people are coming to a realization of the necessity and advantage of scientific surgical treatment. They are fast throwing off the yoke of superstition and idolatry. Their contact with Western people in all the avenues of trade is inaugurating a new era in their ways of living and thinking. The young Chinese educated in Western universities have imbibed the Western spirit, and their influence is revolutionizing the country. Even in Canton we notice evidences of the change. The more cruel methods of punishment have been abolished. The stocks and the headman's axe are things of the past. Yet many of the old customs and superstitions die hard. For instance, a dead body is not always interred within a short time; it may be placed instead in the mortuary for an indefinite period, while the relatives of the deceased seek a favorable spot for burial. The grave, it seems, must meet with certain requirements or evil fortune will come upon the relatives who are left. A fixed sum is paid to keep the body in the mortuary for three months, and then a varying amount for storage, according to the class of the deceased. We see one casket containing a body which has been here for two years. For ourselves, we can see no reason for keeping the dead there. A few feet away is the city wall, beyond which lie green fields. There one could lie at rest. The fields, we think, offer the only avenue of escape from the turbulence and squalor of this terrible city. A Cantonese ought to be glad to find at least any sort of resting-place.

On the way back from Canton to Hong Kong, among the ship's passengers are two young Chinese—one a graduate of Yale and the other of Columbia. The former is a civil engineer and the latter a member of the Chinese Congress. Both are

wide-awake and aggressive, and both have a keen insight into the conditions, needs, and possibilities of their country. They feel that the British occupation of Hong Kong and the adjacent mainland is an injustice, which they resent. They say:

“Wait until we have strengthened our harbor. We will not only have Hong Kong back and the other territory England has taken from us, but we will have redress.”

The Chinese as a people are more intelligent than the Indians, and certainly more appreciative of humor. One frequently sees them stop with the burdens they are carrying slung on a pole and stand in the street laughing at some joke. Unlike other Orientals, who are always desirous of crowding into a picture, they object to being photographed, especially the coolies who carry the Sedan chairs. The reason of their scruples, I am told, is that the chair-bearers' occupation is looked upon as the most menial of all labor; and as the coolies are ambitious to obtain a higher position, they fear that such a picture may militate against their future advancement.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Manila.

February 18th we move out of the Hong Kong harbor, which, in the number of ships entering and clearing the port, is the third in size in the world. As we steam slowly away from the piers an Englishman, watching the life on the shore, points to the straining, tireless, yellow laborers, and says:

“Those are the men of the future.”

We have an uneventful trip to Manila. There is scarcely a ripple on the surface of the sea, though the waters between Hong Kong and Manila lie directly in the path of typhoons. One can always expect rough weather here. We come within sight of the Philippines about bed-time of February 20th, but it is 4 o'clock in the morning before we cast anchor, and nearly 7 o'clock when the customs officers come on board, inspect our luggage, and make us feel that we are among our own. The chief inspector takes us into his private launch and lands us at the pier of the Manila Hotel.

The hotel is of reinforced concrete, constructed on a plan to catch all breezes. With its large, sweeping porches and high ceilings, it is cool and delightful. It has all the conveniences. It is located near the beach, in the midst of fine gardens. The ground on which it stands has been virtually reclaimed from the sea; for Manila at no point is more than three feet above the sea-level. The long dining-room fronts the water. We enjoy a fine breakfast, especially the ice-water, which we can drink without fear of its containing deadly germs,

and the good coffee served with cream instead of condensed milk. Besides other things that constitute a genuine American breakfast, we have delicious native fruits as well.

After breakfast, we go by train out through the suburbs to the native village of San Juan. It is a town of thatched bamboo huts, in curious contrast with which are the raised asphalt roads, the sewer-pipes, and the water-mains. Many of the houses are being torn away to permit of changing the close, narrow streets into wide thoroughfares. Here and there are buildings of reinforced concrete. These buildings seem to have been constructed with a view to the æsthetic effect. They not infrequently have graceful columns of the Ionic order.

Manila is constructing a broad esplanade along the whole water-front. About midway of these grounds is a monument to José Rizal, the Washington, so to speak, of the Philippines. Rizal was shot by the Spaniards in 1896. He was a man of education, revered by the people; but the *padres* became jealous of his influence and at their instigation he was arrested and executed.

Walking through the parks, we meet many groups of school-children going to and fro with their books. They are intelligent-looking and plainly, but neatly, dressed. Education is not compulsory, but the greater number of the children attend either public or church schools. They are learning English, and the leaven of their enlightenment is spreading among the older people. Most of the people appreciate what the United States is doing for the Islands. They are sensible to the benefits they have derived from our administration. The young people in the schools are practically a unit in their desire to remain under the United States government, and their feeling is shared by the great majority of the people of the island. The people are not ready to govern themselves; they

would speedily fall into the hands of some stronger ambitious government. The agitation for independence, I am told, is solely among a few ambitious politicians. The Islands are now self-supporting. Their maintenance does not cost the United States a dollar. They are gaining in strength and independence every day. It is true that a military force is required, whether here or elsewhere. Before any radical action looking to the independence of the Islands is taken by our Government, a commission should be sent to investigate into Philippine conditions.

We are interested to learn what improvements have been made in the Philippines since they became our possessions. We go in a *calesa* with Dr. Vernon Andrews, a former student of the University Medical College, to see what were formerly the slums of Manila. But instead of driving through the mire, as he says they had to do a few years ago, we pass over hard asphalt streets. We ride through districts in which the sewers have not yet been built. Here and there are pools of stagnant water, which formerly served for drinking-water as well as for bathing-places, laundries, and sewers. Now fresh running water from mountain streams is piped to the doors of the houses, and the stagnant pools are being drained and filled in. Where sewers are not yet laid, elevated sheds have been built, in which buckets are placed and emptied far out into the bay. A law has been passed prohibiting the Chinese gardeners from using the sewage for fertilizing their gardens. The lines of sewer-pipes are being rapidly extended into all the districts of the city. As a result of these sanitary measures, the number of cases of typhoid has been reduced seventy-five per cent, and dysentery practically eradicated; in fact, Manila, instead of being a hot-bed of disease, is fast gaining a reputation as a health resort.

The Filipinos appreciate their improved conditions. They are more hopeful, industrious, and ambitious. They have a greater incentive to work, knowing that whatever they accumulate they can enjoy. Under the Spanish rule their savings went for the Church or for exorbitant taxes. The present tax rate varies from 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent on real estate. There is besides a poll-tax of two pesos. The tax seems sufficient to defray the running expenses of the government, including the cost of improvements. The government maintains a great hospital, university, bureau of science, and normal school, besides grammar schools, in which 600,000 children are gathered under 800 teachers.

We pay a visit to Fort McKinley and to the village of Guadalupe. The fort is the largest in the Islands. Its altitude is considerably greater than that of Manila. It commands a fine view of the city and coast. It was in the vicinity of the fort and Guadalupe that the Filipinos made their last stand against the Americans.

Our drive along the banks of the river through the old town of Guadalupe is very interesting. There is but one street—perhaps a mile or more in length—on either side of which are native huts made of bamboo and nipa palms. The houses are but one story in height. All are raised on piles several feet above the ground. They are thus secured from overflows and rendered dry and airy. The village reminds us somewhat of the old town of the same name in Mexico; in fact, the people here are not unlike the Mexicans, but they are now more cleanly, prosperous, and intelligent.

The Philippine Government in the conduct of its penal institution has instituted radical reforms. We visit Bilibid Prison at the time of "retreat." When we enter the huge gate the guard conducts us up a long stairway and across an elevat-

ed walk to a guard-house which overlooks the entire prison grounds. Some three thousand prisoners, men and women, come marching from their quarters in step to the music of the prison band. They halt and remain in quiet ranks until the selection is finished; then, to a sprightly tune, they go through a gymnastic drill, after which they march past the ration-kettles and, without breaking step, receive their dishes of rice and stew; they then return to their quarters for their evening meal. The band is made up of prisoners, with the exception of the leader.

The prisoners are obliged to keep clean. They are all taught useful trades. They become skilled workmen, and their wares find a readier sale than those of artisans outside. When they have served out their sentences, they leave with a good suit of clothes, a little money in their pockets, and some knowledge of a trade. There are no life prisoners at Bilibid. Those sentenced to life imprisonment are sent to a neighboring island, where a small portion of ground is given them to cultivate. They can take their families with them into their exile. Bilibid is self-sustaining. It is a reformatory and a place of education, rather than a penal institution.

The general hospital of the Philippine University is the best hospital in the Far East. It accommodates about three hundred patients. The building consists of several wings of two stories each, with wide balconies facing the open courts. The wards are high and airy and immaculately kept. They are well furnished, with good spring beds on pneumatic wheels, which allow of a patient being moved without noise or jarring. Most of the nurses are Filipinos. I am told that they are competent, gentle, and faithful.

In the department of ophthalmology, otology, rhinology, and laryngology—all four sciences under one head—I find a

German fellow, Rheinhard Rembe, from Chicago, in charge. He has studied in Germany and Austria. He claims to have some operations which are original with him, but I do not see him make them. The thing that impresses me most in his clinic is that his cataract patients are seen the day after an operation sitting about the room with their eyes unbandaged. They wear only a light bamboo shield. They are permitted to walk to and from the wards unattended by any assistant. Dr. Rembe uses a light bandage for only a few hours. Of course, I appreciate the advantages of light dressings in so warm a climate. And the more I visit the different clinics in the Orient the more I am convinced of the value of using as little dressing as possible, and that for only a short time.

Dr. Rembe says there are but few cases of trachoma in the Philippines, for the reason that the natives here do not use towels. They bathe by dashing or pouring water from a coconut-shell over their bodies, and they never dry themselves with towels. I suggest that a more plausible reason is the fact that there are few flies here and no hot winds and dust, such as one encounters in Egypt and India. The Filipino method of bathing is not unlike that of the Hindu, and the latter never uses a towel; yet trachoma prevails throughout India.

In cases of gonorrheal ophthalmia Rembe is using arheol, the active principle of sandalwood oil, which he dusts over the conjunctiva. He asserts that this powder is a specific for the disease.

Our stay in Manila is delightful throughout, because of the kindness of some of our own *alumni* of the University Medical College of Kansas City; in fact, with other American friends here, they give us an ovation from the time we land until we are ready to depart. It is a delight to find the U. M. C.

boys occupying prominent positions in the Philippine University and in the Army and Navy—Andrews, Ames, Beaching, and others.

Before leaving the Philippines, we visit the Army and Navy Club, meeting a number of the officers stationed in the island. The club, ideally located in the park overlooking the bay, is an attractive meeting-place for the officers and their families with the *élite* of the city. The officers are jovial, companionable fellows, usually bachelors. High-balls and other American drinks circulate freely, and everyone has a good time.

From the club we go to dinner with Dr. Kneedler, from Missouri, a wide-awake physician, who has built up a large practice in Manila.

My wife is especially interested in the great Observatory of the Jesuit Friars. Two of the fathers are said to be the greatest authorities in the world on the subject of typhoons and earthquakes. These southern seas are swept frequently by typhoons, to the danger of life and property. But the clever priests, by means of an elaborate system of instruments for determining atmospheric conditions, are able to tell the origin and course of a storm, and not infrequently to give as many as five days' warning of its approach; word is then cabled to the observatories on the neighboring coasts, and thousands of lives and dollars' worth of property are saved. In the great typhoon of 1906, the warning which the *padres* sent to the Chinese coast was disregarded by the man in charge of the Observatory at Hong Kong. The storm caught all the *sampan* people unprepared, and thousands of them were lost.

As we are leaving the Observatory Zoe asks the old father:

"Shall we have fair weather on our trip back to Hong Kong? . We are to sail to-morrow."

"No, madame; you will have a rough passage," he answers at once.

The next day we go aboard the little *Taming* about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The sun is shining low in the west and the waters are so placid that we conclude the father must have been mistaken. But by 7 o'clock we have finished our first (and last) meal on board. The little steamer is plunging and rocking through heavy seas. For the next two and a half days we are content to keep our berths, or at best to stagger dizzily to the steamer-chairs on deck. The dining-room has no attraction. We look back, though, to our visit in the Philippines as one of the pleasantest parts of our entire trip; but we are none the less delighted to set foot again on the Chinese coast. After our late experience, we feel almost inclined to settle permanently in Hong Kong.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHINA.*Hong Kong.*

On landing, we ascend again to the Peak Hotel by the cable which Kipling says stands on its head and waves its feet in the mist. From the veranda of the hotel we enjoy the magnificent view of the bay of Hong Kong. The surface of the water resembles an immense mirror, reflecting innumerable craft and green islands and wooded heights. Here and there between the hills which enclose the bay are narrow, sheltered inlets, crowded with low, brown, rocking *sampans*. The slopes are dotted with English villas, surrounded by hanging gardens. Among them wind white ribbons of roadway, along which the coolies trot, carrying building materials, luggage, household supplies, or even the householders themselves in their swinging Sedan chairs. The sun shines dimly through the clouds, and the whole scene is wrapped in a luminous haze.

Macao.

Sunday morning, March 2d, we make our way among the *sampans*, in and out between the islands of the bay, to visit that far-away Eastern colony of the Portuguese, who came out from the mother country some three and a half centuries ago and settled among the Mongolians in the little town of Macao, near the mouth of the Pearl River. The bay and the hills are enveloped in fog. The morning is somewhat somber. But I suppose we shall be gay enough when we reach the new Monte Carlo; for Macao is the gambling-place of the Far



ROAD LEADING TO CABLE STATION ON THE PEAK, HONG KONG.

East. Zoe is going up to see if she can win enough for a green silk gown, trimmed in velvet and Chinese lace.

Coming into the bay of Macao is a delight. The first thing we notice is the Portuguese city of quaint blue, yellow, or pink houses. Then the old forts, and to the east of these the facade of the cathedral; only the facade is standing, the remainder of the building having been destroyed by a typhoon a few years ago. This old Gothic front stands as a monument to the Christian faith of the early colonists, who settled Macao in 1557 in the midst of Chinese pirates. The history of the colony has been at once romantic and tragic. Isolated from all Europeans for the last three hundred and fifty years, the little settlement has withstood the repeated attacks of pirates and hostile neighbors and maintained its identity. Its people have built for themselves a unique and pleasing city.

Our boat, the *Paul Beau*, passes the whole length of the bay, close by the fort, the churches, and the pink and blue houses. The Macao Hotel, where we are to have our *tiffin*, is almost at the water's edge; yet the bay is so shallow we have to steam around the point and into the river and land in the Chinese quarter. The river is full of *junks* and *sampans*.

On the bank hundreds of *rickshaws* are stationed and the coolies rush up to take us to the hotel. To escape them as soon as possible, we choose the first three who come (for we have with us a young English journalist), and, climbing into the *rickshaws*, we go rattling over the cobblestones of the narrow streets. Throngs of Chinese—men, women, and children, in their picturesque garb—press about us, all chattering a gibberish not a word of which we understand, except the shouts of our bearers for the throng to make room for our vehicles. We pass several gambling-dens, where many people, including some Europeans and Americans, are playing *fantan* for money



GROUP OF CHINESE.

on this beautiful Sunday morning. We do not stop, but go directly (if one is able to go directly through this labyrinth of narrow streets) to the hotel. As we approach the hotel the streets become broader, and we emerge on the esplanade facing the bay. To the left are old gardens and somewhat modern buildings, and we seem to have come suddenly into a European city. The hotel is kept by a Portuguese, and we are given a very good *tiffin* indeed.

After *tiffin* we walk along the broad esplanade and climb to the redoubt on the hill. Within the crumbling walls is a garden, in the midst of which stands a military hospital. The garden is full of old-fashioned flowers. We notice several birds not familiar to us. The walls of the fort and the buildings themselves seem old and decayed. The walks are grass-grown. It is a quiet place—a place apart and separate from the world in general.

Coming from the gardens, we descend to the streets, where we notice many Chinese children loitering in the shade and fragrance of flowering shrubs. I try to get a snap-shot of several Chinese women who have tiny feet—I might better say club feet, for many of these poor creatures have only stubs on which they totter about; attendants help to support them as they walk. The practice of foot-binding, however, is now prohibited, and these poor unfortunates seem sensitive and chagrined about their maimed condition; they wear much longer trousers than their companions, in order to conceal their deformity, which in former days was considered a mark of beauty and distinction. It is a difficult matter to secure a photograph of any of the Chinese; they seem to have a superstitious aversion to the camera. In this respect they are unlike the Indians, who rush into the camera on all occasions.

Before going to the gambling-den, our coolies seem to

appreciate what we wish to see; for they take us up and down the smooth, shaded streets to the beach. The ride in the comfortable vehicles drawn by swift-footed coolies along the sands, with the gurgling waters at our feet, is restful and delightful. After this journey of several miles, we finally enter again the narrow, winding streets of the densely populated city, and stop at one of the public gambling-dives of this Chinese Monte Carlo.

Here we find many people—Chinese, Portuguese, English, and Americans—all intensely interested in the game. We ascend to the second floor or gallery, and look down upon the gambling-tables, which are loaded with money and chips. There are stacks of silver and gold coins and bank-notes. Many of the gamblers are on the first floor. Those of us in the gallery are served by a Chinaman, who operates a basket on a cord. A man at the table rakes out a double handful of brass rings without regard to number, and then, with a stick or pointer, he counts them out in groups of four until there remains but one complete or broken set. The gambler bets on the number of rings left in this set, be it one, two, three, or four. If he wins, he receives three times the amount of his stake less ten per cent, which goes to the bank.

We have scarcely seated ourselves when, in the midst of the excitement of the Europeans and the gravity of the Orientals, my wife sends down the contents of her purse on No. 2. Then the excitement grows more intense; for as the Chinaman begins to pull away the chips, and the pile steadily diminishes, I notice her eyes glow and a flush of heat mount to her cheek. When the chips are all grouped except two, she claps her hands and cries:

“I’ve won! I’ve won!”

Our man lowers the basket and hauls up big, round silver

dollars plus the coin she put in. She hands me the dollars and says eagerly:

"Hold these, and I'll bet all the other change on No. 1 this time."

For the rest of the afternoon she continues to drag up money, and I am unable to get her away until the last gong for the boat sounds, when we must hurry to get on board in time. Our fellow-passenger, the English journalist, is not so fortunate. He came away twenty or twenty-five dollars poorer than when he started.

My wife says she wanted the experience this once, but that she will never repeat it. It is a dangerous pastime; for, though one may be lucky occasionally, at the very best he has but one chance out of four to win. Only the bank makes money. Many go there day after day and gamble their earnings away. One Englishwoman at our right lost steadily the entire afternoon. The mere gambling is not the only evil; smoking and drinking go with it. A young Englishman who sat opposite us was especially nervy, putting up bank-notes or gold each time. He nearly always won; and after each bet he called for more cigars, whiskey and soda. He went away with his pockets full of bills and jingling coin. The next time he will probably lose this and much more.

Hong Kong Again.

Monday morning Doctor Harston calls for me at the Hong Kong Hotel, and takes me to the Tung Wa Hospital, a charitable institution that furnishes even the coffins. We find about fifty patients waiting for Doctor Harston. More than forty of them have trachoma, and the majority of these some form of keratitis. Dacriocystitis is not an infrequent complication. Doctor Harston attributes the great amount

of trachoma to the fact that all the members of a Chinese family use the same towel in their daily toilet. I believe that catarrh, the smoking of opium and tobacco, and the living in small, over-heated rooms are also important etiological factors in the disease and its complications.

For the treatment of trachoma Harston is using just now snow of carbon-dioxide. He applies the crayon without any anæsthetization. The patients are either less sensitive than Europeans and Americans or they are more stoic; aside from squirming a little, they manifest no sign of suffering. Harston claims that the snow effects a cure in a much shorter time than other caustics. I am pleased with the immediate results of the treatment I see here to-day. The doctor manufactures his own crayons in the operating-room and applies them to fifteen or twenty of his worst cases. He everts the lids and presses the crayon all along the mucous membrane, going well into the *cul-de-sac*, taking care not to touch the cornea. The heavy turgescient membrane melts away, as it were, when pressed by the crayon. The application is made for fifteen or thirty seconds. Some reaction follows, but no sloughing. The pain subsides in less than two minutes, and the patients walk about with their eyes open, evidently experiencing much relief. The snow seems to me an improvement on the caustics ordinarily used. To my question, "Have you yet discovered the bacillus that produces trachoma?" Doctor Harston answers:

"No. With my assistants, I have been working on the problem for some time, but have not been able to isolate the specific germ. If a specialist were desirous of making research as to the etiological factor in trachoma, certainly this clinic, in which thousands of cases are treated annually, would afford a most excellent opportunity."

We walk one morning down the south slope of the hill

toward the fishing village of Aberdeen. The hard, smooth road meanders through woods and shrubbery, some indigenous to this coast, and many planted by the English since they took possession of the island. Birds flit through the foliage and clear rills trickle down the slope. We catch now and then charming views of the neighboring hills of Hong Kong. We started out intending to walk to the bay itself, some fourteen hundred feet below. But the time is too short, and we have to leave our visit to Aberdeen for the next time. On our way back we pass a continuous procession of coolies transporting luggage to and from the steamers.

The night before leaving Hong Kong we go with our English newspaper friend, Battock, to visit a Chinese theater. As we enter I feel inclined to turn up my trousers, in order to wade through the nut-shells, pieces of fried cakes, and other things less inviting which cover the floor. As we make our way to the gallery reserved for the *élite* we are almost deafened by the loud, monotonous rasping of a two-stringed fiddle and the clang of cymbals.

The play is well under way. We are much astonished to see among the actors numerous spectators, who walk about the stage at will and converse together; no one seems to resent their presence. The actors are fantastically dressed to represent a period in Chinese history some four hundred years back. They say their lines amid the din and uproar they call music. The leading man indulges in a few pompous, acrobatic feats by way of emphasis. We manage to make out that the play depicts scenes in the life of some old emperor. The fiddler with his two-stringed instrument seems to be the most interested party. He plays loud, strong, and continuously the same monotonous time. The actors are the least of his concern; and he occasionally drops his fiddle to execute a few



COOLIES WE MET CARRYING LOADS UP THE PEAK, HONG KONG.

whirls himself, while he clashes his great cymbals together with a deafening racket. The audience gives expression to its appreciation by frequent bursts of laughter, but there is no applause. These Chinese plays often cover a long period of time and require several days to play them. A single ticket will serve several individuals. One person will use the ticket for a few hours, and then sell or give it to another.

Our English friend says that it is always the thing to take a little Chinese tea at the theater. So a pot is brought into our stall—a pot with the spout broken off. We are not deterred from drinking the tea until we notice tea-grounds and a dead fly in the cup; we then realize that the cup has been passed along unwashed from others to us. Nothing daunted, the Englishman uses the cup; but I take from my pocket a folding cup, and we drink from that. The tea is bitter, but good.

The day we leave Hong Kong we choose not to descend the Peak by cable, but to walk instead down the winding road, the better to enjoy our last view of the wonderful harbor. The road is very steep—sometimes more than twenty-three and a half degrees. Either side is flanked with palm, banyan, and bamboo trees, the green of their foliage broken here and there by the red blossoms of the hibiscus. The streams we think are more numerous on this north side of the Peak. The road is fairly blocked by the coolies who are toiling up the hill under their swinging loads of mortar, lumber, stone, and coal.

When we go aboard the *Manchuria* we feel that we have already turned our backs on China and are really homeward-bound; at least, on an American liner we feel at home. When we go in to luncheon a fellow-passenger asks:

"Do you realize that you are sailing under an American flag?"

"Yes," I answer; "I haven't seen the flag yet, but I have every reason to believe that we are. I have just come from the barber-shop, where the tonsorial artist appreciates his services; he charged me a dollar and a half for a shave and a hair-cut; then as I sit here at the table I notice that we have in front of our plates musical programs instead of wine-cards; and I haven't seen any women smoking; but I was also apprised of the fact that we are among Americans when I heard a fellow just now tell the steward to bring him some 'peaches, pie, and a little pudding.' "

Shanghai.

March 7th we sail into the Yangtse River, and some two hours later we are walking up and down the streets of Shanghai, the great silk emporium of the world. My wife seeks out a famous shop and with the money she won at Macao buys the coveted green dress. She also insists on getting a bolt of pongee for suits for me, as she says she won plenty of money for both.

In *rickshaws* we ride along some of the main paved streets, which are very clean. It is a bleak, wintry day; we are in the midst of a driving snow-storm. As we ride along we note the large Chinese lanterns and the vertical signs swinging in front of the shop windows. Their bright colors seem very attractive in the swirling snow. There are hardly any animals in the streets of Shanghai. The traffic is carried on here by man-power, even to the hauling of large carts and wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrow is used for carrying passengers as well as merchandise, and is much in evidence. Sometimes we see as many as six or seven people wheeled by a single coolie.

Our *rickshaw*-men take us into the old Chinese quarter, where we visit the mandarin gardens, the *joss*-houses, the famous tea-gardens, and many booths with their attractive wares: pottery, fine carvings in ivory, *cloisonné*, etc.

Shanghai is international, having English, American, and French colonies. In many respects it is certainly in advance of any other town we have seen in China. The hotels have modern sanitary equipment, and compare very favorably with hotels in Europe.

When we are about to go aboard the little tender to return to the *Manchuria*, we are halted at the wharf by numerous boys, who offer for sale pieces of *cloisonné* and great bunches of fragrant violets. After our trip through the silk shops and bazars, I find that I have only a small coin, worth about two and a half cents; yet a Chinese lad takes it eagerly and gives me in exchange a great bunch of violets, that seem all the fresher for their contact with the moist snow. Such a bunch at this season would have cost at least a dollar in Kansas City.

When we reach the *Manchuria* after a two-hours trip in the river tender, we are more than ever impressed by the comforts of the big liner and the superiority of her officers and crew. The storm continues unabated, and we lie in the mouth of the Yangtse until morning, the captain deeming it imprudent to sail before daylight. At dinner I hear Mr. Elcum, an English passenger from Singapore, remark that the *Manchuria* and her service surpass anything he has experienced; and he has traveled extensively throughout the East. He says that no vessel of the P. and O. or of any other English line can, in his opinion, compare with the *Manchuria*.

"I am impressed," he adds, "with the dignity and mien of the officers and crew. The other day, when I was a little

off my sea legs, the chief steward paid me a friendly visit, asking me—not as an underling, but as an equal—if there was anything he could do for me. I found him a companionable, clever chap. This afternoon I chanced to pass through the dining-room and, by golly! whom should I see but the steward having a social game of cards with two of your American girls. I shouldn't dare offer him a tip. I think I should find it as embarrassing as asking for whiskey and soda here at the table when everyone else is drinking ice-water. I hesitated for ten minutes just now before calling for my drink, but I can't come down to ice-water. You know, Doctor, you're a wonderful people, and I have written home to say so."

CHAPTER XV.

JAPAN.

Nagasaki.

We reach Nagasaki, our first Japanese port, two days after leaving Shanghai. It is one of the prettiest small harbors we have yet seen. It covers scarcely two square miles and contains numerous islands. Only with an effort can such boats as the *Manchuria* turn around in the port; in fact, the last time the *Manchuria* visited Nagasaki the suction of her turbines pulled down some of the sea-wall and a number of the frail Japanese houses. Two blades of the vessel's propeller were broken.

It is early evening when we enter the harbor, but we no sooner cast anchor than the work of coaling the vessel begins. Hundred of Japanese—men, women, and children, on low barges loaded with coal—come alongside the vessel and begin the work of constructing rude ladders against the ship's side. They work with incredible swiftness, and soon the business of coaling is under way. They station themselves on the rounds of the ladders and the coal is passed in hemp baskets, holding about half a bushel each, from hand to hand into the bunkers. The laborers form, as it were, a continuous belt of cups. It is a unique sight. So agile are the workers that there is an unbroken stream of coal pouring from the barges into the ship. Hour after hour throughout the night the work goes on; there is no rest until the bunkers are full. And even before our arrival all the coal had to be quarried and loaded on the barges. So eager are these people to earn a little money that during



JAPANESE COALING A VESSEL AT NAGASAKI

all this time they take no rest nor sleep. The captain tells us that on a recent trip to Nagasaki he saw a child born on one of the barges. The mother left the ranks of the workers only long enough to wrap the baby up and lay it in an empty corner of the barge, and then returned to her toil. Nagasaki is the greatest coaling-station in the world. The Pacific Mail and other lines secure here all the coal necessary for a voyage to and from America. We are told that the whole island on which Nagasaki is located is one gigantic coal-bed, capable of furnishing the entire world with fuel for centuries. Both coal and labor are very cheap; the coal costs only a few yen a ton, and the laborers can be hired for twenty or thirty yen a day.

As we go ashore we find many coolies waiting and eager to take us about the town. The air is sharp and chilly, however, and we prefer to walk. We tell them emphatically that we do not want *rickshaws*; but, in spite of our remonstrances, the coolies follow us through the streets, resting outside the shops when we go in to examine cloisonné, ornaments in tortoise-shell, mounted pheasants, leather articles, or water-colors. The Jananese are unrivaled for their skill in making clever imitations. We are told that much of their genuine tortoise-shell is made from the hoofs of Armour cattle. We have to acknowledge, however, that all their work possesses beauty and delicacy of design and finish.

When we emerge from the last shop to return to the wharf, we find the coolies still waiting. They seem to have known better what we want than we knew ourselves. It is cold and rainy and we are glad to avail ourselves of the little vehicles to go back through the muddy streets, though it cost us a dime.

Early the next morning we look out to see a few scattered workers finishing the coaling of the ship. But the work

is practically over, and most of the exhausted men and women are sitting about on the barges, eating their morning *chow*, which consists of a little cold rice and some dried fish.

The voyage from Nagasaki to Kobe takes us through the wonderful Inland Sea. We thread our way through innumerable green islands, their banks terraced to a considerable height. Toy villages nestle at the water's edge. Here and there rises an island peak covered with snow. Our boat changes its course constantly in passing through the archipelago, and it keeps us guessing which of the numerous straits we are going to take. Sailing in and out among the islands are clumsy fishing-boats. Thousands of sea-gulls are wheeling about overhead and at the prow of our vessel flying-fish skim over the smooth surface of the water. For several hours the beautiful panorama of water and islands and sail-boats and toy villages unfolds—always the same and always changing. The day's journey through the Inland Sea has been a delight—a fitting introduction to what is before us.

Kobe.

It is late in the afternoon when we draw into Kobe, and, as the *Manchuria* is so comfortable, we do not go ashore, but remain on board until the following morning. After the formality of passing the custom-house is over, our luggage is piled into a *rickshaw* and we walk behind it to the hotel. The Tor is located at the base of a lofty, pine-covered hill, and commands a fine view of the harbor and city. The harbor is large, affording anchorage for many ships; but it is not especially well protected. The hotel prides itself on its modern conveniences, every room having a bath adjoining. The *cuisine* is fairly good, and we have everything for about six and a half yen each.



SCENE IN THE INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

After *tiffin* we go first to see the Daibutsu, or great sitting Buddha, whose hollow interior contains an altar and many small images; and from here to the Shinto Temple of Nanko. These temples represent the two prevailing religions of the Japanese. Buddhism is the state religion, having been formally adopted by the government after some indecision as to its advantages over Christianity. The Temple of Nanko is a group of open buildings with characteristic fluted roofs. They seem to us rather flimsy buildings of no special beauty. But in summer the grounds are doubtless attractive. They are bleak to-day in the raw March wind, and we find more interest in riding through the lanes of shops watching the people as they clatter along on their wooden clogs.

The next morning is brighter and warmer, and we start out to see the Nunobiki waterfalls on the outskirts of the town. We stop a few squares from the hotel, to watch a group of laborers laying the foundation for a house. Both men and women are at work; the men carrying the stone and mortar, and the women tamping the earth with clumsy wooden blocks, not unlike miniature pile-drivers. This work among us would be done by horse-power or steam rollers. The women form an odd group as they stand in two lines, moving the blocks up and down in unison, to the accompaniment of a cheerful singsong. As we go on we choose to walk through the alleys, in order to see the back yards and to peep into the fragile houses. Through the paper screens we even catch glimpses now and then of members of the family taking their morning baths. Every back yard is a miniature garden, with a dwarfed tree and a few shrubs. Order and cleanliness prevail.

The Nunobiki falls remind us somewhat of the Seven Falls in South Cheyenne Canyon, except that the former are very small. From the upper cascade one obtains a charming



A TEMPLE IN JAPAN.

view of the town and bay. In themselves the falls are pretty, but their surroundings are sordid and commercial. Their approach is between two unbroken lines of flimsy stalls, containing gaudy china and post-cards—a cheap display. From one of the insistent shopkeepers I buy a bamboo cane containing a fishing-rod to add to my collection.

In the afternoon we ride through Theater Street with its gay banners. The buildings are open to the street below, but latticed balconies screen the upper stories. As dusk comes on and the lights are lit the interiors are plainly visible through the flimsy paper of the sliding panes.

From the shops we turn toward the sea front. It is not an interesting quarter. We do not find an attractive open beach, but factories, shipping-houses, and the general ugliness of a commercial district. The waters lapping the littered sands are slaty gray. A raw wind is blowing and the workmen who clatter along are red-faced and shivering. Only the vessels riding at anchor some distance away are pleasant to look upon.

Osaka.

We leave Kobe on March 14th for Kyoto, stopping *en route* at Osaka, the Venice of the East. Osaka is intersected by numerous canals. It is a great manufacturing city of more than a million inhabitants. It is the center of the Satsuma pottery industry. The Imperial Mint is located here. We are told that the city boasts a fine mediæval castle, but we fail to find it; for the people, though surrounded by the modern influences inseparable from growing manufacturing interests, seem themselves strangely unaffected by any of the activity or change about them. We think them the least alert of any people we have seen in Japan; they shuffle about intent only upon their own affairs, and our persistent inquiries in



JAPANESE GEISHA GIRLS.

regard to the castle, the Mint, and the factories never bring so much as a flicker of interest to their stolid faces. We get on the tram to explore on our own account, but we can only ride and transfer aimlessly, for no one knows where we wish to go. Every dull brown street looks exactly like the last one and, so far as we can discover, leads nowhere in particular.

We leave Osaka in the afternoon. At the station we find some diversion in watching the men, women, and children shuffling up and down the steps on their various kinds of clogs. The clogs are sawed from a solid block, with two benches an inch or more in height underneath. A strap passes from either side of the clog between the great toe and the second one; and the wearer goes along with a curious, running, shuffling step, the heel of his clog slipping as he goes.

In the train we find the first-class passengers all carrying small wooden boxes of boiled rice, which they eat with chopsticks; they have with them also pots of tea, and they seem to relish their refreshments. They then settle themselves to smoke without troubling to ask permission of the other occupants of the car. Their otherwise unfailing courtesy seems to take no account of the possibility of the smoke's giving offense.

For some distance out of Osaka we pass, as it were, through a continuous village. There are no isolated farm-houses. The villagers engage in agricultural pursuits, but they live in settlements. Their small truck gardens and paddy-fields are laid out with admirable precision and tended with the greatest care. The vegetables grow on narrow embankments between which are irrigating-ditches. The plodding farmer heaps the earth with nicety about the growing plants. Water is not standing on the stubble of the paddy-fields. The grain has been cut and gathered into barrel-shaped stacks.



JAPANESE STREET SCENE.

To-day is a typical March day, of mottled sky and chilly, blustering winds. Most of the trees show the faint rose-brown of swelling buds. But we pass through narrow valleys beautiful with groves of slender bamboo, whose pointed leaves toss in the raw wind, showing alternate masses of thick green and silvery gray. Their rustling is a soft, muffled sound, mingled with the gentle creaking of the reed-like trunks. The raw weather brings forcibly to our notice the fact that the houses we pass have no chimneys. We know then that the people depend for comfort on the meager heat of their jars of smouldering charcoal.

Kyoto.

We reach Kyoto at dusk. A uniformed individual from the Kyoto Hotel meets us and places us in a victoria; so in splendor that seems incongruous in a city of clogs and *rick-shaws* we whirl through the streets to the hotel. Our footman often finds it necessary to run in advance of our carriage, to clear the way for so unwonted a vehicle. On arriving at the hotel we find a lobby full of urbane attendants, who bow us into the office and then into our rooms, where a fire has already been kindled; for the hotel has been notified of our coming from Kobe. So fast does news travel.

When we go in to dinner, we find the first evidence that an Oriental people may hold some convictions relative to their own standing; for in the dining-room are several Japanese, and there is no surrendering of favored places to Europeans and Americans. However, the Orientals are not yet at home in our ways; there is a suspicious suggestion of chopsticks in the way they use their knives and forks. One gentle little woman in butterfly *kimono* by some magic lifts an egg whole on her fork, and, in a manner little in keeping with the dainti-

ness of her attire, eats her way quite through it; perhaps she feels that, if she puts it down, she can not again accomplish the difficult feat of getting it on the fork.

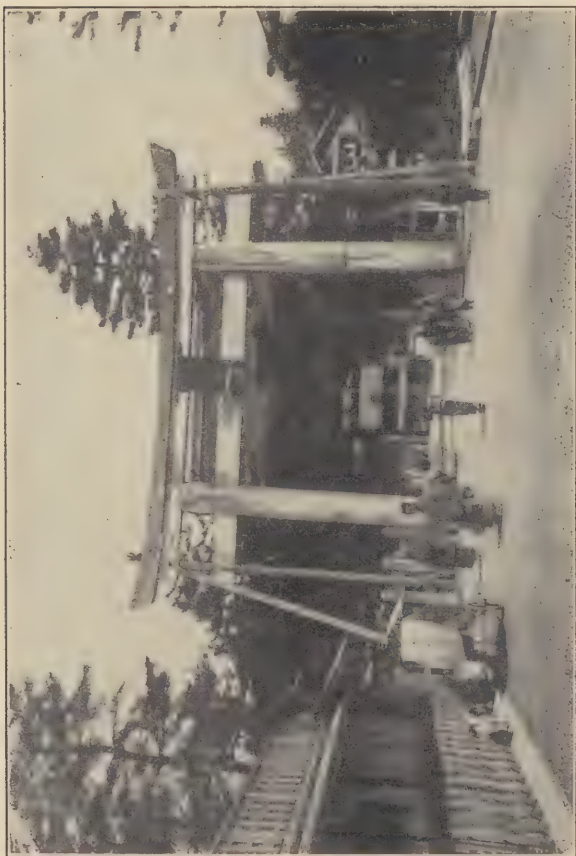
The following morning we leave the hotel early for a visit to some of the famous shrines. We go first to the Chion-in, where we find a group of the characteristic open buildings with curved roofs. The shrines rise one above another on a terraced hillside. Straight, dark pines cluster about. We ascend by stone steps from terrace to terrace, finding always the same open pavilions, with their pillars and architraves of unadorned wood. One pavilion alone contains an enclosed chamber, whose frail sliding panels open to admit us to the padded softness of a mat-covered floor, on which rows of yellow-robed priests sit chanting monotonously to the uninterrupted clang of a gong. The conspicuous feature of the temple is the great embroidered curtain back of the altar. The design is that of a sleeping god, whom the voices of the priests and the clang of the gong would waken. On the lacquered tables at either side of the altar are various offerings, including a single spray of plum blossoms in a blue china vase. Outside the low rail which separates the priests from the common worshipers a lonely woman kneels, praying in a plaintive voice to the sleeping figure; for the temple is not thronged. Japan, they tell us, is not religious; only here and there the women cling patiently to the old faiths. The most interesting place in the whole temple enclosure is a small pavilion, under whose rust-brown roof hangs a great bell. It has no metallic tongue; it is struck from without by a great beam of wood, and gives utterance to a long, soft, deep sound. From the upper hillside we obtain a fine view of the city with its flat gray roofs set in the green frame of the encircling hills.

We now leave the temple enclosure and make our way

through the streets to the foot of a steep lane that leads to Kiyonizu. The lane is a succession of rough, uneven terraces, reached by broken stone steps. On either hand are scores of shops, some filled with gaudy pottery to attract the tourists and others with painted toys for the solemn-faced children, who clack by paying little heed, we think, to the gay tops and dolls. The boys, in their stiff, square, gray skirts, seem to have weightier matters in mind; they prefer toy swords and other martial equipment. It was so in the school we visited in Kobe. To the sharp, curt commands of a muscular instructor, the solemn, Dutch-skirted kiddies were practicing military drills. They moved with the quickness and precision of machines. We almost fancied we could hear the crack of their small joints when they wheeled about. Such is the spirit of Japan. Always the military fervor—the preparation even of the children for the army. Yet the people riot in the streets of Tokyo because of their unbearable burden of taxes.

At last we come out on the hillside, on which again are many shrines. We choose to follow the lower path, passing through miniature sunken gardens in the natural basin between the hills. Maple and cherry trees cover the slopes. We follow a path that approaches from the rear the brown pavilion of Kwannon, the goddess of the unhappy. Before this shrine is an open veranda, facing the city and the hills and overlooking the gardens in the gorge. The people who linger about may care little for the goddess, but the kindly ministrations of the flowery gorge and the distant hills are not unappreciated.

Not far from this pavilion sits the little god Binzuru, the god of healing, to whom come the credulous sick. They rub the affected part of their bodies, and then the corresponding portion of the anatomy of the little god. They have quite rubbed the lacquer from much of his body. I do not wonder



TORII.

that his nose and his upper lip have practically disappeared; for in these raw spring days all Japan seems afflicted with catarh. The cleft lip of the god may be the result of the efforts of so many to cure themselves of harelip, which is a very common anomaly among the Japanese.

One other shrine is noteworthy: that of the god Jizo, who watches over children. The small shed in which he presides is full of tiny archaic images. Around the necks of the images are cotton bibs, and scattered here and there are children's toys. The shrine is the meanest on the hillside; but it is filled with the love of mothers.

On our way into the city we pass a pagoda, at the entrance of whose grounds is one of the ubiquitous *torii*. These graceful arches are a distinguishing feature of Japan.

We watch the traffic with interest as we pass through the streets of the old city. The bullock is much in evidence drawing heavy loads up and down the narrow streets. His feet are encased in strange-looking straw sandals. These hemp-slippers are tied on with cords and can be removed when the day's labor is over.

In Kyoto I visit for the first time a Japanese clinic. When I alight from my *rickshaw* at the door of the hospital of the Kyoto Imperial University, my coolie takes from under the seat of the *rickshaw* a pair of red cloth slippers, which he ties on over my shoes. Then a courteous little Japanese girl bows me through a long corridor with immaculate waxed floor to the office, where I am received by the registrar. He asks for my card, and then ushers me into the presence of Doctor Asayama, the professor of ophthalmology. Neither Asayama nor his assistant, Doctor Masugi, can speak a word of English, but both are familiar with German, as they have studied for some time in the clinics of Berlin, Wiesbaden, and Vienna.

They seem glad of an opportunity to discuss European masters and methods. When I tell them that I have been also with Colonel Smith, of Amritsar, they are eager to hear of his technique in the extraction of cataract. They have never seen the operation made. They adhere to the old Von Graefe operation, but they no longer employ any bandages.

Discussing general medical conditions in Japan, Doctor Asayama says there is a great deal of tuberculosis. When I ask the reason for its prevalence, he merely shrugs his shoulders and says he does not know; nor can he offer any explanation of the numerous cases of harelip. From my observations here, I am inclined to believe that the numerous cases of tuberculosis are due to the way the people live. They have no heat in their houses; in cold, rainy weather their clothing is seldom dry; the coolies, among whom the death-rate is very high, do not even wear clogs to keep them out of the water, but paddle through the slush and snow in short cloth stockings. As a result of these conditions, nearly everyone suffers from rhinitis. Besides, the food of practically all classes is insufficient and of inferior quality.

In Doctor Asayama's clinic we find from fifty to seventy-five patients awaiting treatment. About seventy-five per cent of them have trachoma. There are several cases of keratitis, a few of iritis, some of symblepharon and pterygium, and one case of glaucoma. The affections of the fundus are mostly of syphilitic origin. Cases of lues are more frequent in Japan, I think, than in any other Oriental country.

I am somewhat impressed by the modern equipment and thorough work of the clinic, both of which may be accounted for by the fact that the doctors received their training in Germany. But, as in all other Japanese arts and sciences, the work is imitative. All the instruments and appliances are

European, and even the records are kept in German. The vision is set down in German rather than Japanese characters. The foreign methods seem greatly to impress the patients, by lending an air of mystery to all the proceedings. Asayama has, however, his own Japanese way of everting the lids. He uses two slender glass rods with bulbous ends. He manipulates the rods somewhat in the fashion of chopsticks. Slipping one rod under the lid into the retrotarsal fold and pressing with the other on the outer surface, he dextrously turns it, exposing the mucous membrane even to the *cul-de-sac*; and he accomplishes the feat with one hand, without touching the eye with his fingers. He hands the rods to me, but, not being skilled in the use of chopsticks, I decline to try them. Aside from this novel way of everting the lids, the clinic has the ordinary features of a German clinic. I might qualify this. The patients seem less sensitive to pain than the more highly organized races of the West. They undergo treatment evincing little sign of discomfort.

Kyoto has a fair-sized school for the deaf and dumb, and adjoining it one for the blind. One of the masters acts as our guide. He knows no English, but he seems pleased to show us about. We go into the courtyard, where the older boys are wrestling; they enter into the sport with great spirit, while a round-faced young referee signals rapidly and eagerly with his hand. The work of the school is largely along industrial lines, but art at least is not neglected; we pass through several rooms where the pupils are busy with sketches and water-colors as they sit about on the floor. One of the teachers of landscape, we are told, is the son of a very famous Japanese painter.

The director of the school for the blind speaks a little English. He shows us with pride a new building, still in



SCHOOL OF JAPANESE GIRLS.

process of construction. It is of the characteristic frail Japanese type, wholly of wood, with sliding paper panels instead of windows and doors. Glass is too expensive for ordinary use. The paper is at least translucent, admitting a wan light. In summer the screens are all open. The rooms contain practically no furniture. The floors are covered with thick, soft mats, and in the thin walls recesses for clothing and bedding are provided. There are no chairs. Food is served from tables only a few inches in height. Toilet equipments are meager and primitive. Holes in the floor communicate with open sewers. Yet this makeshift plumbing is without doubt a vast improvement over the conditions that prevail throughout the city.

On leaving the schools we plan to visit the *geisha* school, but find that it is closed during the preparation for the cherry dances, which are to be given in April. The Kyoto cherry festival is a great event, attended by visitors from all the neighboring localities.

The afternoon of March 16th we visit the largest Buddhist temple in Japan, the Temple of Higashio Hongwanji. It cost eighteen million yen, and was seventeen years in building. The burden of its cost both in money and labor was borne by the peasants. It is not yet wholly paid for; and so those who come to pray rise at intervals from the thick mats to toss coppers over the railings in front of the shrine. The building contains ninety-six huge pillars and beams, each forty-two feet long and four feet thick. It is all of brown keyaki wood. The grain is beautiful and the color soft and dull; but, as the wood is unprotected either by oil or paint, it is already beginning to undergo decomposition. Practically all of the buildings of Japan are wooden. They are less easily disturbed by earthquakes, which are of frequent occurrence in the islands. The panels enclosing the shrine of Higashio

Hongwanji are of brilliant gold lacquer. They enclose a graven image of Buddha, before whom is a gold-lacquered altar, holding candlesticks, dishes for offerings, and an incense burner.

In a small passageway between two wings of the building is a curious-looking hawser of human hair. This hawser is three hundred feet long and three inches in diameter. It was made from the hair of Japanese women who sacrificed their beauty to aid in building the temple; for the cable was used for dragging the huge timbers into place. In the temple enclosure are a cistern, a great bell, and ponderous bronze lanterns.

The shops of Kyoto are the most fascinating in Japan. Like the city itself, which is essentially a city of old Japan, they have a quaint and musty air of former days. There is little evidence as yet of Western influence in Kyoto. We set out one rainy morning to visit the shops, which contain many of the real art treasures of the country. We feel that the Japanese stiling about on their elevated slippers have the advantage over us in the muddy streets and in the shops as well; for we must pause at the door of a shop and wait while an attendant ties cloth slippers over our shoes to keep us from soiling or breaking the primrose mats inside. The Japanese shoppers merely leave their clogs at the door and walk about in their stockings.

One of the specialties of Kyoto is the Satsuma pottery, though only decorating is done here. The clay is moulded and fired in the province of Satsuma, where it is found. There are a number of famous decorators living in the various cities of Japan, but the best of their work seems eventually to find its way to Kyoto.

The making of cloisonné is another of the fine arts of this city of old Japan. On entering the famous cloisonné shops nothing of any interest is to be seen. We pass through the

low door and find ourselves in a sort of uninviting passage. On a raised platform our coolie seats himself. We put on the inevitable cloth slippers and ascend a narrow, frail stairway at one side of the passage. The proprietor of the shop meanwhile makes his appearance and asks if we wish to see the factory. We think we do, but we wonder where the factory is. On the upper floor he pulls back a sliding screen and we see a narrow room with windows extending along one side. Opposite the windows are several ordinary cases, containing jars and vases of many colors, but no particular beauty. On the floor by the windows sit three or four men, working at dull-looking objects. No one of the workers gives any sign of being aware of our presence. The proprietor now stoops over the first man and calls our attention to a dull copper jar on which the workman is busily gluing copper or silver or gold wire in an intricate design. The plain vessel was moulded at the foundry. At a low table beyond a second workman applies a sticky gray enamel over the whole surface of a vase and its raised design. The vase is now ready for the first firing. When it comes from the kiln, it is turned over to the several workmen, who apply shades of enamel to bring out the wire design. Five times in all it is enameled and sent to the kiln. When it emerges at last from the fifth firing, it is a rough object of many colors. The work of polishing it now begins. Twelve different grades of pumice are used for making the surface absolutely smooth; and the vase comes at last into the show-room, smooth as glass, its lovely intricate design and rare coloring showing clearly and distinctly. The newest form of cloisonné is the transparent enamel. In this ware no wire is used, but the design is engraved in the copper. Coats of transparent enamel are then applied, and when the vase is rubbed with the pumice, it becomes at last a delicate,

shining object of red or green or violet, its fine design appearing or disappearing in the light. The transparent cloisonné, having no wire base for the coats of enamel, frequently breaks in firing. The proprietor remarks:

We don't charge really for the perfect piece that we sell, but for the forty-nine pieces we lose in firing."

From the factory we are shown into the adjoining rooms. These contain a few show-cases, a large table, and several chairs. The walls are lined with rows of shelves, filled with small pine boxes. We wander about and look at the vases and jars and incense-burners in the cases. After a while the proprietor begins in a slow, indifferent way to bring forth a few of the pine boxes, whose shining contents he places on the table. The best work is hidden away in these boxes, and it is only after some time that he decides to show a few pieces. The prices of the pieces range from a few dollars to many hundreds. We must choose a specimen whose price is commensurate with the size of our pocket-book; so we content ourselves with a small tea-caddy.

In one of the bronze shops the proprietor shows us how the bronzes are made. The material employed may be copper bronze, silver bronze, or gold bronze. The thin flat plates are beaten into the desired shapes, the vessels engraved with sharp instruments, and fine gold or silver wires hammered smoothly into the design. Damascene is made by much the same process, except that steel is used for the foundation.

We visit last Yamanaka's, perhaps the most famous curio store in the world. The shop is very extensive, covering all of the available space in three or four buildings, one of which is three stories in height. The store was founded more than a hundred years ago, and represents a capital now of some two million yen. The floors are covered with rare old rugs.

In the half light of the waning day we examine the priceless treasures in bronze, porcelain, jade, tapestries, etc. The collection of old Chinese porcelain is remarkable. Everywhere we see the lovely, dull blue sheen of wonderful Nanking china.

Opposite Yamanaka's is the Awata Palace, one of the old imperial residences. We haven't sufficient taste to appreciate the faded screens and tapestries, but the miniature garden in the rear of the palace possesses (for us, at least) the charm of novelty. It is laid out with all the skill of a landscape gardener's art; and within the scant acre of enclosure we find miniature mountains covered with dwarf pines, bare hill slopes swept by chill winds, and brooks tumbling into a smooth, island studded lake. Over the narrow end of the lake is a tiny arched bridge. Clumps of azaleas grow here and there, and on the lower slopes of the mountain are stunted cherry and maple trees. From a knoll that rises close by the garden wall we can catch glimpses of Kyoto and its frame of hills; though both are half hidden by the gathering dusk and the falling rain.

We spend one evening in a Japanese theater. Our English friend, Mr. B — , is anxious to know if he ought to wear a dress suit, and thinks perhaps we should secure seats in advance. When he is told that the play sometimes lasts several days, beginning every day at midday and continuing until midnight, he thinks we shall probably be content to stay two hours; but when we enter the upper gallery, and see the entire audience sitting upon the floor, many of them smoking and others drinking tea, his enthusiasm wanes. Chairs are found for us; and we shuffle to our places in the red slippers we have had to don to protect the thick mats over which we must pass.

The green-room is in the rear of the theater, and com

municates with the stage by a long, open, elevated causeway. When an actor receives his cue, he must stalk the whole length of the theater in plain view of the audience to reach the stage. And it is a somewhat novel experience to see him, when he has finished his lines, making his exit just over the heads of the audience. The causeway seems not to be for the sole use of the actors, however; the hero, as he hurries along, may encounter spectators passing to and from their places, or refreshment-vendors carrying their wares, or restless children playing on the narrow thoroughfare. The stage revolves. The curtain does not fall at the close of a scene, but the whole platform turns slowly about, and the next scene is ready. At the end of an act the curtain falls, and, to our astonishment, many people rush to the platform and peer under the curtain to see the real end of the act. One would think that their disillusionment might be discouraging, but the same rush is made each time the curtain falls. The curtain is a huge, limp, white rag, bearing the grotesque device of a lower-jawless skeleton dragging a very fat-faced, unwilling, little girl by a cord about the neck. The orchestra, consisting of a drum and a few stringed instruments, is placed behind a sort of screen near the stage. Throughout the play the music continues; but it is neither so harsh nor so loud as that we heard in the Chinese theater.

The acting is fairly creditable, there being much more animation and naturalness than among the Chinese. The latter only sat motionless, speaking in high falsetto voices, or strutted fantastically across the stage. The play seems to be based on some historical event of a tragic nature, as nearly as we can ascertain. The scene is pure *fiasco*, and the spectators enjoy the joke immensely.

We *rickshaw* one morning down to the train station and

crowd with the natives into the car to go out to the great shrine of Inari, the goddess of rice. This is one of the most important of the Shinto shrines of Japan. The emblem of the goddess is a fox. We walk through a street of toy shops, passing under scattered *torii*, some of them of stone, but the greater number of wood—their upright pillars painted orange-red and the two crossbeams dull black. Here and there appear images of the fox in stone or wood; sometimes he holds a key in his mouth, the key of the celestial *godown* where the rice is stored. The sacred way winds upward among the small wooden shrines, where hundreds of peasants are gathered, showering their offerings of pennies and rice. Beyond the shrines the brilliant *torii* extend in a long colonnade among the silent pines on the hillside. In our hour's walk through more than eight hundred *torii* we meet or pass scores of pilgrims coming and going on the sacred way. The final shrine is an unpretentious sort of altar, built over a fox's hole in the bracken and underbrush. On the altar the peasants deposit their offerings, consisting of money, or miniature red *torii*, or handfuls of rice.

When we descend again to the clustered shrines at the foot of the hill, we are in time to see a procession of white-robed Shinto priests, carrying elaborate offerings of raw fish, cooked rice, carrots, turnips, and vases of flowers to an altar in one of the wooden sheds. In an outer room a solitary man, apparently of some rank, kneels on the straw mats in the midst of a fusillade, as it were, of coppers and rice thrown by the peasant throng outside the sacred threshold. Most of the worshipers are poor: clownish peasants praying for a plentiful harvest, and patient mothers asking full larders for their families. We wonder how the Japanese, with their art-loving instincts, regard this succession of tawdry arches in the midst

of the close wooden shops, filled with garish images of the fox, post-cards, and cheap trinkets to appeal to the pilgrim or the tourist. The spirit of commerce has invaded the shrines, and only the solemn pines on the hillside redeem the ugliness. They alone refuse to be defiled.

On our return to the hotel we find a cluster of sweet violets in a glass on our dressing-table. They must be the offering of our little maid, Haru (Spring), with her quaint dress and fetching ways. I ask Haru one day if she is going to marry soon. She replies, in her soft, broken English:

"I marry next year, but no English or 'Merican; for then the baby be half an' half. Baby very sorry."

"Then you wouldn't like to marry an American?"

"Oh! I don't know," she said hesitatingly; "maybe. 'Merican stay only little while, then he go way off. Haru very sad."

Lake Biwa.

We go to Lake Biwa, a large lake some distance from Kyoto, by tram. We are ~~the~~ sole Caucasians; Mongolians are practically the only ones that travel by tram, and our close proximity to them we do not find very agreeable. We leave the car at the lake-shore village, and walk through a street of china toy shops to the foot of the steps leading up to the Temple of Miidera, which is located on an eminence overlooking the lake. There are several flights of steps to climb before we reach the summit of the hill. The temple is Buddhist, though I had expected to find a Shinto temple; it has probably been changed. Shintoism was formerly the religion of Japan, but in recent years it has been much modified by the introduction of Buddhistic doctrines. It is said to be the



LITTLE JAPANESE FOSTER-MOTHERS.

simplest of all faiths. It means merely "God's way." It has neither dogma nor creed.

From the temple we walk through a dense grove of cedars down the hill to a thicket of bamboo trees, which wade into the edge of the lake. It is quiet, cool, and shady; the air is filled with the odor of the cedars. As we come out of the wood we are within full view of Lake Biwa and the far-off snow-capped peak of Hirayama. To our right, the village extends for some distance along the shore of the lake. The buildings, like those of Kyoto, are two-story frame houses, each joining the one on either side except at the intersection of streets. One rarely sees buildings of stone or brick. The roofs are generally of tile.

The village people seem to live the greater part of their lives out of doors. They are ruddy and apparently healthy, except that nearly all we see have rhinitis or catarrhal trouble. The children have round, rosy cheeks. The streets are filled with these moon-faced children, who all seem about the same age. Whichever way we look, we see dozens of the little girls and boys (two girls to every boy, we think) playing in the open. Their wooden sandals make a musical clatter as they shuffle merrily over the rough stones. Every woman who passes through the streets has a baby on her back and one or two tiny children shuffling at her side.

Hodzu.

One March morning we take train for the little village of Hodzu, some nine miles up the river of the same name. Our train winds in and out through the narrow gorge of this rapidly flowing stream. The steep banks are covered with large pines and thickets of bamboo, interspersed with plum and cherry groves. The head of the gorge is a lonely spot away



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM GIRL.

from the traffic of towns. Aside from the caw of the crow and the twitter of bird, no sound is heard. The waters here are yet quiet, for they have not started on their downward course through the gorge.

At the head of the rapids, in company with Captain and Mrs. Rolleston, of Australia, whom we met on the train, we take a long, narrow, picturesque canoe, and with three oarsmen, a steersman, and a guide, launch forth into the foaming river. We go darting here and there among the projecting rocks, passing frequently through channels scarcely wide enough to admit our boat. The waters dash against it with great force, but the men with their poles skillfully guide us clear of danger; often, however, we feel the grinding and rasping of our keel against the rocks as we plunge madly down the stream. Every little way we overtake long, narrow rafts of bamboo, or meet returning skiffs towed by coolies. It then becomes a problem how we shall pass, especially when the rafts reach from bend to bend of the stream. We must sometimes wait until the raft can be turned and the way opened. For two hours or more we enjoy the rapid flight through the canyon, with its beetling rocks, its forests of pine, its plum groves, and its roaring stream.

At the foot of the gorge we come to Arashiyama, where we leave the boat and take the train for Kyoto. Once outside the gorge, we cross hundreds of acres of level, fertile fields. The ground is enriched by the sewage from the cities and towns; and the vegetation, in consequence, is not only rank in growth, but also in taste and smell. We are late in reaching the hotel, but some *tiffin* has been saved for us, and, after our morning's outing, we are able to do full justice to it.

Kyoto.

The afternoon is cloudy; after our day's adventures, we feel little inclination for more sight-seeing and retire early. The next thing I know it is morning. When I look out of the window upon my little Japanese garden, I see that a steady rain is falling; but there is no wind and it is not cold. Everything is fresh and sparkling from its morning bath.

We have secured through the American Ambassador a special permit to visit the Imperial Palace and Nijo Castle. After breakfast, in our closed *rickshaws*, we go to see the residences of the Mikado. On presenting our permit at the outer gate, we are requested first to record our names and address. Then a Mongolian, who speaks but little English, takes us across the grounds to the entrance of the palace. Before we can enter we must remove our shoes and put on woolen slippers. We wish to put on the slippers over our shoes, but the guide will not allow this.

"I am very sorry," he says, "but we have our customs."

He wishes me to remove my overcoat, but I insist upon keeping it on.

We first pass through the antechamber, a room with stork decorations, and then along great corridors to a beautiful room whose paneled walls and ceilings are covered with paintings of wild geese. Beyond this room are the dining-room, and the imperial suite, consisting of public and private audience-rooms, a library and various courts and corridors. The imperial residence proper is in a separate wing, through which we are not shown. The impressive feature of the palace is that all the rooms are empty. Aside from the soft yellow mats that cover the floors, and the painted panels and screens, the low dining-table is the only piece of furniture to be seen. There is not

even a chair in the library. The rooms are dimly lighted. Translucent paper, instead of glass, serves for windows, and the Japanese candle is the only artificial light. The Emperor himself uses the candle instead of electric or gas lights. The building throughout is of wood—no stone, brick, or stucco. The walls are paneled with cedar and the floors are of keyaki and cryptomeria. The wood is all left in its natural state, and its fine grain, without oil or polish, is very beautiful.

Nijo Castle is somewhat more pretentious. The ceilings show fine frescoes, and in some of the rooms are grilled screens not unlike those of the Taj Mahal, except that they are of wood. The castle contains also a wild goose room, but the favorite design is the stork. In fact, it seems to be the favorite bird of the Japanese. It appears in every sort of decorative art, even on embroidered *kimonos* and coats, and if there is any foundation for the belief that it brings babies, it is certainly true in Japan, for we see armies of them everywhere, in every stage of development. It seems the ambition of every woman to have a brood of small children at her side and an infant on her back. If the mother is not about, the babies are strapped to the backs of little girls or boys; these older children skip about undisturbed at their play with small black heads bobbing wildly over their shoulders. The Japanese are all gentle with little ones. No matter how unkempt or dirty a child may be, it is the one precious thing in the home.

But I was speaking of Nijo Castle. My wife says that it is rich and beautiful in its simplicity. Though its cost was insignificant compared with that of the palace at Versailles or of other royal residences we have seen, it is in many senses more beautiful than they. Certainly its architecture is very quaint and unlike anything in the West.

Miyanoshita.

We are told that the scenery from Kyoto to Miyanoshita is not especially interesting. So, as our time is somewhat limited, we take the train which leaves Kyoto at 8:20 in the evening and arrives in Kodzu about 7 o'clock the following morning. Our English friends, Mr. and Mrs. B——, share with us a state-room which contains two upper and two lower berths, with a narrow corridor between. Our quarters are somewhat cramped; but, at any rate, we are isolated from the natives, who are not altogether pleasant traveling companions.

At 7 o'clock we reach Kodzu at the foot of the mountains. We have breakfast at a Japanese tea-house which is rather cleaner and better than the usual Japanese inn. An hour later we board a little tram for Yumoto, some twelve or fourteen miles away. The tram line passes between two almost unbroken lines of thatched houses that serve both for shops and dwellings. The village road is by the side of a rapid mountain stream. The narrow valley is covered with rice- and truck-fields, every foot of the ground being cultivated. Plum trees are now in full bloom, and we catch occasional glimpses of pink cherry blossoms a little in advance of their season. Pink camellias are everywhere. The whole valley is ablom.

At Yumoto we leave the tram, for the last stage of our journey to Miyanoshita must be made in *rickshaws*. The ladies declare that they are going to walk the remaining four miles; so we engage only three *rickshaws*: one for the luggage, and the other two for Mr. B—— and myself. We feel sure that as the way grows steeper our wives will be glad to "spell" us in the *rickshaws*. The coolies seem vastly amused as our party starts out, Mr. B—— and myself in the *rickshaws* and the ladies trudging along behind. The trip over the mountain

road is delightful. Below us is the steep gorge, and beyond the bristling snow-capped peaks of a long range. Over the face of the gorge and the lower mountain slopes grows a tangle of bamboo and trailing vines. The fresh, invigorating mountain air sharpens our spirits and appetite, and by the time we reach the hotel we are quite ready for a hearty midday meal.

The Fujiya is in the heart of the mountains, at an elevation of some fourteen hundred feet. It is famed for the hot, mineral springs which flow from the rocks and come dashing in several branches about the hotel. A large swimming-pool, with a depth of more than eight feet, is much appreciated and enjoyed by the guests of the hotel. The hotel is commodious and modern in its appointments, and the *cuisine* is excellent. The Fujiya was built by Mr. Yamaguchi, and is now managed by his son—or, rather, by his daughter's husband, who took the Yamaguchi name when he married the heiress. Young Yamaguchi spent several years in England and is thoroughly conversant with Western ways. His wife speaks English fluently, and, except for her *kimono*, there is little about her to suggest the Oriental.

Lake Hakone.

When we wake on Easter morning we can hear the rippling of the waterfalls outside our window. The mountain air comes in chill and refreshing. We are eager to be on our way to Lake Hakone. There is some little discussion as to how we shall go—whether in Sedan chairs, *rickshaws*, on horses, or afoot. The Bibbys and Zoe declare they are going to walk. After breakfast they are somewhat surprised to see a groom, with a horse saddled, waiting at the door. I pretend that the horse is solely for my own use, but I feel sure that the ladies will be very glad to take turns at riding before the day



HAKONE.

is over. I am obliged to mount, however, while the others trudge along behind. Before we reach Lake Hakone my wife is very glad to mount the horse for a while. Our friends turn back at Sulphur Springs, and for the remainder of the distance Zoe and I ride the old horse turn and turn about.

We ascend a narrow canyon, through which rushes a noisy, mountain stream. Occasionally we pass a straw-thatched cottage, or a simple, open tea-house, whose proprietor comes out bowing and smiling to urge us to stop for a cup of tea. The Japanese are all urbane and courteous; even the peasants by the roadside greet us with gentle deference. Unlike the Hindus, these people seem contented and cheerful; we frequently hear them humming or whistling, and they are quite as quick as the Chinese to see a joke. The morning air is redolent with the odor of plum blossoms, and scattered over the mountain slopes are great patches of white bloom. The cherries are budding. Occasionally we see a tree whose delicate pink blossoms hint of the beauty of the country-side a month hence, when all the trees will be in full bloom. Japan is said to be the garden of the East. Flower succeeds flower from early spring to early winter; each has its season and its festival. The cherry and the chrysanthemum are the favorites, appearing in all forms of Japanese art. The chrysanthemum is used as the national crest, but the cherry seems to hold first place in the hearts of the people. We see the trees wherever we go—in the gardens, along the roadsides, in the valleys, and upon the mountains. They yield no fruit, but are cultivated solely for their bloom and fragrance.

When we emerge from the canyon we find ourselves on an undulating plateau, with a low range of mountains on either hand. The distant ranges, the rough surface of the plateau, the stream, the winding road, and the hazy atmosphere all



LAKE HAKONE, WITH MOUNT FUJI IN THE DISTANCE.

combine to make the scene impressive. Our English friend exclaims:

"Behold the landscape! It is the most beautiful bit of country that I have ever seen."

From this point the road descends somewhat. We are reminded of our trip from Verona over the western slope of the Alps. There are no Christian shrines here, but instead many images of Buddha and of Shinto deities. These figures are all hewn from the igneous rock of which the mountains are composed. They are much defaced and half hidden in the thickets of bamboo. The chief figure on the road is a great image of the god who is kind to little children. Before him are offerings of apples, oranges, and sprigs of flowering trees. The figure is carved from andesite, and is said to be one of the best bits of work from the Japanese chisel.

Just beyond the shrines our friends turn back, thinking that the distance to the lake is too great. I am sorry they abandon the trip, for only a mile or two farther on a sudden turn in the road brings us within sight of Lake Hakone with the wonderful cone of Mount Fuji reflected on its surface; for there in the distance is the sacred mountain itself. Almost in the center of the lake is a beautiful wooded island, which is the summer residence of the Mikado. As we approach the water's edge we enter a noble avenue of cryptomeria trees, which extends for some distance along the shore. The cryptomeria is a very hard wood with a beautiful grain, not unlike that of the curly maple. We saw great panels and screens of it in the palace and castle at Kyoto. Knowing its value, we are somewhat surprised to see it used for the clapboarding of the peasants' cottages here on the shores of Hakone. We are in no hurry to leave the shade of the cryptomeria avenue, even though we are hungry from our long walk. It is



FUJIYAMA FROM LAKE HAKONE

so quiet, so charming, so invigorating, that we are reluctant to enter the little Japanese inn; but we go at last into the neat, cheerful dining-room that on three sides overlooks the lake. We are quite alone, to enjoy our *tiffin* with the sacred Fujiyama ever in view, seen in all its sublimity and natural grandeur, or mirrored from the waters of the lake below.

The following morning we are again winding our way to the distant hilltops, where we shall see again Lake Hakone on the left, and Fujiyama on our right. The mountain gorge through which we are passing is even more interesting than the one we saw yesterday. For the first three or four miles we skirt the foothills on the left bank of a broad mountain stream. Then we turn into the military road which the Japanese are building from the coast into the interior; when finished, it will be one of the celebrated roads of Japan. We follow it for only a mile or two, when we begin the ascent of the steep trail toward Maiden's Pass. We have to follow the dry bed of a water-course, which often turns almost at right angles on itself. When the trail turns abruptly, we frequently find ourselves on the verge of a precipitous cliff that drops away many feet, while bold promontories project above. When we meet Japanese peasants coming down the trail on horseback or afoot, we have difficulty in passing them on the narrow ledges. We have only two horses with us, for the ladies insist that they want to walk at least part of the way; before we reach the pass they are willing enough to take their turns at riding. It is a long, tiresome climb, but when we reach the tea-house on the pass, we feel well repaid for our exertion. Smiling Japanese women come out to greet us with "*O-hi-o*" ("Good day"). In front of us, just across the valley, rises the great base of Fujiyama. The matchless cone is hidden by clouds. Far away in our rear is the broad expanse of Lake Hakone.

On the grassy ridge we spread mats and a scarlet blanket and have our *tiffin*. After an hour's quiet enjoyment of the scene, we retrace our steps and descend to the military road. Some two miles farther on we turn aside, taking a trail that leads toward a cloud of smoke issuing from the mountains. The smoke marks the location of "Big Hell," an active volcano. The lower slopes of the mountain are forest-covered. In a small opening in the wood we come upon the inevitable tea-house, in the garden of which are several statues of Japanese celebrities. Above the tea-house the trail becomes a mere footpath through thickets of bamboo. Our coolies, either from a wish to return to the hotel and end the day's journey or from ignorance, seem not to be sure of the remainder of the route. The day is waning, and our friends become discouraged and turn back. But we press on; and after a climb of perhaps two miles through the thickets, we know from the rank, sulphurous atmosphere that we are near "Hell." Soon we come within view of the sulphur-encrusted crater, from which volumes of steam and smoke are pouring. We are cautioned by our coolie not to leave the beaten path; for some adventurous tourists have lost their lives by breaking through the soft crust.

Darkness is coming on, and our coolie suddenly gives evidence of his familiarity with the mountain paths. Instead of leading us back to the military road, he takes us down a steep direct trail. We pass occasional shrines and the *terii* leading to Shinto temples. In a little while we find ourselves on the open road at the foot of the mountain. Peasants are trudging along beside their carts, which are laden with long bamboo poles. Women are carrying armfuls of mountain flowers and berries, which they share with us in token of their kindness. A gentle rain sets in, without any thunder or lightning—just a steady fall. Before we reach the hotel it



"BIG HELL," IN HAKONE MOUNTAINS, JAPAN.

has attained the proportions of a downpour. For the last mile or more we are passing through a typical Japanese street, whose little shops are filled with trinkets and market vegetables. When we reach the hotel, our friends say:

"Well, you surely will rest to-morrow."

But we have had no mail now since we left Hong Kong; and we are eager to get on to Yokohama. We leave the hotel the next morning in *rickshaws* to go to Yumoto. It rains the whole distance. Finally we reach the car-sheds and take the electric tram to Kodzu, where we board the train for Yokohama. On either side of the track the land is given over almost entirely to the cultivation of rice. In the half-submerged fields the blue-clad peasants waded heavily to and fro, tending their crop.

Yokohama.

Yokohama is merely a commercial center, the dumping-place of tourists from the West and East. Everyone rushes into this port and hurries from shop to shop, either making his last purchases before starting for America or preparing to go into China, Manila, or other points in the East. One Chinese tailor tells us that while the *Cleveland* lay at the dock some two or three weeks ago, some five hundred dresses were made for the women on the boat. Benton Dori is the principal shopping district. Here one can buy all sorts of Japanese articles: porcelains, silks, embroideries, cloisonné, damascene, etc. We meet more Americans on the street than in any other place in China or Japan; and, as Haru told us in Kyoto, many of the children one sees look to be "half and half." Madame Butterfly at least appears frequently with a stray from the West on her back.

There is little of interest for the tourist in Yokohama.



MADAME BUTTERFLY.

We have a ride along the shore of Mississippi Bay and look out on the ships in the harbor. At the water's edge are anchored the heavy fishing-boats immediately in front of the fisherman's hut. Across the bay the snowy peak of Fujiyama is in plain view. The fishing-village consists of one long street at the water's edge. We intend to return to our hotel by way of Theater Street, which is always an interesting thoroughfare, especially by candlelight; but the evening is growing cool, so we choose a direct route to the hotel.

Yokohama and Tokyo may be likened in some degree to Liverpool and London; for Yokohama is the great shipping port of the Japanese, while Tokyo is the capital and metropolis, having a population of more than two million.

Tokyo.

We leave Yokohama for Tokyo one afternoon toward the end of March. As we near the metropolis we notice that the season seems more advanced; the plum and cherry blossoms are flinging their beauty and fragrance abroad. Tokyo is partly modern and partly Oriental. There are many buildings two or three stories in height, facing on broad, open, paved streets, and electric lines traverse the city in all directions; yet large districts remain distinctly Japanese, with narrow streets and low frame houses, with sliding doors and paper windows.

The people, too, are undergoing a change. Many of them have discarded their national dress for European styles. Even the women, who are somewhat slower than the men to adopt new ways, are many of them washing the oil from their hair and arranging it in Western fashion. Although they still wear clogs, they are frequently seen in skirts instead of *k monos*. Yet these people can not abandon their old ways all at once.

For instance, when traveling in a modern railway car, they sit with their legs drawn up under them; in this posture they seem to be quite devoid of legs. On the train from Yokohama to Tokyo we noticed a woman sitting thus; beside her was a small grandson in Western dress, who had removed his American shoes, probably because they pinched his feet. The family evidently represented some wealth; for the party of four, the grandparents and the mother and young son, were whirled away from the station in two automobiles. The children one sees are losing to some extent their Oriental characteristics. Some of them seem to have lighter skins and less slanting eyes. They have the air of Western sailors or soldiers. The subtle changes in appearance may be the result of the tremendous influx of new ideas, of the awakening of a people. The physiognomy of the race gives evidence of the new order of things. The faces of the younger generation show new prominence of feature and, increasingly, the mark of thought and an ever-widening outlook. It is as though a child, passive and slow of development, had been taken from an illiterate family and placed in a cultured one; in ten or twenty years he has lost the stamp of his own. In a time not far distant the races will become more composite. The Christian religion, like Western dress and Western ideals, is gaining favor because it promises more than other faiths.

In Tokyo we give one morning to a visit to the eye clinic of the Imperial University. At the general clinic we find a literal mob of diseased people crowded about the entrance and inside the corridors. There is no semblance of order. There seems to be but one entrance for all classes of patients, and in the dirty, crowded halls no person is present who is able to give directions. We are not allowed to go upstairs, however, until we have taken off our shoes, or pulled a dirty cov-

ering on over them. Little attention is given to more important matters, but two pompous functionaries bar the way to all who come shod in leather. The stairs and the rooms opening off the corridors are all filled with the pattering, afflicted folks, malignant cases mingling freely with non-infectious ones.

We open door after door at random, until we find the eye clinic. When we enter, what impresses me most is the number of cases of purulent conjunctivitis, with swollen, pus-smearred lids. No precaution apparently is taken to separate the infectious from the non-infectious cases. As in the college at Kyoto, we find no professor or member of the staff who can speak English; though many of them are familiar with German, having studied in Berlin and Vienna.

J. Komoto is at the head of the department of ophthalmology in the University. He takes great pride in showing me some of his literary productions which have appeared from time to time in German journals. He courteously shows me about the hospital, walking rapidly from room to room. The hospital is far from clean. The nurses, it seems to me, are fat-faced, stolid persons of little intelligence. In one ward, where a sick child is lying with many grown persons, the father enters, climbs into the bed in his soiled *kimono*, and holds the child in his arms. Professor Komoto seems rather reluctant to show me any of his practical work. I ask him if he will have any operations during the morning, and he does not know. I then suggest that I will return on some subsequent day to see him operate for cataract; but he is still not sure that he will have any cases. I think this rather singular when he is at the head of this department in a university located in a city of nearly two million people. It may be that these men are rather diffident about operating before Western surgeons. The people, too, may know little of the benefits to

be derived from surgery; or perhaps they have not the necessary confidence in the skill of their operators. For certainly in a city with so many people and so few institutions there should be in the clinics many operations every day. In Bombay and Calcutta there is scarcely a morning when there are not many surgical cases.

Komoto has an operation of his own for anterior staphyloma, which he attempts to demonstrate on a clinic patient this morning. He does not anæsthetize other than with cocaine, and the pain is so great that the patient screams in agony. There is profuse hemorrhage, which bespatters both the professor and myself, and he is finally forced to abandon the operation before it is finished. But the medical profession of Japan, I think, is awakening to the need of better methods and results. These men, from their frequent visits to European institutions, are gradually acquiring a greater degree of proficiency, and will eventually become scientific, skillful operators. What they need now is a good white man in charge.

When we leave the hospital, we drive to Uyenno Park, famous for its cherry blossoms. They are not quite in full bloom, but a wealth of white plum blossoms greets us. We stroll through the Imperial Museum, which contains noteworthy exhibits of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean pottery, as well as many specimens of Japanese art. We visit also Asakusa Park, which is a sort of Coney Island—a place of *fakirs* and popular amusements.

One afternoon we drive out to Atago Hill, from which we obtain a fine view of the city. Near the hill is an old Japanese graveyard. We enter and wander about among the tombs, with their peculiar, truncated tops. Each tomb contains a narrow trough full of water, and close by stands the ubiquitous stone lantern. Zoe wants to know what the trough and the

lantern are for. I tell her that the lantern is to light the souls out of purgatory, and the water to quench their thirst when they emerge from the lower regions. We return to the hotel by way of the Ginza, or principal shopping street. We stop at several shops to examine the cloisonné, which Zoe says is the finest we have seen. It comes from Nagoya, one of the great centers of the cloisonné industry.

Sunday morning we spend in the Iibiya Park, which is not far from the Imperial Hotel. There is little in the character or arrangement of the trees and shrubbery that is typically Japanese. The playgrounds are imitations of those to be found in any park in our own country. In one corner a spirited game of baseball is in progress. We notice boys practicing the difficult art of balancing themselves on a great log that is suspended by chains and swings endwise to and fro. Some of them are so skillful that they run back and forth with ease, and even wrestle and box on their unsteady support. The park is fragrant and beautiful with cherry, plum, and magnolia blossoms. The magnolia, with its waxy white blossoms, is especially attractive. We hear the chirp of a few birds, but they are rather scarce. The rook is everywhere. I noticed, when going through the market the other day, that there were many small dressed birds for sale; and I concluded there was no law to protect the feathered tribes. The people use the birds for food, but not the plumage for decoration. Many varieties have become extinct. In our walks about Miyanoshta we missed the warblers.

Nikko.

On the way from Tokyo to Nikko, a distance of about a hundred miles, the intermediate stations are only a few miles apart. The country is flat and the ground fertile. The chief

agricultural enterprises of the Japanese are the growing of rice and tea. Between stations there are hundreds of acres of clean green fields of the one product or the other. The ground is cultivated to the smallest corner. Men, women, and children engage in the labor.

The Japanese are very industrious and, as far as we have seen, honest people. The general impression throughout the East is that they are unreliable and deceitful, if not treacherous. They were spoiled by their triumphs over Russia and China and the adulation they received in consequence. But in whatever dealings we have had with them we have found them reliable, courteous, and appreciative people. We have seen little manifestation of any hostility toward our own nation. That they are ambitious is undoubtedly true; and they must be regarded as formidable competitors in commerce and in science.

We reach Nikko late in the evening of March 30th, and go up the long, dimly lighted village street to the Kanoya Hotel.

We see nothing of the environs of the little town until the following morning, when we cross the river Daiya to ascend the hills to the tombs of the two Shoguns, Ieyasu and Iemitsu; for it is in this quiet retreat in the mountains that their bodies lie, in the finest mausoleums in Japan. As we approach the tomb of Ieyasu we walk beside the Daiya through a long avenue of gigantic cryptomerias, which extends from the sacred red bridge to a long flight of stone steps. The forest giants tower aloft, their boughs meeting and shutting out the sunlight; so that even in broad day the road is a dim, green aisle. Along this road pilgrims pass at all hours to worship at the temple near the resting-place of Japan's greatest ruler. With the country-folk we climb the steep steps and pass through

the granite *torii*, to the left of which is a five-storied *pagoda*. From here we cross to the first gateway. We have to secure tickets before we can enter.

Inside the walls are grouped many buildings of the usual Japanese type. Their curved roofs are of dull black, edged with gold, and the walls are of red lacquer or carved wood painted red, blue, or green. Our way is a steady ascent past gaudy buildings, bronze lanterns, and gray *torii*, with here and there a bell-tower. The chief bell is in the first court, and every hour its wooden hammer tells off the requisite number of strokes. The deep tones go vibrating through the village. From our bedroom this morning we listened to the sound. Before the chief sanctuary stands the gate Yomeimon. Its roof is black, edged with gold, and rests upon white pillars. Under the eaves are many dragons. The curved pillars are studded with bronze. Inside the gate is the principal temple, before entering which we must remove our shoes and don slippers of felt. I am asked to leave my overcoat outside as well; but, as the morning is chilly, I choose to keep it on.

When we enter, the priest in charge leads us from room to room over the soft yellow mats. The rooms are practically void of ornament, except for fine carved panels, which form the wall. Many of the carvings in the waiting-rooms of princes are in the brown color of native cryptomeria. The beautiful grain of the wood forms an admirable background for the elaborate carvings of birds and flowers. Between the panels are beams of black lacquer. The same decorative design appears on the ceilings as well. The temple contains one or two partitions of grilled wood, which remind us of the delicate marble screens in the Taj. The tomb of Ieyasu may be compared in its magnificence to the wonders of the Taj Mahal, in that it represents the best of Japanese architecture; but it

is in no sense worthy to be classed with the mausoleum at Agra. And be it said, to the credit of the Indians, that no hint of commercialism mars the beauty of their master work. No vendor ever enters the great garden by which the Taj is surrounded. The avenues leading to the tombs of Ieyasu and his grandson have become the center of a lively traffic in post-cards and useless rubbish which the irreverent Japanese hopes to sell to the tourist.

On leaving the main temple we stop for a moment before another shrine to see the graceful sacred dance of a white-robed priestess. The dance, according to our own ideas, is not a dance, but a series of effective poses. Passing out of the temple yard by a white gateway, we climb two hundred stone steps to a silent, remote part of the hillside, where, among the murmuring pines, is a simple bronze *pagoda*, marking the resting-place of the great Ieyasu. He himself chose the spot, and in 1616 was carried through the aisles of cryptomeria to rest here. Not far away, on the same hilltop, is the tomb of his grandson. Its approach also is marked by an avenue of trees, by brilliant buildings and carved gates. And the tomb itself is simple and severe, and overhung by pines.

The day is far spent when we leave the solemn hillside; but we find time late in the afternoon to go out to see the falls of Kirifuri-no-taki, or the Mist-falling Cascade, as the Japanese call it. We cross again the common bridge, over which all traffic and pedestrians may pass. It spans the Daiyagawa just below the sacred bridge of red lacquer, which is closed to all save the imperial family.

For a time we ride along the banks of the roaring stream, and then turn up the boulder-strewn gulch of the Inari River, an affluent of the Daiya. We cross the gully presently and the steep corduroy road becomes impassable for our *rickshaws*.



THE SACRED BRIDGE, NIKKO, JAPAN.

We accordingly walk; while the smiling *rickshaw*-men carry our *coupés* to a smooth bit of road on a higher level, when we again resume our seats. But a large part of the way is so steep and rugged that we must walk; even two coolies to a *rickshaw* can not draw us over the heavy road. We pass presently a fine tea-garden, well laid out in a grove of flowering plums. As we continue to ascend, we come out here and there on open ledges, from which we gain delightful views of plains and mountains. At last we reach a tea-house on the summit of a hill, and, looking across a narrow valley, see the cascade tumbling mistily down the opposite hillside. The falls are not unlike our Minnehaha Falls, having about the same volume of water pouring over the rocks and shooting upward in feathery mist. We return to the village by the same route, but the views seem changed. The valley with its rushing stream, the forests, and the village are all aglow with the setting sun, and we have again occasion for the word *kekko*, which means "beautiful."

April first we start out to climb Daikoku Hill, back of the hotel. Afterward we are going to see the Gamman-ga-fuchi; so we instruct the clerk at the hotel to have our coolie guide us aright. We climb the hill and obtain a magnificent view of the neighboring peaks and valleys and of the Daiya spanned by the fragile red bridge. Then we start, as we think, to see the Gamman-ga-fuchi, or stone images of Buddha; but, through the stupidity of the clerk or the coolie, we are guided down along the stream and presently begin a steep ascent. I remark to my wife several times, as I note various paths, that we are fortunate to have a guide; but as the road grows steeper and no gods appear, it occurs to me that the coolie is leading us astray. When we have climbed for perhaps an hour, we pass several *torii*, and I think we are about

to reach our destination; but the coolie plods steadily ahead, and I ask him where he is taking us to. His face brightens and he answers in a satisfied way:

"Up Toyama."

This is a mountain some five thousand feet in elevation, and I ask him what in — he is taking us there for, when we want to see the Gamman-ga-fuchi. A blank expression comes over his face, and then he says hopefully:

"'Toyama very beautiful. You half-way up."

I see that we are in for it and must climb to the top. I feel like kicking the coolie at every step; for I wouldn't have made the climb just now for twenty yen. Finally, after a long, fatiguing pull, during which I refresh myself by swearing at the coolie, we reach the summit. Around us are stone lanterns and many images of Buddha, and we seem to be looking off from the top of the world. I feel that I would not have missed the experience for twenty yen. A Japanese proverb says that one must not say "magnificent" until he has seen Nikko.

The next morning we make the clerk at the hotel understand that we do not want to climb any hills to-day, but that we want to see the Gamman-ga-fuchi. He gives us directions and we dispense with a coolie. We walk leisurely through an avenue of large forest trees on the edge of the roaring Daiya. About a mile up the stream we find a long row of stone images of Buddha, mounted on blocks of stone; they are life-size and in a sitting posture. Several have been swept away by spring freshets, but there are still fifty or sixty remaining, to which devotees come daily to do homage. We notice in the laps of all these sitting figures stones, which pilgrims have placed there.

Nikko is celebrated for its wood-carving and lacquer-work.

The single street of the village is bordered on either side by shops containing articles of one material or the other.

When we are leaving Nikko we instruct our coolies to take us through the celebrated avenue of cryptomeria trees to Imaichi station, some five miles away. The entire avenue is twenty-five miles in length. The trees have grown so large that they frequently touch each other. In one place we see three large trees growing, as it were, from a single trunk. By the side of the avenue runs a small, clear stream, on whose bank is an occasional mill with antique water-wheel. These mills grind the rice and saw the lumber for the peasants. We meet many country people hauling grist and logs on huge, lumbering, ox-carts to the picturesque mills. It is with some regret that we board the train for Tokyo; for we feel that we are leaving, never to see again, one of the most romantic and picturesque places we have seen on our trip. We reach Tokyo about six o'clock, the evening before the religious holiday of Jimmu-Tenno-Sai.

Tokyo.

The next morning we ride through the broad streets of the modern Tokyo to Uyeno Park, where we enjoy the sight of long avenues overarched by the cloudy pink blossoms of cherry trees. Through the park runs a horseshoe drive, on either side of which the cherry trees are planted so closely that the exquisite blossoms of one tree mingle with those on either side. It is like passing along a way over which flushed evening clouds are hovering. Between the gnarled trunks of the trees we catch glimpses of the quiet lotus-pond before the imposing new University; and on its far shore, among green pines, rest here and there the same rosy clouds of bloom. Not the least attractive feature of the pretty scene is the



A JAPANESE GIRL.

crowds of merry-makers in holiday dress. The wise, round-headed children have lost their solemnity, and smile and chatter happily under the cherry blossoms. In their gay *kimonos* of scarlet or orange that set off their red cheeks, their black almond-shaped eyes, and their round mats of hair, they are themselves not unlike large, gorgeous blossoms. At the backs of their flowered *kimonos* are huge bows, that vie in brilliancy with the dresses themselves. And the clatter of their wooden clogs has a merry sound. Even among the mothers in their somber drabs and browns, we see an occasional bright *kimono*, almost as gaudy as those of the children or of the *geisha*-girls who go sauntering past. The better families are riding in *rickshaws*, the children in pairs. Often two smiling young girls are drawn by a single coolie. The *élite* of Tokyo flash by in automobiles, the blossoming children crowded in like country bouquets.

We are eager to see a *geisha* dance before leaving Japan; but these are reserved for the late April festivities, and even the schools where the girls are trained are closed until the fifteenth of the month. At the hotel, however, I am told that at the new Imperial Theater there is to be a variety show, including a *geisha* dance such as we wish to see; so, with our English friends, we make another effort to see something of this phase of Japanese life. We secure tickets to the dress circle, as we think, and find on entering that this theater is the usual modern European theater. The seats are all filled. Our boy takes us back to the box office, saying that he will find for us second-class seats, which are much cheaper. We go with him, but are again disappointed. The house is packed; and by this time Mr. B—— becomes impatient and demands his money. He says he is going back to the hotel. The boy says he can place special seats for us in the parquet. I ask



JAPANESE LADIES IN RICKSHAW.

why the seats can not be placed in the second-class section. He insists that they must be put into the parquet, and that we must pay practically the full price for our makeshift accommodations. He accordingly places four seats under one of the boxes, and we go in, the only Westerners in all the crowded house.

Instead of vaudeville, an old Japanese melodrama, dealing with some historical incidents of the thirteenth century, is on. It began at five o'clock, and we are in time only for the last scene, which has the usual melodramatic qualities. We think it a sorry performance; but the audience seems to approve, and applauds heartily when the curtain falls. The people now scatter to the booths outside for refreshments. Mr. B—— has seen enough and goes back to the hotel; but I remain with the ladies, to see the opening of the second play. Our stools are far from comfortable, and we wish a change of position as much as the Japanese, who, unused to chairs, are frequently seen slipping off their shoes and drawing their feet up under them.

The second play is evidently merely a translation of a cheap Western comedy. Neither the spirit nor the incidents of the play are Japanese. We see no *geisha* dancing, and are soon ready to follow Mr. B——'s example and return to the hotel. The only amusing feature of the evening was our potato-faced boy's exhibit of his three English phrases.

When we were disappointed by our failure to secure seats, he said: "Too bad; too bad."

When he finally seated us on stools under the box, he said: "All right; all right."

And when Mr. B—— left in disgust, and we followed shortly, he ejaculated: "God damn!"



JAPANESE "LITTLE MOTHERS."

Yokohama.

Returning to Yokohama, we spend the better part of two busy days in shopping and finishing with the tailor and dress-maker; for both Zoe and I take advantage of cheap Chinese labor to replenish our wardrobes. There is one thing I have wanted to do since we came among the Mongolians, and that is to take home some Japanese umbrellas and parasols for our friends to enjoy at picnics on the farm. My wife evidently does not think well of these articles; for every time I have spoken of buying them, she has discouraged the project by saying:

"No one in America would think of using these paper umbrellas and odd-looking parasols. Anyway, wait till tomorrow or some other time to get them. We have to go to see about those dresses."

So I defer the purchase of the coveted articles until the very last moment. Finally, in her contrite heart, she says:

"Well, I'll go with you. I know where the shops are where they keep them."

We make a stampede up Canal Street, looking into the numerous shops; but the shops which contain umbrellas are evidently sold out. We hurry from one place to another until my wife becomes discouraged and says that we must return or miss the boat, which is to sail at 3 o'clock. I am determined at any cost not to leave Japan without these souvenirs. I rush along, while Zoe follows, imploring me with tears to turn back. When I find that we have but a few minutes more in which to make the purchases and reach the ship, I am almost persuaded to give up the chase. Finally I spy some of the desired articles. I take the first two that are handed me without examining them or inquiring the cost,

throw the shopkeeper a piece of money, and rush back. My wife says:

“It’s no use now; the boat will be gone. We’ll have to stay over another fortnight and forfeit our passage-money, just on account of those old umbrellas.”

But our coolies appreciate our dilemma and rush with us to the wharf, where we embark on the little tender, which is just starting to the vessel. It is some time after we reach the ship before my wife regains her composure and relents. Instead of throwing the umbrellas into the sea as she threatened to do, she gives them an honored place in the state-room, and we have them now as our last souvenirs of Japan.

It is on April 5th that we say good-bye to the Orient and start on the last lap of our journey. In ten days we shall be in our own possessions. For we are due in Honolulu the fifteenth.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

On the Pacific.

We found the *Manchuria* so delightful that we have looked forward with pleasure to our voyage on the sister boat, the *Mongolia*; but we are disappointed in her discipline and order, and in the unwarrantable freedom allowed the numerous children on board. The latter have the run even of the saloon and the smoking-room, and trample, shouting, over the cushioned seats, scattering their crumbs of bread and cake everywhere. Their parents are Americans of course; and Americans of the type that believes in giving the children first place, while the elders take a back seat. The contrast between these noisy, forward youngsters and the quiet, courteous, disciplined, European children is very marked. The Sunday morning services to-day (April 6th) are conducted with difficulty because of the hilarity of the children gathered about the saloon door. And it is almost an impossibility to read or write at any hour of the day; they chatter and play all day about the desks. There is no chance of escape to a reading-room, because there is no reading-room. The drawing-room must serve as music-room, reading-room, and library. When complaint is made to the captain, he gives the matter scant attention. He says that the children are children of good patrons of the line, whom it would not be policy to offend. The captain himself is young and thinks more of pleasing these patrons than of maintaining order. He could learn much from English officers.

Besides the regular Episcopal service of Sunday morning, we have a little talk by a missionary, the Reverend Mr. Jones, on conditions in Siam. He has lived some years in the country, and gives a rather interesting account of it as a Buddhist stronghold. The King of Siam is the real head of the faith.

The evening of Friday, April 11th (for we get this week the day we have gained by our trip around the world), we are favored by a lecture on Chinese conditions by Doctor Tenny, of the American Consulate in Peking. He reviews the early history of the country, and then gives some account of present educational and social conditions there. He speaks rather disparagingly of the Chinese character; particularly of their lack of civic honesty, of the instability of the government, and of the likelihood of a return to the monarchy; for there are many who are ready to usurp the throne. He thinks it only a matter of time until the republic will be overthrown. After the lecture, Mr. Ingraham, a fine English baritone, sings for us several songs, the favorite of which is the stirring Scotch border ballad, "Son o' Mine."

On our second Friday (April 11th) I accompany the ship's doctor on his morning round among the steerage and the second-class and third-class passengers. We examine several eye cases, but find no real cases of trachoma. The passengers are subjected to a very rigid examination before being allowed to go on board, and all cases of trachoma are excluded. The disease, as a rule, affects both eyes; but when it is unilateral, it is invariably in the left eye. The doctor remarks that the Orientals are left-handed as well. Doctor Dukes tells me that more than sixty per cent of the coolies who try to obtain passage are rejected because of their having trachoma. He says that this fact does not mean necessarily that sixty per cent



DR. DUKES EXAMINING STEERAGE PASSENGERS ON BOARD
THE MONGOLIA.

of the people in general have trachoma; for many of the would-be emigrants present themselves for a second and even a third examination; but he thinks that about half of the Orientals have trachoma, and he accounts for its prevalence by their uncleanly habits. They gather in great numbers in small, ill-ventilated rooms, and the whole family uses the same towels and bath water. In fact, it is a common thing in Japanese inns for the guests to use the same tub of water; and a fellow has to get up very early to get the first chance.

Doctor Dukes says that the great curse of the Orientals is tuberculosis, more than seventy per cent having the white plague. The disease claiming the second greatest number of victims is beri-beri. The cause of both diseases is exposure to cold and wet weather and want of nourishing food. The people have no heat of any kind in their houses, and in rainy weather they are obliged to sleep in their damp clothing. Beri-beri is more frequently found in China and Japan than in any other country, because of the limited variety of food. The poorer classes, at least, live practically on rice alone. They have few other vegetables and little or no meat. Doctors have found that when beri-beri cases are put on a meat diet they speedily recover. In the army and navy, where the men are furnished both meat and vegetables, the disease is almost unknown. Some claim that it is due to the eating of polished rice, which is less nutritious than the unhulled variety.

Two days before reaching Honolulu I again go with Doctor Dukes when he makes his final examination of the eye cases. The passengers of the second and third classes and of the steerage are mostly Japanese and Chinese. There is a marked difference in the size of these two Oriental races. Many of the Chinese are six-footers—large, stalwart fellows. They are awkward and impolitic, if not rude, when compared with the

Japanese, but Dukes says they are more genuine and sincere. There are several from Russia, the Philippines, and other Oriental countries. Nearly all of them have some form of conjunctivitis, and there are some very pronounced cases of trachoma. Doctor Dukes and his assistants are treating these cases, and during the voyage of sixteen or eighteen days many of them so far improve as to be allowed to land when they reach Honolulu or San Francisco; some of them, however, will be sent back. If the doctor succeeds in improving their condition enough to enable them to pass the inspectors' examination, he receives from each a fee of twenty yen. The worst cases are found among the families of merchants or others of some prominence. The coolies are ineligible for admission, but for the better class a way to enter may be discovered.

Our second Sunday out is quite a pleasant change from the routine of the week. In the morning we have the regular Episcopal service, conducted by Bishop Fallows, and an address by Doctor Jones, who has lived in Japan for the past quarter of a century. His subject is "Modern Japan." He emphasizes the fact that the Japan of to-day is only about fifty years old. He insists that the Japanese are not quarrelsome; and that as long as the United States deals with them fairly, we shall have no trouble with them. He deplores the lamentable condition of Japanese women. He says that the baby girl is an unwelcome being, and that from infancy her whole life is a round of unquestioning obedience to the male members of her family. The talk, as a whole, is the characteristic missionary talk.

In the evening we have a song service and several addresses. Bishop Fallows makes a short speech, emphasizing the community of Anglo-Saxon interests throughout the world

and the desirability of close fellowship among all the representatives of the race. At the close of the Bishop's remarks we have two short talks: one by Miss Haller, on Japan, and the other by Miss Jackson, on China. The latter speaks chiefly of the condition of Chinese women. Their lives are lives of toil and sorrow from the cradle to the grave. The little girl from the age of four has to act as nurse, toiler in the fields, and household drudge. She has no freedom, no individuality; but is subject to the dictates of father, mother, and brothers. Worst of all, when she marries, she is dominated not only by her husband, but by her mother-in-law. A man never takes her as a companion, but buys her for a stated price. She bears to him a relationship similar to that of a horse or a dog.

One of the distinctive features of the song service is the singing of two old Japanese hymns by three girls who have lived some time in Japan. The songs are wholly unlike those of the West. Mrs. T——, a charming Englishwoman who is somewhat of a musician, thinks the music like the ancient Greek choruses or Arabic chants. The tones are long-drawn-out, and the voices of the singers slide from note to note. The song service closes with the singing first of "God Save the King" and then of "America."

Hawaii.

Tuesday morning we see the sun rise over the green hills of the Hawaiian Islands. Across the violet waters directly in front of us lies the low circle of hills from Diamond Head around to Pearl Harbor that holds Honolulu in its embrace. Ridge succeeds ridge, the sides covered with velvety green foliage, while the tops are brown and bare. The valleys between are filled with violet shadows. The sea is a clear, deep

blue. The sunshine is dazzling. When we dock—for we are again in American possessions and not compelled to resort to a tender to land—we walk up the clean streets, past comfortable homes set in spacious gardens, and realize that this is one of the beauty-spots of the world.

We go by automobile to the Pali, or pass between two noble ridges. It is a showery April day, but we do not mind an occasional dash of warm rain. The clouds sweep quickly past, and in the dazzling sunlight everything looks fresher and more brilliant. The whole landscape is covered with the shaded greens of many varieties of foliage, lighted here and there by the brilliant blossoms of hydrangeas. The trim hedges are aglow with flowering plants. Along either side of the road are guava trees, loaded with fruit in its various stages of development, from the small green guava to the mellow golden one. The trees grow wild, and we are liberty to gather what fruit we will. Over every cottage, hedge, and fence twines the gay pink Honolulu creeper. But it is only when we reach the Pali itself, and look below on the narrow green plain and the violet sea, that we fully appreciate the beauty of the island. The hillsides show here and there the brilliant brick-red of bare soil, and the plain is a shimmer of many greens.

At the Aquarium we see a wonderful collection of fish gathered from the waters of this vicinity. I have seen the aquariums of Naples, Washington, and other cities, but none to compare with this. There are some two hundred varieties of fish of every shape, marking, and color. Many of them, with their bills, wing-like fins, and feathery scales, are not unlike birds. One variety has the long brilliant plumage of a bird of paradise. Unicorns, devil-fish, turtles, and eels are also among the collection.

Waikiki Beach, some five miles from Honolulu, is famous



AVENUE OF PALMS, HONOLULU.

for its surf-bathing. The Hawaiians excel in all forms of aquatic sports.

When we return to the city from Waikiki, we call upon Doctor Rogers, the leading oculist of Honolulu, who invites us to go for a drive in his car about the country. He says he will be able to show us many things of interest that the ordinary tourist does not see. We drive northwest, and pass through a rich cane and rice district. Many thousands of tons of sugar are sent every year from these ranches to the United States. When we reach Fort Shafter, we turn back, but choose a road that will take us past Pearl Harbor, where the dry docks are building. The sugar cane in the vicinity of the harbor is more luxuriant than any we have yet seen. The fields are intersected in every direction by irrigation-ditches. At one point the Doctor leaves the main road to drive to the summit of a low plateau commanding an extensive view of Honolulu and the harbor. On the outskirts of the city we pass through a fine park. The park is really private, as it is kept up by wealthy native citizens; but it is thrown open to the public.

We stop for a glance through the Museum, which contains an interesting collection. There are many primitive utensils, implements of war, a native hut of grass, and stones used by the natives for grinding meal and mixing bread; besides specimens of birds and fishes peculiar to the islands. Our attention is also called to several pictures of the different members of the Hawaiian royal family and of prominent citizens of the Islands. The art display, however, is rather meager. The museum grounds are quite extensive, and the collection will in time become an important feature of the city.

There is a university in Honolulu, but it includes as yet no medical college. I see no eye clinics, but I am told by

Doctor Rogers that the eye diseases are not essentially different from those we meet with in our practice in the States. There is a very high percentage of trachoma here, which Doctor Rogers attributes to the large immigration from the Orient. Before sailing we have the pleasure of entertaining Doctor and Mrs. Rogers at dinner on the *Mongolia*.

It is with some little feeling of regret, and even of sadness, that we sit on the promenade deck the morning of April 16th and watch the receding shores of Hawaii. We have already left the Orient and made our last stop in unfamiliar ports. Within a week we shall have set foot again upon our own mainland.

Thursday evening we have a fancy dress dinner and dance. We are rapidly approaching the Occident, but the Orient is still in evidence; for a smiling *rickshaw*-man trots in with his wife. The Chinese wine butler (a prominent English passenger) shakes the champagne bottle before pouring out the liquor, which spatters over the shoulders of a richly dressed belle (a six-foot American). The Moorish lady in baggy trousers and veiled face is so true to her type that she is awarded the honors. But the queen of all the characters is Mary Stuart.

Home Again.

The morning of April 22d we sight the coast of California. And Scott's poem comes to us in full force:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

"If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

At midday we are within full view of the green hills. We can not help noticing the marked difference between this coast and the barren, rocky shores of the foreign lands we have lately visited. We dock at 2 o'clock, but are detained for practically the whole afternoon in the custom-house, much to the disgust of our English friends, who think we should have free trade. However, when we go into a fine little restaurant and sit down to an excellent seven-course *table d'hôte* dinner, including California wine, for seventy-five cents each, we conclude that we do not greatly need the sympathy of foreigners.

At 9:30, after getting our mail, we are stowed away with our baggage in the Pullman, and wake in the morning to find ourselves in the midst of orchards and wide, cool, green fields in which cattle are grazing. The people about us are clean and well clad. Everyone is reading the morning news.

We enjoy a splendid breakfast at a Harvey restaurant, and have an hour in which to stroll about the clean streets. On our table are red strawberries and thick yellow cream, bottles of milk that contain no settlings, and glasses of clear cold water that we can drink without fear of possible dangers that lurk within. It needs little more to convince us that the

United States is the best country in the world. We are filled with content to be again in a country where there is room enough, where beyond the towns is the sweep of the green open where cattle and sheep are grazing, where the stillness is unbroken by the clatter of wooden-shod, festering people who swarm over every plot and leave behind them the odor of filth.

We have been walking up and down the world seeking for wonders—and the greatest wonder of all lies at our own door. In the gray dawn of an April morning, with the full moon paling in the western sky, we come into the little town of Williams. After having a good pot of coffee with crisp rolls at the Harvey restaurant, we are in good spirits to enjoy the early morning ride to the Grand Canyon.

The moon is sinking in the west as the first rays of the sun flash above the eastern horizon. The country rises gradually—a great arid plateau, broken by low round buttes; in the morning light their rounded tops glow with a strange, delicate, transparent light. Then the open country gives place to pine forests and we come at last to the rim of the Canyon—the great rent in the earth's crust; its width varies from ten to twenty miles and its length is several hundred miles.

We have climbed the Acropolis and looked across to Mounts Pentelicus and Hymettus; we have traversed the Mount of Olives and the lonely road to Jericho; we have stood on the shores of the Jordan and bathed in the Dead Sea; we have guided our camels through the sands to the base of the Pyramids and looked across the desert to the ruins of Memphis; we have sailed the Nile and seen the wonders of ancient Thebes; we have visited the Indian temples at Delhi and the Taj Mahal at Agra; we have seen the sacred mountain of Fujiyama in Japan; we have stood on the Pali outside of Honolulu, and marveled at the glory of color in

earth and sea and sky; but all of these experiences are forgotten when we stand on the rim of the Grand Canyon.

It is Zoe's first view of the Canyon, and I incorporate here her impressions:

"The morning is clear and cold—the air sharp with the healing odor of pines. I walk through the grove of slender grees, looking now at the rare blue sky beyond the blue-green boughs, and now at the sunlight warming the ruddy trunks and the cone-strewn earth. It might have been any pine-grown upland, wind-rocked and rustling. Then the gloom of the wood lifts suddenly, and upright on the face of a cliff stands a single tree. The world has dropped away.

"Miles away, sharp against the morning sky is a level rim, green with moss, one thinks. But between this rim and the single pine is a great gulf. To me at first comes no impression of matter or form; I am conscious only of color and silence. There is the beauty of soft yellow and rose and gray-green and purple and red—shifting, changing, wavering bars of color that are reflected faintly in the light clouds floating above. And insistent as the color is the terrible, smiting silence that seems almost to beat in one's ears.

"Slowly I realize that the purple light is the shadows lying in the valleys between long, sloping, water-worn hills of red limestone; that the gray-green is the surface of a great plateau crowned here and there with temple-shaped rocks; and that the far line of dull brown at the bottom of the gorge is the turbid current of the river. From the rim it has neither motion nor sound; it is only a narrow bit of crinkled dun sand.

"We ride for miles along the rim of the Canyon, and it is never the splendid rock formations, gigantic and grotesque, which ages of erosion have chiseled out, that rise before me. Doctor sees the fantastic shapes and the sharply marked strata

of the rocks. I see only golden and rose, and the deepening purple of shadows between the rugged hills. And like sharp pain in my ears is the all-mastering silence. When we walk a little way down the steep Bright Angel Trail, birds are fanning the air with their wings, and voices of people are calling to each other. But after all, the sounds are lost in the silence that has possessed the gorge through countless ages."

We awake on April 26th, the last day of our journey, about 4 o'clock, and find ourselves in Kansas. Hour after hour we pass through fields of wheat or alfalfa. It will be almost 9 o'clock before we cross the line into Missouri. Four hundred miles of wheat-fields, and the prospect of a hundred million bushels of grain. All day long our way descends and at every mile of our journey the vegetation is more advanced. When we reach Lawrence, where is located one of the best universities of the country, Zoe's *alma mater*, we find the orchards in full bloom. To our eyes they are far more beautiful than the cherry blossoms of Japan.

The night draws on and the beauty of the countryside is shut from our view. But within a few minutes we shall pull into the old Union Station and say that our circle of the globe is completed. Here we are! Ed is waiting to greet us and take us home. And another familiar voice says:

"What is more fitting than that the first person you see on your return should be the old man?"

It is Bishop Partridge, who a few months ago sent us away with his blessing. A little later we stop in front of the Castle, and from the open door come the office force and both servants to welcome us home.

"I've had a good time—a good, good time,
Nobody knows how good a time but me."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TUCKING OPERATION FOR STRABISMUS.

The following morning after my trip around the world I went to my office, No. 805 McGee Street, where I found numerous patients waiting. Among them were several cases of cross-eyes, or strabismus. So I took the occasion of giving them the kind of treatment I saw made on my trip, especially as I saw at Calcutta by Dr Maynard. So, in conclusion, I give here a brief account of his operation for strabismus.

People are born cross-eyed, or, if it is not congenital, the distortion appears soon after birth—from one year to five or six years. The mother or friends usually attribute strabismus to some post-natal cause—as some one of the diseases of childhood, such as measles, whooping-cough, scarlet rash, or to tumbling down stairs, exposure of the child's eyes to bright light, looking at his nose, etc.; but as we consider the etiology of strabismus we shall see that the causes, as a rule, date back to the progenitor, maybe to the fourth or fifth generation. The child is not to blame for having cross-eyes, nor may the mother be for giving birth to a cross-eyed child, neither is the father for transmitting this affliction to the offspring; but what the father and mother are guilty of in many cases (through ignorance, to be sure) is allowing the child to come into maturity thus handicapped. I say that it is a moral duty which every parent or guardian owes to the child to seek proper and timely advice, and have John's or Mary's eyes straightened by glasses or by a surgical operation if necessary, and so properly fortified by glasses that he or she may be placed on an equal footing

with their contemporaries; yea, I would say further, that it is a very grave offense to allow little ones to grow up with this affliction. And yet there are people even in this enlightened country and civilization who think that if the child is so born, it is God's will, and therefore they refuse and absolutely forbid any interference. These people do not realize that it is through some dwarfed and distorted nature transmitted to the offspring perhaps generations back that this anomaly appears in their children, and that God has no hand in this ugly work. They, of course, do not realize that strabismus, as a rule, is a sequence to some anomaly of refraction. Eighty per cent is in direct consequence of hypermetropia, astigmatism, or myopia, and a permanent cure can only be effected by the correcting of the anomaly of refraction or a surgical operation, or both.

Let us now turn to a brief consideration of the extrinsic ocular muscles and their function, and then we shall be ready to comprehend and appreciate the anomaly.

There are six muscles which guide each eye in different directions. There are four straight and two oblique for each eye. The straight are called the *superior*, *inferior*, *internal*, and *external rectus*. The oblique are the *superior* and *inferior*. All of the recti and the superior oblique take their origin at or near the margin of the optic foramen and surround the optic nerve as they pass into the orbit. They extend forward, and are inserted into the sclera by their tendon extremities at about 4 or 6 mm. back of the limbus (junction of the sclera and cornea). The external rectus takes its insertion a little farther back than the others. The superior oblique passes through a pulley at the superior and internal portion of the orbit near its apex. It wraps around the upper part of the globe and passes under the superior rectus, and is inserted into the sclera at the outer side just back of the equator of the eye.

The inferior oblique takes its origin from the anterior and inferior portion of the orbit, wraps around the lower portion of the eye, going beneath the inferior rectus, and is inserted into the sclera near the insertion of the superior oblique.

The combined action of the recti retracts the globe; the combined action of the oblique advances it and also slightly turns the cornea outward. The superior and inferior recti rotate the ball on a vertical plane; the external and internal recti rotate it on a nearly horizontal plane. The individual action of the muscles is as follows: The superior rectus rotates the eye upward and slightly inward; the inferior rectus rotates it downward and slightly inward. The external rectus moves the eye outward; the internal rectus turns it inward. The superior oblique rotates the eye slightly downward and outward; the inferior oblique upward and outward. The internal and superior recti direct the eye upward and inward; the internal and inferior recti direct it downward and inward. The superior rectus, external rectus, and inferior oblique direct the globe upward and outward; the external rectus, inferior rectus, and superior oblique direct it downward and outward.

The adductors, therefore, are the internal recti, assisted slightly by the superior and inferior recti and balanced or coordinated by the abductors. The abductors are the external rectus and the two oblique, balanced by the adductors. The sursumductors are the superior rectus, inferior oblique, and the upper fibers of the external and internal recti, balanced by the deorsumductors. The deorsumductors are the inferior rectus, superior oblique and the lower fibers of the internal and external recti, balanced by the sursumductors. The rotary motion

of the globe is effected mostly by the oblique, although the recti assist alternately.

These muscles are supplied by the third, fourth, and sixth pairs of nerves. Three of the recti (superior, inferior, and internal) and the inferior oblique are supplied by the oculomotor or third nerve; the inferior rectus by the trochliaris or fourth nerve; the external rectus by the abducens or sixth nerve.

In order to have perfect balance and co-ordination, each muscle must have its quota of strength, one balancing the other. If one or a set of these muscles predominates over its opponents or antagonizers, the balance or equilibrium is lost, and the eye deviates from its normal direction, turning inward, outward, downward, or upward, as the case may be; this deviation of the axes from parallelism (or the normal) we call *strabismus* (cross-eyes).

When the eyes deviate from the normal direction, but one eye looks at or fixes the object at any one time, and the image of the object looked at does not impinge upon the yellow spot of the deviating eye. If the strabismus is very slight, the image will rest upon the retina near the yellow spot, and the person will complain of diplopia, or double vision; if, however, the deviation is considerable, the image is so remote from the macula that it is not seen or is ignored, and there is no diplopia. In fact, as a rule, children or people with this anomaly do not complain of double vision until after the eyes have been straightened by an operation, for it is then that the image approaches or laps upon the yellow spot. In such a case the diplopia, as a rule, is transitory, disappearing as soon as the balance is entirely gained by an operation or the use of glasses. Strabismus may be permanent, temporary, or transitory.

Of the different kinds there are convergent (inward), di

vergent (outward), sursumvergent (upward), and deorsumvergent (downward). If but one eye deviates, it is called *monocular strabismus*; if both axes deviate, it is called *binocular*; if first one eye deviates and then the other, it is called *alternating strabismus*. Occasionally in convergent or divergent strabismus one eye turns upward or downward as well as inward or outward; especially is this true in convergent strabismus. Alternating strabismus is the most favorable form and promises the best results. As a rule, in monocular strabismus the eye that does not fix the object does not have as good vision as its fellow; whereas in alternating strabismus the vision is equal. The angle of deviation is frequently greater in one eye than in the other—that is to say, one eye has a wider range of excursion than the other. If the deviation of each eye is the same, it is called *concomitant strabismus*. To obtain the amount of deviation in degrees, place the patient in front of the perimeter, with the arc horizontal. Have the patient look at an object at a distance of several feet in a line with the 0 of the arc, which is at the center of the perimeter, then move a lighted candle or lamp along the line of the arc until the image of the flame is seen in the center of the pupil of the deviating eye. The number on the arc opposite the flame will indicate the degree of deviation. In case of high degree of convergent strabismus, where the squinting eye turns under the nose so as not to admit of a reflex of the candle flame, a prism may be used that will cause the light to be centered on the cornea, and then half of the strength of the prism added to the amount given on the perimeter will indicate the degree of strabismus. Any deviation upward or downward can in a similar way be ascertained.

Etiology.

As has already been suggested in the preliminary remarks,

this defect, as a rule, is congenital, and in a large majority of cases is due to some anomaly of refraction. The strabismus appears when the child begins to use its power of accommodation or is starting to learn to read at five years of age.

The most frequent cause of strabismus is ametropia—viz. hypermetropia, myopia, and astigmatism; amblyopia ranks next in order. In a large majority of strabismic children it will be found that one or both of the parents have some anomaly of refraction, being either hypermetropic, myopic, or astigmatic, and frequently this anomaly can be traced back through several generations. However, in many cases the parents or ancestors are ignorant of this anomaly, as it may have remained latent. It only becomes manifested when the eyes are brought frequently into requisition for near objects. As a rule, hypermetropia is responsible for about 80 per cent of convergent strabismus, while myopia is usually associated with divergent strabismus. Divergent strabismus may be the sequence of an ill-advised operation or a too free dissection of the internal rectus in convergent strabismus. In hypermetropia the power of accommodation is brought constantly into use, whether the eye is regarding near or distant objects, and the higher the degree of hypermetropia the greater is the demand upon the accommodative power of the eye. The accommodation is facilitated by convergence of the eyes. The same nerve or nucleus that governs the power of accommodation also governs the adductors, so in the hypermetropic eye the adductors are brought constantly into use whenever the power of accommodation is in action, and finally there is no necessity of exercising the accommodative power and the adductive muscles; consequently there is no convergent strabismus; but for want of stimulus the internal rectus may become inert

and the abductors gain in power, which results in divergent strabismus.

Among the causes aside from anomalies of refraction there are lesions of the nerve-centers, lesions within and upon the eyeball (such as intra-cranial gummata), embolism, atrophy of the optic nerve, retinitis, choroiditis, hyalitis, corneal opacity, cataract, amaurosis, etc.

Prognosis.

The majority of cases of strabismus in early life are alternating, the vision of each eye being equally good; and occasionally these patients complain of double vision. If the eyes converge, it is homonomous diplopia; if they diverge, it is heteronomous diplopia. If the trouble is allowed to continue, the patient will learn to suppress the image of one eye and fix the object with the other eye—in other words, he will do most of his seeing with one eye; this he does to avoid the confusion of the double vision; and then the other eye from disuse loses to some extent its power of vision. It has been my experience in a majority of cases that as soon as the eyes are straightened by an operation or by glasses, or by both, the vision of the deviating eye is greatly improved, and in many cases brought up to that of its fellow.

Treatment.

The tucking operation was mentioned many years ago—about the time that I first practiced it—by Major Bannister, then of the Philippines. It has been practiced by the profession for several years. When I first took up the study of ophthalmology as interne at Moorfield's in London, two score or more years ago, I was taught and practiced for years tenotomy of one or more of the intrinsic ocular muscles. It was not until after I had gotten in many cases pronounced divergent stra-

bismus from the operation where I made an extensive tenotomy and dissection of the internal rectus that I began to consider some modification of this operation. Now for the last twenty-five or thirty years I have been practicing almost exclusively the advancement operation. I made this operation exclusively or in conjunction with tenotomy. In many respects I can justly claim priority in the operation that I make to-day. I am very careful not to dissect too freely the recti muscles in making tenotomy. As a rule, I find that the advancement or tucking is sufficient to correct entirely the deviation, but frequently I am compelled to make tenotomy or partial tenotomy with the tucking operation. This operation consists of the following procedure:

First, I separate the lids with a speculum, and then with scissors free the muscle that I wish to shorten or advance. I merely divide the conjunctiva so as to expose the attachment of the tendon, then loosen the tissue around it and pass the strabismus hook under it. With a double catgut suture, I insert the needle so as to grasp the root of the tendon in the sclera at its upper border and come out above the hook, enter the needle again at the lower border of the tendon, and come out below the hook at the lower border of the tendon; then I cut the suture so as to allow it to fall into three pieces—one at the lower part, one at the upper, and one at the center; then tie the sutures, advancing the tendon as far as I wish. I now close the incision, and allow the catgut to be absorbed. I do not take out any of the muscles. As I said before, sometimes I have to supplement this tucking by a partial or complete tenotomy of the opposing muscle. I frequently make what is known as the *mattress* suture above the hook before taking the last stitch. This secures the muscle without its tearing loose and gets an assured and permanent result.

Cases.

The following cases have all had the tucking operation. Some have been supplemented by a partial tenotomy, but wherever tenotomy was made I was especially careful not to make a free dissection of the tendon, but merely tenotomized a portion or all of the fibers of the tendon, but not too freely dissected the connective tissue:





CASE I.—Miss A. E., aged 17 years, came May 3, 1913. She said that her right eye had turned in and upward since she could remember. At this time the vision of the right eye

was $\frac{3}{60}$ and of the left $\frac{6}{60}$. Diagnosis was sursumvergence of the right and convergence of both eyes. It was congenital.

I made the tucking operation on the external recti and partial tenotomy of the superior and internal rectus of the right eye, with the results as shown in *Fig. c*.



Case II "b"

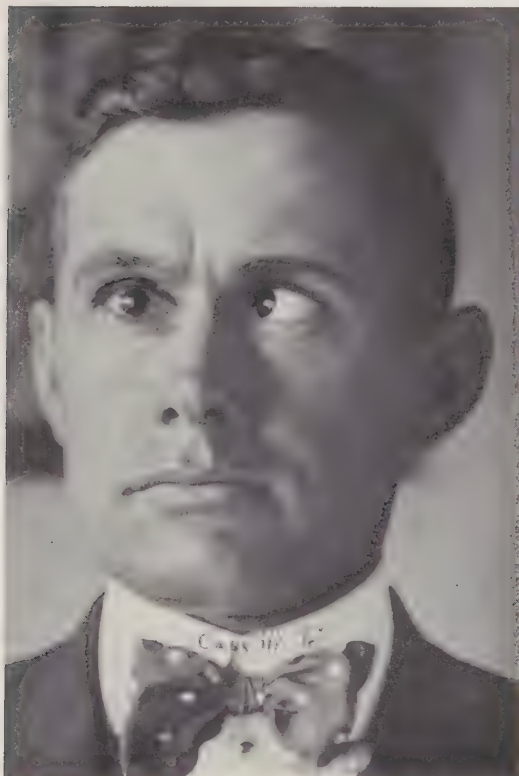
Case II "a"



CASE II.—Mrs. C. E. B., aged 27 years, came November 3, 1914. She said that she had cross-eyes since she was a baby. She had alternating, convergent strabismus, as pictures *a* and *b* show. First she would look with her right eye, as in picture *a*, and then with her left eye, as in picture *b*. The vision of her right eye was $\frac{6}{10}$ and that of the left eye was $\frac{6}{6}$. She had hypermetropia to the extent of 2.50 dioptries of each eye. As I have already stated, a person with alternating convergent strabismus has about the same amount of vision in each eye as she had.

I made the tucking operation of the external rectus of either eye and a graduated tenotomy of the internal recti. This, with the correcting glasses, not only corrected the strabismus, but gave her normal vision.







CASE III.—E. H. N., aged 23 years, school-teacher, said he was born a twin. When he was born he weighed only three pounds, and was very small. Since he can remember his eyes had been crossed. He had alternating squint, as pictures *a* and *b* show. Vision of the right eye was $\frac{6}{6}$ and that of the left was $\frac{6}{5}$. There was slight sursumvergence of the left eye.

I made the tucking operation of the external rectus of either eye and a slight tenotomy of the internal recti. I also made the tucking operation on the left inferior rectus. There was only a slight amount of hypermetropia, which I did not correct, but with the operation I succeeded in getting good results. There is still a slight sursumvergence of the left eye, which the patient did not want to have corrected at that time. However, if this does not entirely disappear, he promised to come back and have another operation, which may be necessary to obtain perfect results.

In these cases I wish to call your attention to the fact that these patients were all adults and all required an operation, as none could have been corrected by merely correcting the error of refraction.

In every case reported here, as well as observed generally, as soon as the operation is made and the fundus of the eye is brought into the line of vision and the image impinged on the macula lutea, the vision markedly improves, so that in these cases we not only improve the appearance, but actually gain vision and make the eye stronger and more useful.

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